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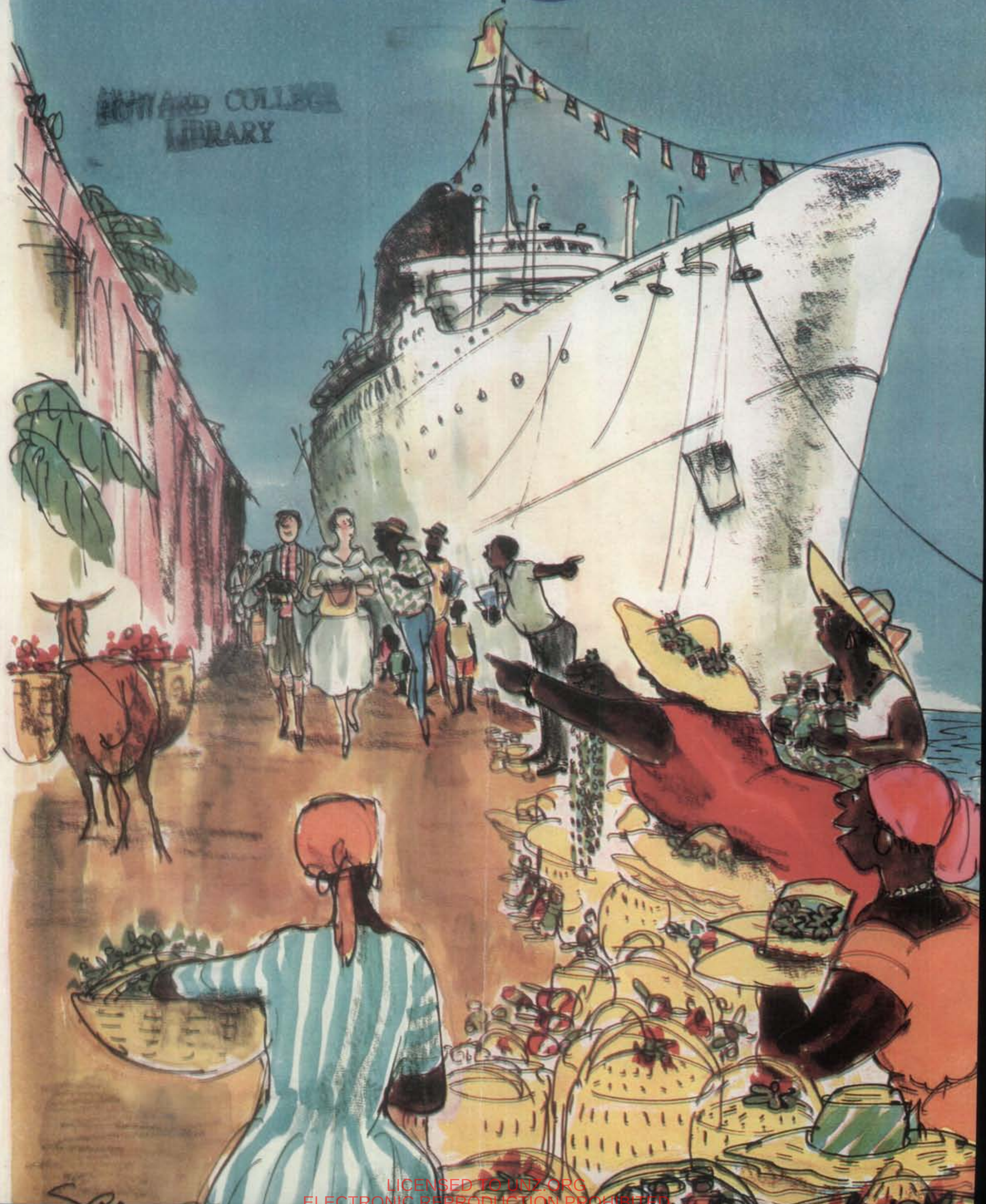

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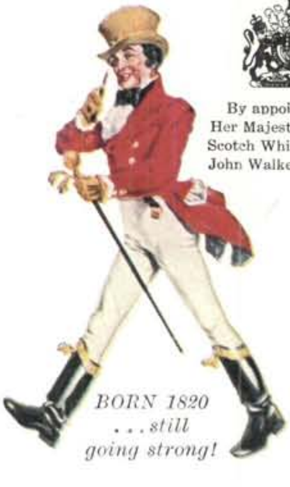

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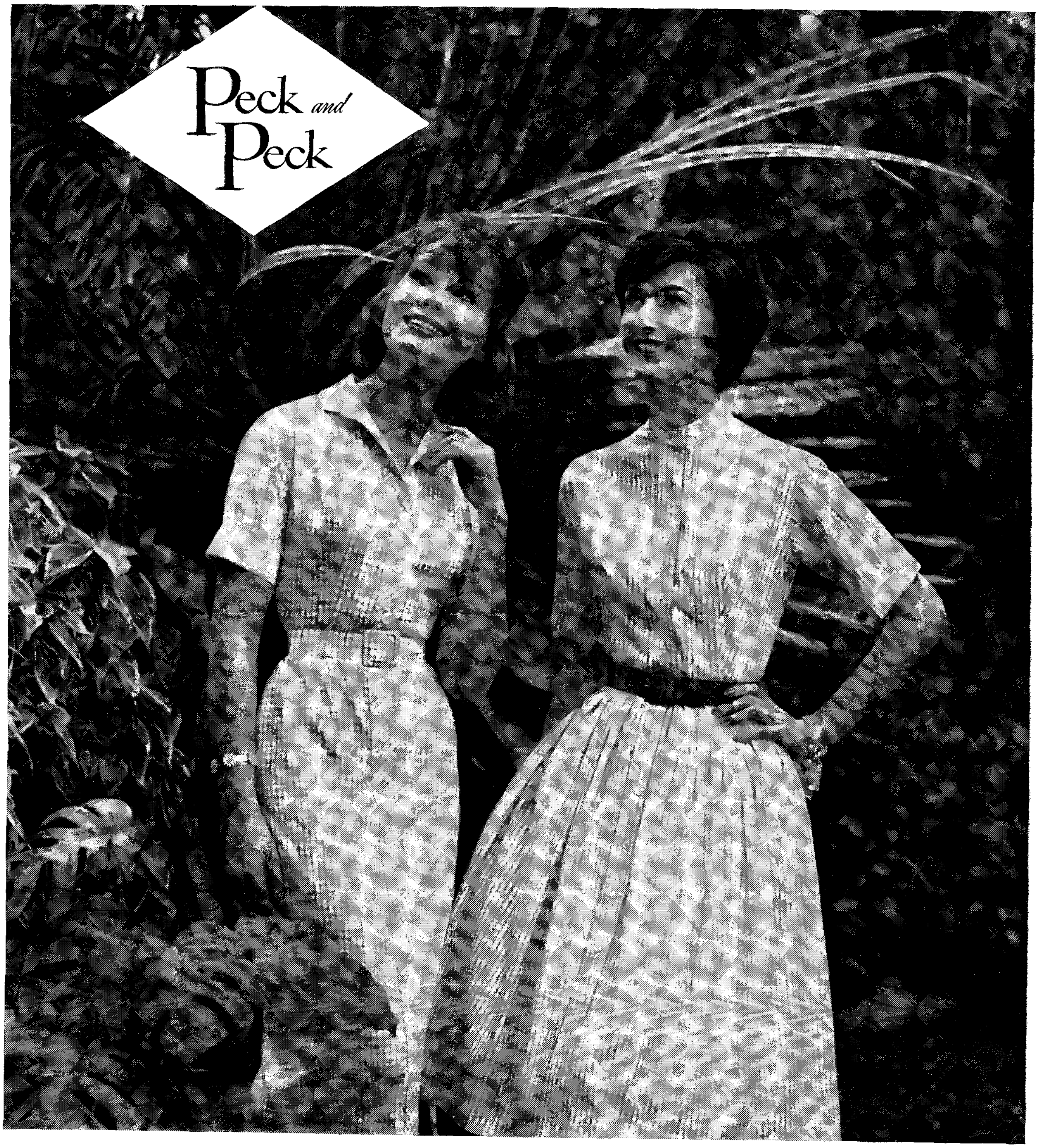

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington when a group of conservative senators tries to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideals of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly business in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard, but they are only occasionally amusing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the droll sprite from the Yiddish theatre, tackles the task of portraying a family ogre in this simple little domestic comedy, but the role is alien to his nature. Nevertheless, he is beguiling, and he gets warm support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Invitation to a March—The impressive talents of Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr are not used to much purpose in this comedy by Arthur Laurents about life as it is lived on the dunes of Long Island's South Shore, but there are a few bright lines, and some of the situations have spirit. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—A Tennessee Williams play that is advertised as a serious comedy. It is often silly when it tries to be serious and glum when it tries to be comic, but Barbara Baxley and Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy and James Daly, who portray two star-crossed married couples in the South, are laudable performers. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 15.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance is all pretty arch. Sandra Church is now and then diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones is reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor. It is Gig Young, however, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 21.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Rhinoceros—Eli Wallach and Zero Mostel in Eugene Ionesco's play. Joseph Anthony is the director and Leo Kerz the producer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and entertaining introduction to some fresh, feckless, and captivating people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Moves on Monday, Jan. 16, to the Shubert, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this description of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not a very stimulating diversion, even though it has the services of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 48, January 14, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite a tumultuous business, but it isn't very long on comedy. Maurice Evans heads the large and boisterous cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **gypsy:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the music man:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Show Girl—A revue written and staged by Charles Gaynor, with Carol Channing and Jules Munshin. Presented by Oliver Smith, James A. Doolittle, and Charles Lowe. Opens Thursday, Jan. 12. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Conquering Hero—A musical based on Preston Sturges's 1944 film "Hail the Conquering Hero." It is the work of Larry Gelbart (book), Moose Charlap (music), and Norman Gimbel (lyrics), and stars Tom Poston. Produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, and directed by Albert Marre. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 12-14, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 16. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Opening performances of the company's first season, which will continue through Sunday, Feb. 5—Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 19-20, at 8:30: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30 (primarily for children): "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30: "The Mikado." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Ballet Ballads—Although this version (the first arrived in 1948) of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross ballet-*cum*-singing has new choreography and a whole new section, it remains a rather arty hybrid. The dancing of Carmen de Lavallade, who appears briefly, is a brilliant exception. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Beautiful Dreamer—The life of Stephen Foster, told in tears and extremely incidental music. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-8574. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and everything depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play that flickered bravely but briefly on Broadway two years ago. The hero is a largely unbelievable cad who would like to act and write great plays and who discovers, after a year or so of sponging off a lower-middle-class London family, that his dreams will never come true. The production is energetic but glancing. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

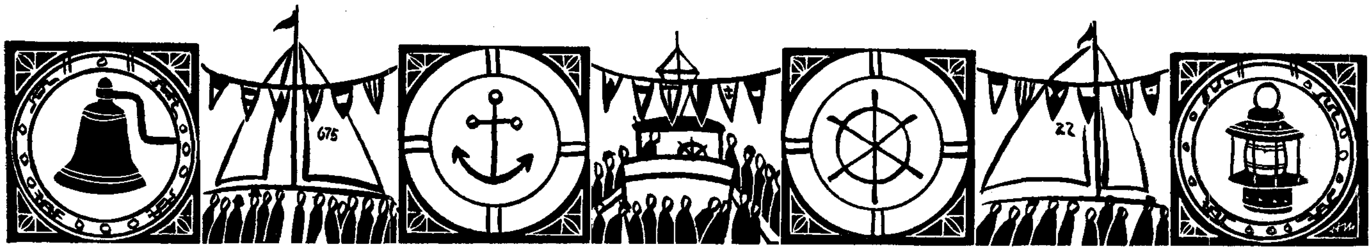
Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve and one that is certainly better than anything else Off Broadway this season. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by a heretofore unknown American, Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Montserrat—A revival of the Lillian Hellman play based on a French original by Emmanuel Roblès. Presented by the Gate Theatre repertory company and directed by Boris Tumarin. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rules of the Game—Pirandello's puzzle about a man of logic who, it turns out, is not that at all. The cast, which includes Paul Sparer, Joanna Merlin, and William Windom, fits everything together perfectly until the third act, where the author asks more than they can give. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

She Stoops to Conquer—Donald Madden and Gerry Jedd in a revival of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Shunned—A play by Judith Palestrant. (Dickens Theatre, 20 E. 9th St. WA 4-8400. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Sudden End of Anne Cinquefoil—Priscilla Morrill in a comedy by Dick Hepburn. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Note—Five characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Allegro Brillante," "Modern Jazz," and "The Figure in the Carpet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 15: "Pas de Dix," "Modern Jazz," and "The Figure in the Carpet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:40. For tickets, call IN 1-6299.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1961," with David Jenkins, Ina Bauer, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 22.)

ANTA Program—Richard Burton, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Walter Abel in a poetry reading presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the fourth in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

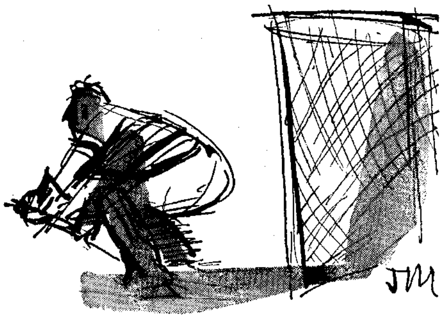
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Anything Goes," Cole Porter's pungent *petite histoire* of American culture in its unformative years, has been trimmed to Cotillion Room size and staffed by such sturdy voices as Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and Larry Douglas. It moves front and center at dinnertime every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays. There's no scenery except the customers' furs. Between showings, plenty of dance music is tossed off. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper, Constance Towers, a veritable hollyhock of a girl, sings with more aplomb and skill than is expected of big, handsome children. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Jones Beachers have moved in from the Island to the Grill, where his querulous saxophones swoon and sway through the dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the baronial hall of the Maisonette, Diana Trask appears at fashionably late mealtimes to prove that Australian songbirds are sisters under the feather to thousands and thousands of American songbirds. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Space of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.



Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Old Order, which changeth not as much as one might think, is still visible here and there in the Embassy Club and the Knight Box. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on. Both caravanseries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the very broad reaches of the Empire Room, Shelley Berman, a spokesman who has nothing to fear but fear itself, is doing his level best to defeat it and other threats to the national stability, such as the handset telephone. On the whole, he is a conquering hero. The dance band of Ben Cutler, who's armed with a hunt-breakfast jacket and a trombone, sounds as good as it did in our beloved yesteryears, and Theo Fanidi's orchestra is pretty jolly, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight, and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by a trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): *J'y suis, j'y reste* is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Jack Banan's piano, which begins at eight, provides a sturdy, down-to-earth, on-the-beat counterpoint to every one of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the biggest traffic jams in downtown Rome. No one is more expert at threading the amiable throng than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week from Tuesday through Saturday he stages miniature cloak-and-dagger valentines (by G. Verdi, R. Leoncavallo, G. Puccini, and such). *Additionally, from Thursday through* Saturday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up-to-date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The

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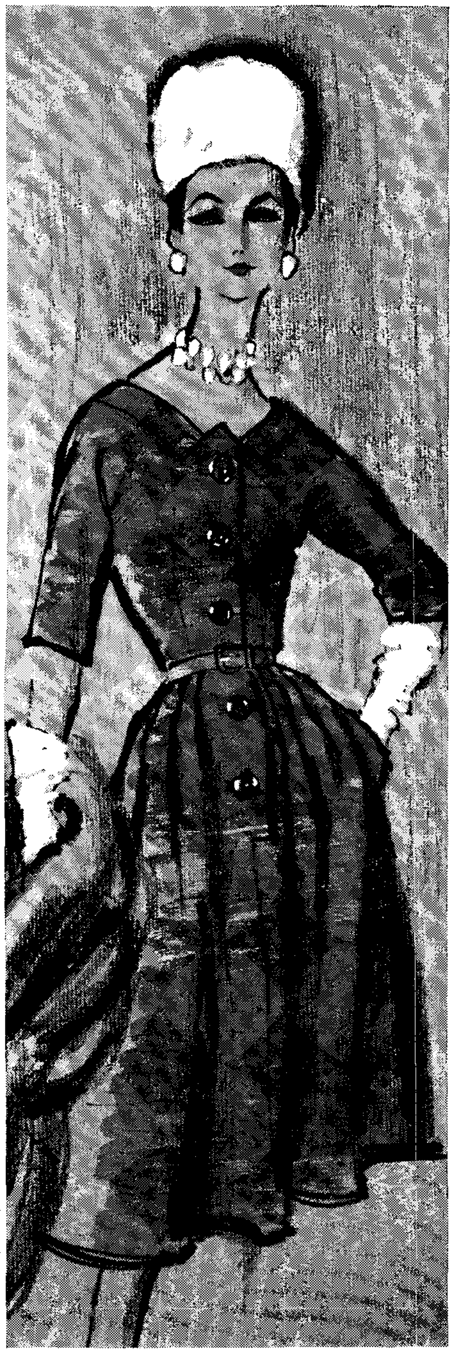

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose parlor piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within, not to mention the footwork of Nila Amparo. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the tenuous trilling of Lili France. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar turns Latin into anything but a dead language. No music Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Vienna, it is plain, is really international, for the balladists are on loan from Iceland, Pakistan, Outer Mongolia, and Sheepshead Bay. Closed Mondays. . . . **PICASSO,** 45 W. 35th St. (BR 9-3250): Fanciers of the lyric words and music of Bart Howard will find an ample run-through of his work, including a few premières, to the rear of this new restaurant. It's a new experience for one of his interpreters, Jackie Paris, basically a jump-tune man, who acquits himself well; it's an older story for Barbara Lea and Anne Marie Moss, who ditto ditto. The staging of this recital is artless to the point of innocence. Sets at nine and eleven-forty-five, maybe oftener the end of the week. Closed Sundays.

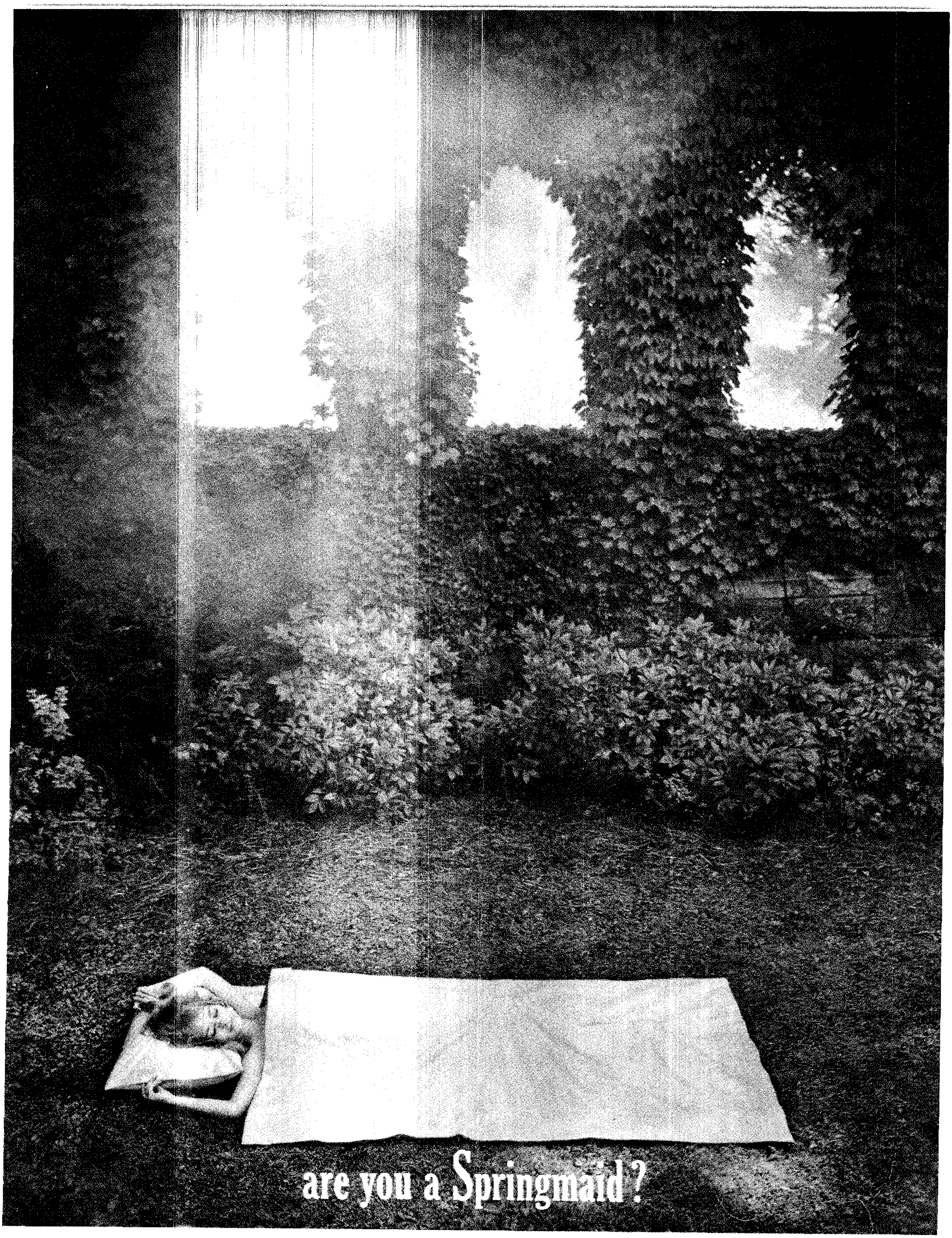
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The management, deciding that one picture is worth a thousand words, has removed nearly all extraneous dialogue from the tremendous revue that surges for nearly two hours across the stage. It has also, in its infinite wisdom, removed nearly all extraneous raiment from the cast's young ladies, as fine and healthy a set of Olympic athletes as has been fielded in years. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett, moving *per ardua ad astra*, has achieved a viable method of pop singing—mailed fist for the obvious tunes, gloved hand for the good ones—through which a basic honesty shines unashamed. Phil Ford and Mimi Hines are still wondering whatever happened to vaudeville. There is also a set of dulcet damsels whose ballet is all play and no work. Mr. Bennett and the vaudevillians finish up on Wednesday, Jan. 18; one night later, Patti Page begins carolling. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A room that can open every night with four jokers—Kaye Ballard, a semanticist whose closet is full of nothing but broomsticks; Pat Harrington, Jr., a travelling salesman who has customers in Las Vegas and Miami, and whose line is as funny as it is brusque; and the Smothers Brothers, whose noble aim it is to destroy the pretensions of folk singing by boring, with a fine-tooth awl, from within. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): On the rostrum, Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, two members of the Julius Monk graduate course, are conducting a sort of "Open End" séance all their own. Their hey-nonny-nonny is supplemented by the pianos of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, Miss Connell and Mr. Fletcher at ten. Miss C. and Mr. F. fold their tent on Wednesday, Jan. 18; the following evening, Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart resume their banter-read-to-jazz sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): This venerable institution has, for the moment, reverted to its original, we're-all-pals concept by employing the services of Isobel Robins, a Goldilocks troupial and spitfire; Felicia Sanders, a voice of clarity and decision; and Milt Kamen, philosopher for both the Common and the Uncommon Man. The old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween,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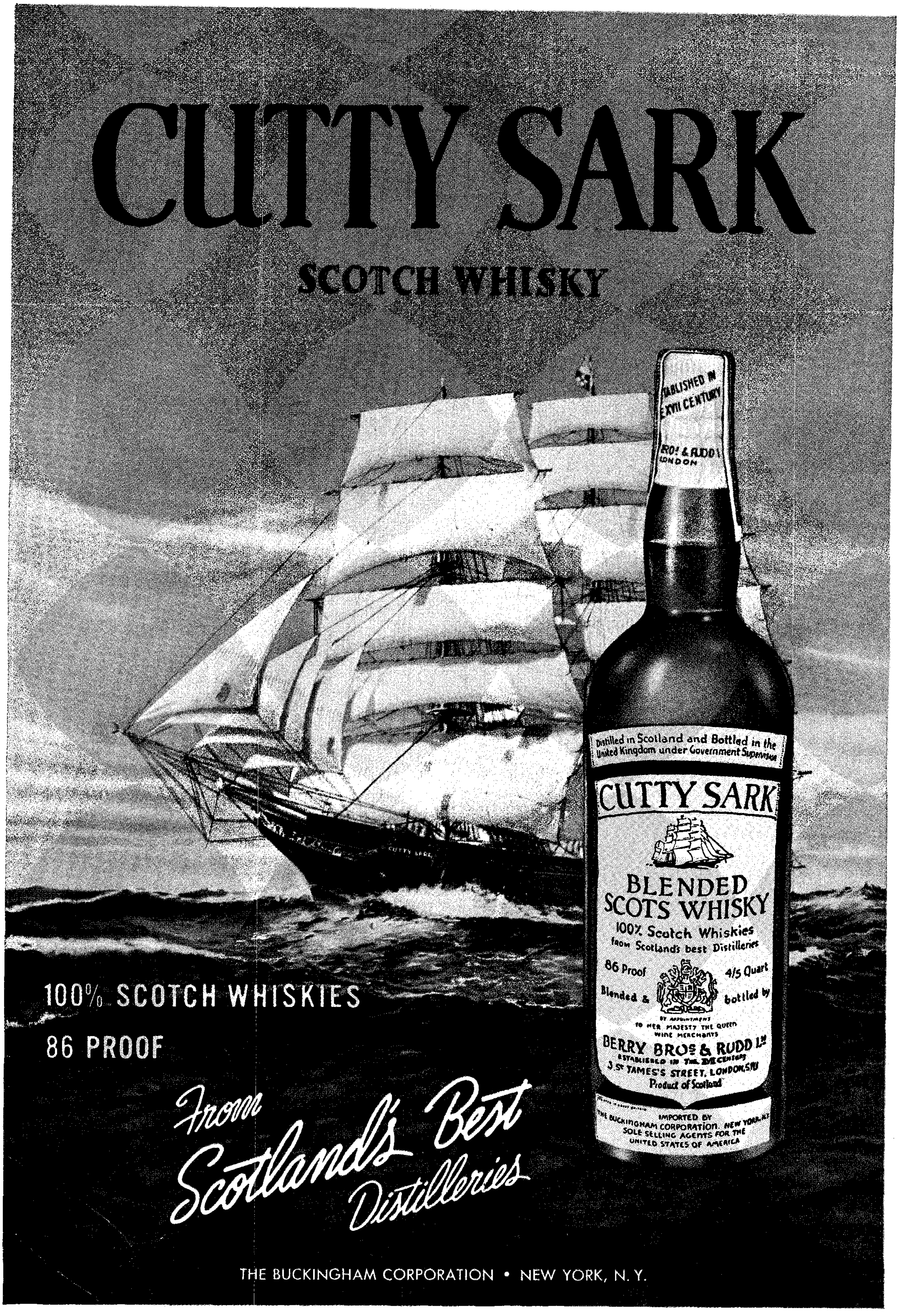
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are still on hand. Peter Daniels is at the solo piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this very Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of human frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve weekdays, and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays. Tuesday is their night off. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Harry Mimmo, a frenzy of pantomime ready to burst at the seams, is entangled in a floor show filled with Spanish girl and boy noisemakers. Dancing for guests, too. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered songs of Domingo Alvarado convert the alcove they occupy into one of our best music rooms. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): On Monday, Jan. 16, Mabel Mercer, through whose lips pass the most beautifully phrased songs in the world, returns to her throne. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, will also be occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rock-ribbed tradition, now upheld by the sunny disposition of Ralph Sutton's long-lost missionaries, among whom are Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin. They leave Saturday, Jan. 14; on Monday, Jan. 16, the quartet of Bobby Hackett, silver-tongued orator of the trumpet, will move in. Bob Corwin, still the solo pianist, keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Mr. Condon, having temporarily put aside his guitar, serves now as innkeeper. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor is indulging in her favorite pastime of rebuilding songs so that their own mothers would never know them; Charlie Byrd, who has a trio and a religiously unamplified guitar, sometimes likes to call in his outfielders and pitch an inning of everyday and classical music all by himself. They will be succeeded on Tuesday, Jan. 17, by Ornette Coleman's quartet, which speaks a language that is just over the horizon, and by the trio of Nina Simone, a junior Cleopatra who loves to sing at her work. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The newest additions to this chophouse society are Irwin Corey, a form of speech that has neither head nor tail but does manage to keep its foot on a banana peel, and Josh White, a founder of the foot-on-stool-and-guitar-at-the-ready folk-music school. The oldsters are Cootie Williams, whose venerable horn is unaccountably meshed with an electronic guitar, which turns his band into a fairly special anachronism, and Herbie Mann, owner-operator of a drummers' convention (Latin and African) to which he adds a flute. The Mann act comes to an end on Saturday, Jan. 14; the rest stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The orchestration here has become incidental to the front-table camaraderie, but this is not the fault of Jonah Jones, whose horn could blow the whole house down at one huff and puff were he ever permitted to unplug it. He has a foursome on duty; the remainder of the music is Muzak. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, who's become a First Lady as well as a superlative nipup singer, gives all the songs she does a great deal more than mere lip service. She's assisted by an emphatic band that only she could conjure with. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Flip and hip is the piano of Billy Taylor, who runs one of the most persuasive of the new-era trios. He takes his post, inside the oval bar, around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) and Red Allen's sextet (off Mondays), with a Monday-and-Tuesday assist by Sol Yaged's fivesome. On Saturdays, the room upstairs is open to accommodate the Coles and Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. Some good people, such as Melba Liston, inhabit the vast band assembled by Quincy Jones, but the required reading assigned them dates back to, say, 1930. Gloria Lynne, girl gusher, and Earl May's band are around, too. They all leave on Wednesday, Jan. 18; the next day, Maynard Ferguson's wailing wallers, all five thousand of them, and George Russell's band will come aboard. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn will gather up their quintet and depart on Sunday, Jan. 15; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, John Coltrane's set of four clamoring modernists arrive. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Empire City Six, whose melodic line is below the Mason-Dixon Line. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare involves the Montgomery Brothers' quartet, which is New Departure. Its final night is Monday, Jan. 16. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, Horace Silver's bundle of nerves, five in all, will tremble in unison. On Thursday, Jan. 19, a new revue (and you know Greenwich Village revues) is expected. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): This enterprise ends its series of weekend stands on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, with the unpredictable music of Thelonious Monk, a pianist modern enough to believe that he can perform by remote control. He's aided by a quartet. On Tuesday, Jan. 17, normality returns, as Joe Williams, lately the true-blues singer of the Basie band, and Harry Edison's sleepy-time quintet check in for a steady run. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Red Garland is the main event of the threesome that is wintering way uptown. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, all stops and all corks will be pulled out by, it is reported, Claude Hopkins, Zutty Singleton, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Herb Fleming, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—A single painting, "Tasso's Oak," together with preparatory sketches and drawings for it; through Jan. 28. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Water colors; through Jan. 28. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del

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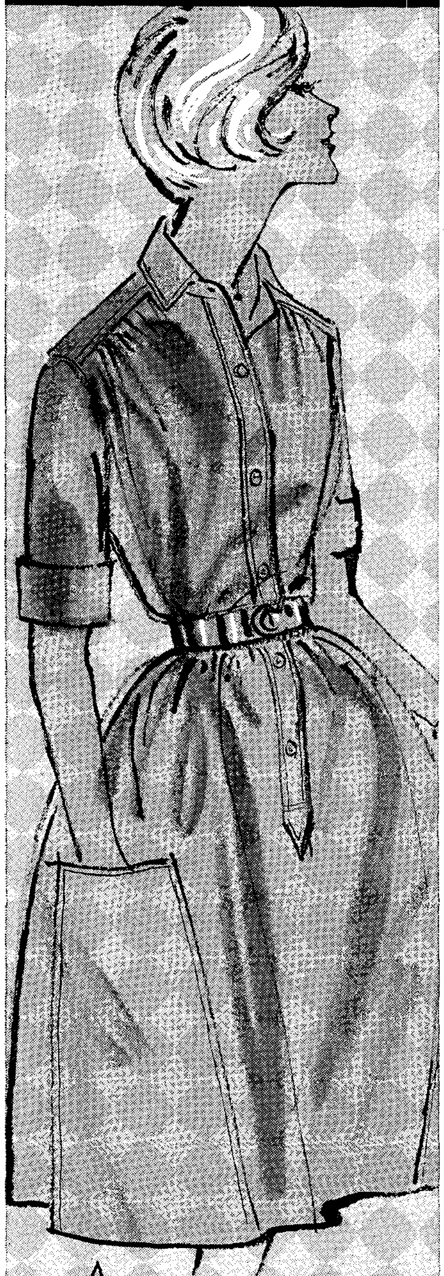

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

César—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynn Chadwick—Bronzes and drawings (1956-60) by an English sculptor; through Jan. 28. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Chryssa—Plaques and wall reliefs in plaster and bronze; through Jan. 28. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Joe Clark and Paul Waldman—Abstract oils; through Jan. 26. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jorge Damiani—Paintings and drawings by an Uruguayan artist; through Jan. 28. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon de Leeuw—Figurative abstractions (oil on canvas) and welded-steel sculptures; through Jan. 26. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures in steel and brass; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ludvik Durchanek—Sculptures in beaten bronze, copper, and silver; through Jan. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Paintings and drawings; through Jan. 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sylvia Fein—Landscapes (in tempera); through Jan. 28. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Semi-abstract figures and horses; through Jan. 28. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Baptiste Armand Guillaumin (1841-1927)—A retrospective of landscapes and marines by the early Impressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Hans Hartung and Willi Baumeister—Paintings and pastels by the former, a present-day Paris abstractionist, and paintings by the latter, a leader of modern art in Germany, who died in 1955; through Feb. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)

Reuben Kadish—Abstract sculptures in cast bronze and terra cotta; through Jan. 28. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Peter Kinley—Oils by a young British painter. First one-man show in New York; through Feb. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Julian Levi—Abstract oils of the sea; through Jan. 28. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of landscapes and still-lifes (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Peter Paone—Figurative paintings; through Jan. 28. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Picasso—Oils never shown here before; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

James Preston—Water colors and drawings, chiefly landscape studies of France and Long Island, by an artist little known except for his association with Glackens and Sloan; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures and slate reliefs; through Feb. 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tadashi Sato—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 28. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tetsuro Sawada—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a Japanese modern artist; through Feb. 4. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

John Thomas—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Donald Thrall—Paintings; through Jan. 27. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

David Weinrib—Welded-metal abstract sculptures; through Feb. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Poetic Painters of the Nineteenth Century—An amusing, if slightly syrupy, display of paintings and drawings by Gérome, Alma-Tadema, Bouguereau, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 14. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

African Art—"Abstractions in African Art," a display mostly of masks and statues in wood and ivory from the Warega tribe in the Congo, the Dogon tribe in the Sudan, and so on; through Jan. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Pre-Columbian Art—A show called "Aspects of Surrealism and Fantasy in Pre-Columbian Art," comprising objects dating from as early as 1500 B.C. to the Spanish Conquest; through Saturday, Jan. 21. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **brata**, 89 E. 10th St.: Frank Sepa and William Sildar (sculptors) and Hal Silvermintz (painter); through Jan. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The January show consists of water colors selected by John von Wicht, Gabor Peterdi, and Sidney Laufman; through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) ... **great jones gallery**, 5 Great Jones St.: Sculptures by Reuben Nakian, Philip Pavia, Peter Agostini, and George Spaventa; through Sunday, Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Saturday, Jan. 14.... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, George Inness, and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **d'arcy**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition, directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 28.... **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Oils by such artists as John Hultberg, Alberto Burri, and Antonio Tàpies; through Saturday, Jan. 14.... **peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Piet Mondrian, Fannie Hillsmith, John B. Flannagan, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Jan. 21.... **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paul Delvaux, Luciano Minguzzi, and Wilfrid Zogbaum are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Afro, Max Beckmann, Bernard Rosenthal, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 14.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, and others; through Jan. 31.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Gris, Mondrian, and Giacometti; through Feb. 4.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show primarily of oils called "Trends of the Twenties in the School of Paris," consisting of examples by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.) ... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibit of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Jan. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art Treasures of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-size Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, sculptures by Bourdelle and Matisse, drawings by Picasso and Miró, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition, carefully selected, of small paintings on paper from the Rajput provinces of northern India; through Jan. 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Illustrated Incunabula," an exhibition of illustrations in books printed in Europe before 1501; through Feb. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by, among others, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, and Adja Yunkers; through Feb. 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Jan. 12: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Frank Guarrera, William Olvis, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 13: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 14: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 14: "Manon Lescaut," with Licia Albanese, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 15: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Nell Rankin, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A benefit for the West Side Institutional Synagogue.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 16: "Tannhäuser," with Victoria de los Angeles, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 17: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Anselmo Colzani, William Olvis, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Tebaldi, Margaret Roggero, Nicolai Gedda, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 19: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Cornell MacNeil, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 20: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Regina Resnik, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 21: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Laurel Hur-

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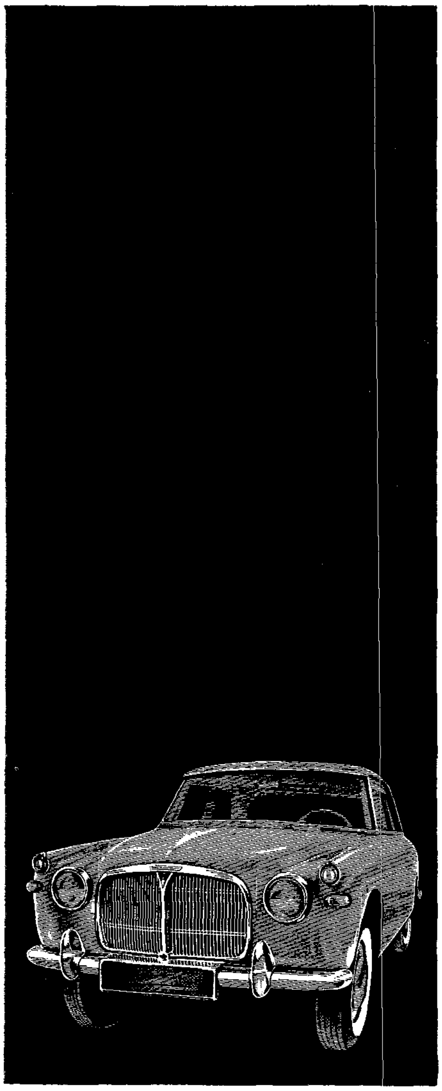

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ley, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 21: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Paul Paray conducting—At **carnegie hall:** Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3 (all with Morton Gould, composer-pianist); and Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 22, at 3 (all with Zadel Skolovsky, piano). . . . **brooklyn academy of music:** With Morton Gould, composer-pianist. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Town Hall Festival of Music—Eric Simon conducting an orchestra in a Pan-American program, with Ruth Morris, soprano; Rafael Puyana, harpsichord; and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 2:30.)

City Symphony Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting, with Diana Mittler, piano. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting an orchestra with Henry Schuman and Ronald Roseman, oboes. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Orchestra of America—Richard Korn conducting, with Marjorie Mitchell, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting a program including a performance of the Walton-Sitwell "Façade," with Hermione Gingold and Eric Berry, narrators. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Joshua," with Virginia Babikian, soprano; Margaret Roy, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Therman Bailey, bass; the boys' choir of St. Thomas Church; and an orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Jan. 13, at 7:30. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call TR 3-0317.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Soloists—Charles Bressler, tenor; Samuel Baron, flute; Isidore Cohen, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord music of Bach, Friday, Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Clavichord music of Bach, Saturday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Harpsichord music of Scarlatti, Sunday, Jan 15. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Dimitri Bashkirov—Russian pianist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Eric Heidsieck—French pianist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 13, at 8:40.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—Medieval music of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. *All seats have been sold and only* standing room is left.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-7003, Ext. 31.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The first in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; the New York Brass Quintet; and composers Lionel Nowak, Wallingford Riegger, Gunther Schuller, Ben Weber, and Charles Wuorinen. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Kim Borg—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Benno and Sylvia Rabinof—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting, with Zita Carno, piano, and others. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Janos Starker—Cello, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concerts—Roland Hayes, tenor, with George Humphrey, viola. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The fourth concert in the series, this one by the Quartetto Italiano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Gold and Fizdale will give a duo-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 16, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Bobby Short—The whoop-de-do singer and pianist, plus his jazz trio. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 15, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

Indoor Polo—Two games every Friday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Saturday, Jan. 21, through Wednesday, March 29.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Thursday, Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Quarter-finals, Monday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Wednesday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Finals, Thursday, Jan. 19. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Matches *begin at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)*

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 20, at 7:30. For tickets call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **city center gilbert & sullivan company:** A performance, primarily for children, of "The Pirates of Penzance." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Saturday, Jan. 21, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **american theatre for children:** "Hans and the Tulip." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 2:30.) . . . **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Emperor's Nightingale." (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **pat deane productions:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.) . . . **horizons:** "Alice in Wonderland."

(One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. CH 2-4657. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14-15, at 11 and 1.) . . . **MERRIMIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "A Little Bit of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—American, French, English, Italian, and Oriental furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery School. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 19-24. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sunday, 2 to 9.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—A flotilla of five hundred new craft will be on view, along with myriad displays of engines and nautical accessories. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 14 and 21, from 10:30 to 10:30; Sundays, Jan. 15 and 22, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 16-20, from noon to 10:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 12, at 1:45: Pre-Columbian art from Mexico, Central America, Peru, and Ecuador, together with a few modern Eskimo sculptures; from several collectors, among them James Arthur Ewing. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 13-14, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, old Continental porcelains, pewter, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and Aubusson rugs; the property of Mrs. Paulette Anagnostaras and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18-19, at 1:45: First editions, standard sets, art books, and other literary material; from the estate of Nettie Gardner Ryan and from other sources.

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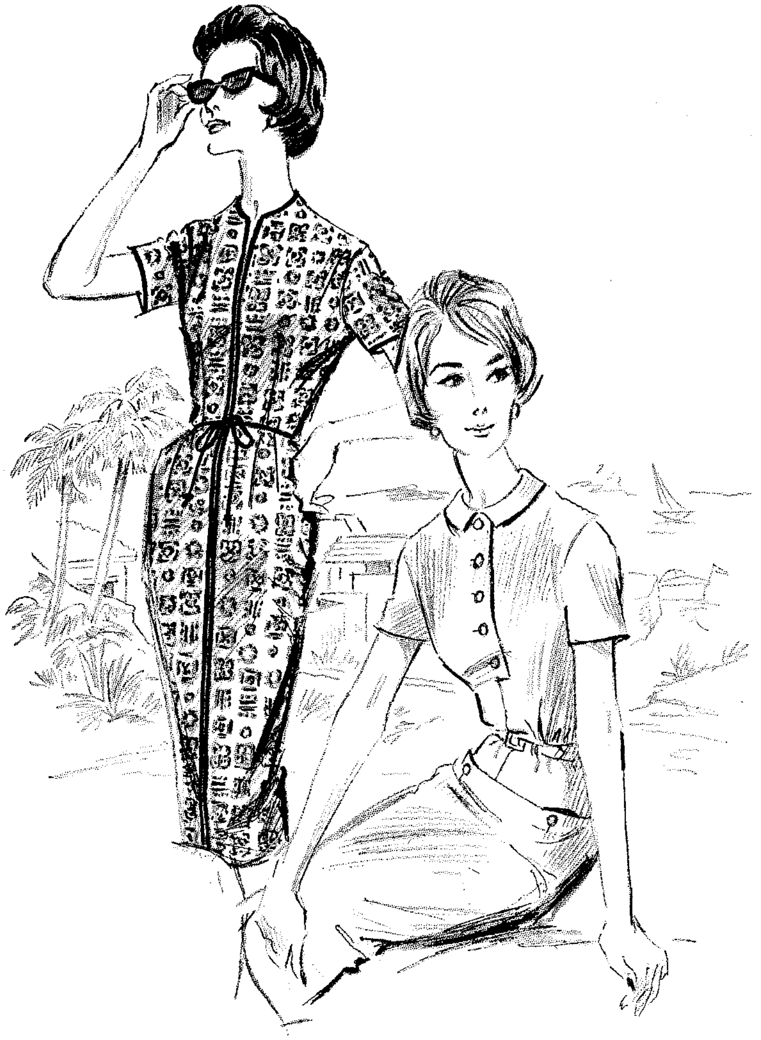

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star in this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and attractive that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—An extremely funny parody of a crime melodrama. Half a dozen radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempt a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. An Italian import. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent, and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 18, tentative.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch. You'll need sustenance around about the middle of the third hour, because goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—With this French film, which describes the brief, intense, and hopeless affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in Hiroshima (where the movie was photographed), Alain Resnais emerges as one of the finest movie directors now in practice. In the leading roles, Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are highly commendable. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 18, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—Lively English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. The role of Potter is played with relish by Alastair Sim. Ian Carmichael is a drolly inept young man who, in despair of losing his girl to a suave masher (the toothy Terry-Thomas), learns the art of one-upmanship from Potter and scores off everyone in sight. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Jan. 12, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers—This first adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel concentrates so closely on the author's superb dialogue that there is almost no time for the camera to catch up with the streets, fields, and houses of Nottingham, the English coal-mining town in which the story is set. Trevor Howard, as the brutal, drunken Morel, turns in the best performance of his career, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-suffering wife, is appropriately long-faced. However, Dean Stockwell, as the Morels' troubled, gifted son, seems more troubled than gifted. The direction, by Jack Cardiff, and the script, by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, are reverent. An English-American production. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Sundowners—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded chronicle of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness, as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 18.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's famous triumph. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 18. On Monday, Jan. 16, only, the last showing will begin at 2 P.M.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 13.)

Potemkin (1925)—The celebrated Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 12: "High Noon" (1952), with Gary Cooper and Thomas Mitchell.... ¶ Jan. 13: "Viva Zapata!" (1952), with Marlon Brando and Jean Peters.... ¶ Jan. 14: To be announced.... ¶ Jan. 15: "The Robe" (1953), with Richard Burton and Jean Simmons.... ¶ Jan. 16: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.... ¶ Jan. 17: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), with Richard Carlson.... ¶ Jan. 18: "Shane" (1953), with Alan Ladd and Jean Arthur. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Sunday, Jan. 15, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SUNDOWNERS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Jan. 17: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From Jan. 18: "The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 18 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 17: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.
From Jan. 18: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 17 (tentative): "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.
From Jan. 18 (tentative): "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 17: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.
From Jan. 18: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
SONS AND LOVERS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Jan. 12 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**
From Jan. 13 (tentative): "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 17: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.
From Jan. 18: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 17: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "The Walking Target," Joan Evans, Ronald Foster.
From Jan. 18: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 18: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 15: "Midnight Lace," Rex Harrison, Doris Day; and "Mating Time" (formerly called "The Bridal Path"), revival, Bill Travers.
From Jan. 16: "Where the Hot Wind Blows," Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "Pay or Die," Ernest Borgnine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 18 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 17: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March; and "The Walking Target," Joan Evans, Ronald Foster.
From Jan. 18: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 17: "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.
From Jan. 18: "The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 17: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Jan. 18: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell Is a City," Stanley Baker.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 18: **THE BIRTH OF A NATION,** revival. (On Monday, Jan. 16, only, the last showing will begin at 2. At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "Foolish Wives," revival, a German film.)

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 17: "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley; and "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner.
From Jan. 18: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

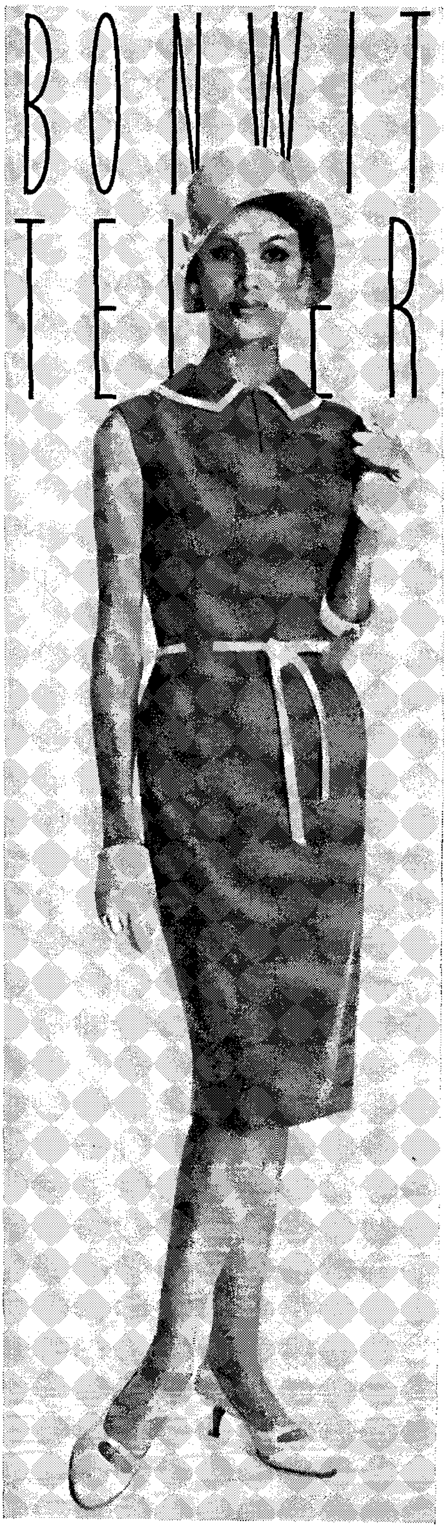
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 12: "Faust" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo, Nelli Corradi.
From Jan. 13: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 17: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.
From Jan. 18: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 17: "Dreams" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.
From Jan. 18: "The Captain's Table," John Gregson, Peggy Cummins; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 17: "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From Jan. 18: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters; and "Hell is a City," Stanley Baker.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 17: "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger; and "Goddess of Love," Belinda Lee.
From Jan. 18: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "The Threat," Robert Knapp.



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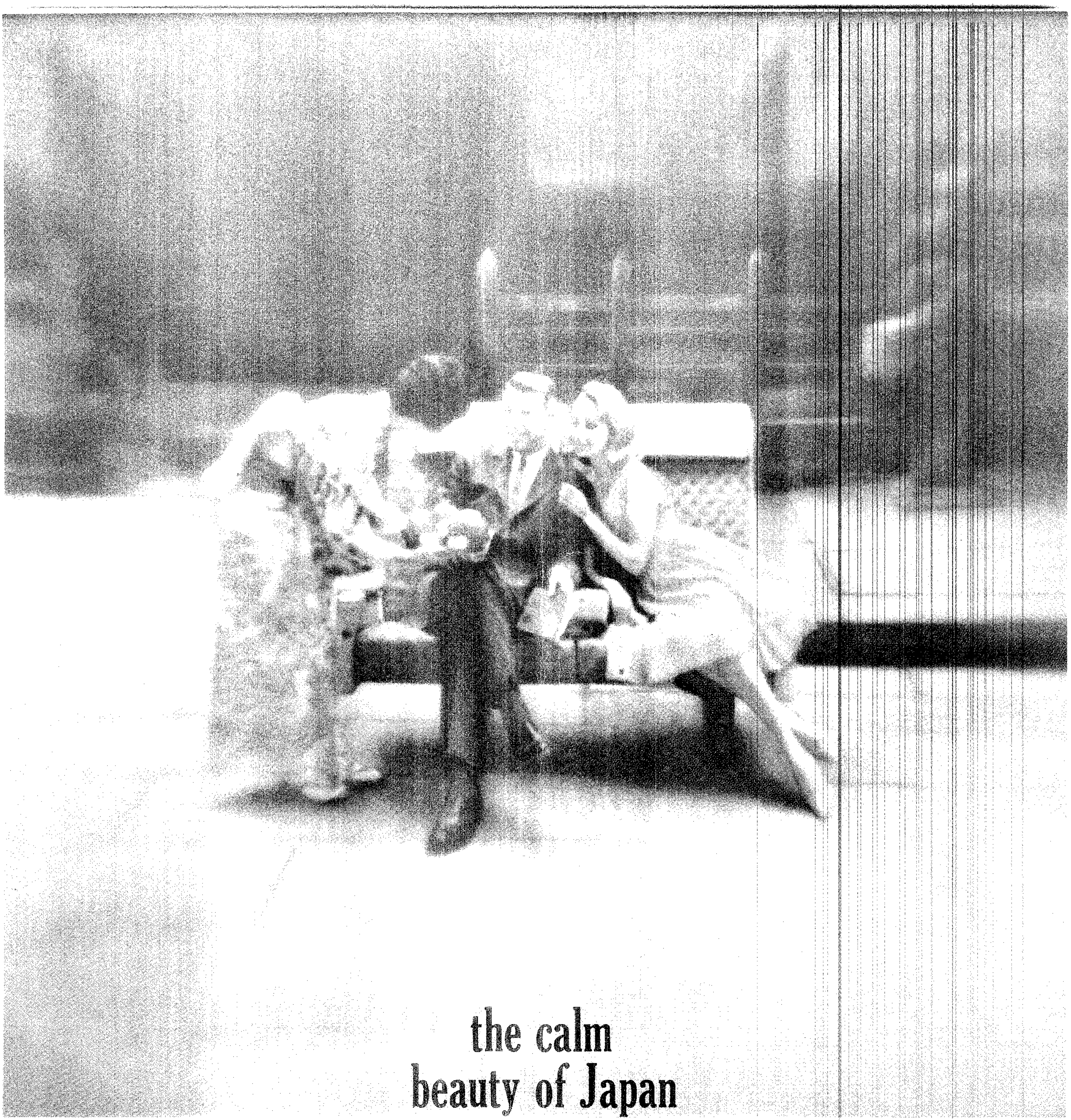

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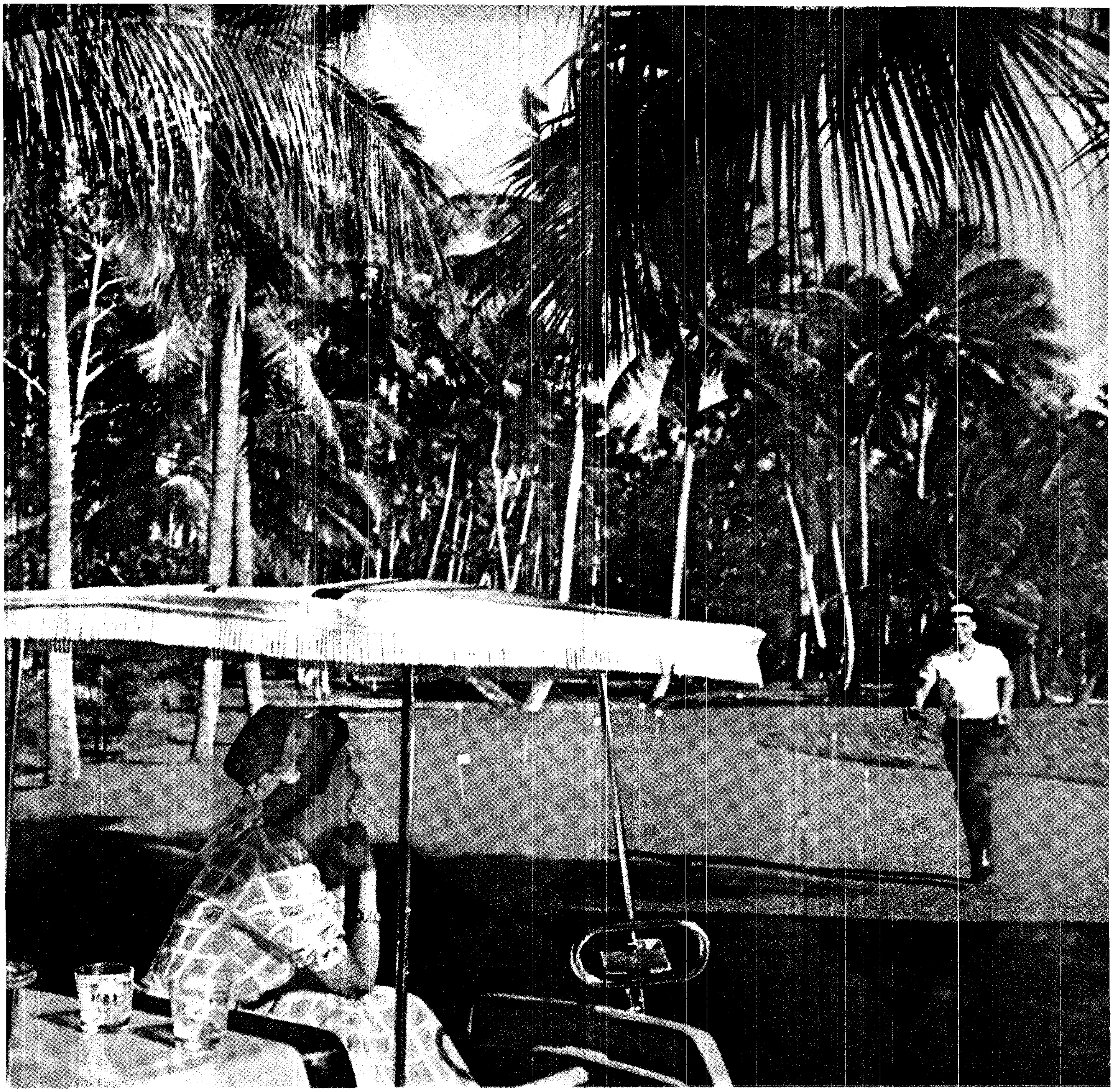


JOHN ROSS MIXED PLEASURE WITH BUSINESS ON HIS TRIP TO PUERTO RICO. TOM HOLLYMAN PHOTOGRAPHED HIM AT THE DORADO BEACH HOTEL.

"I won John back from his putter—with Rum-on-the-Rocks"

—says Ann Ross, who discovered the magic lure of dry rum in Puerto Rico.

ABOVE, you see an amazing photograph. It shows my husband abandoning his putting with a *smile.*

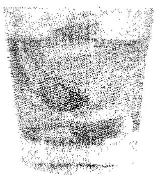
All it took was the clarion call, "Ready with your Rum-on-the-Rocks!"

John came running, took one sip, and said something I'd heard him say a dozen times since we'd been in Puerto Rico. "Amazing! Just rum, ice, and a bit of lemon. Yet incredibly *dry.* How in the world do they do it?"

This time I had the answer, thanks to a quiet little chat with the bartender at our hotel. "We distill our rum at extra high proof," he told me. "This makes it extra light and extra *dry.* Then we age every drop in oak casks—Puerto Rican law requires it."

John took it all very calmly. But now try and get him to pour a Rum-on-the-Rocks from a bottle that isn't labelled *Puerto Rican Rum.* He turns tiger.

RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS



Pour 1½ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old-Fashioned glass; add twist of lemon; stir. Variation: Add water, soda, or ginger ale—and you have a Rum Splash.

FREE! New 20-page Rum Recipe Book in color. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. 10-G, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

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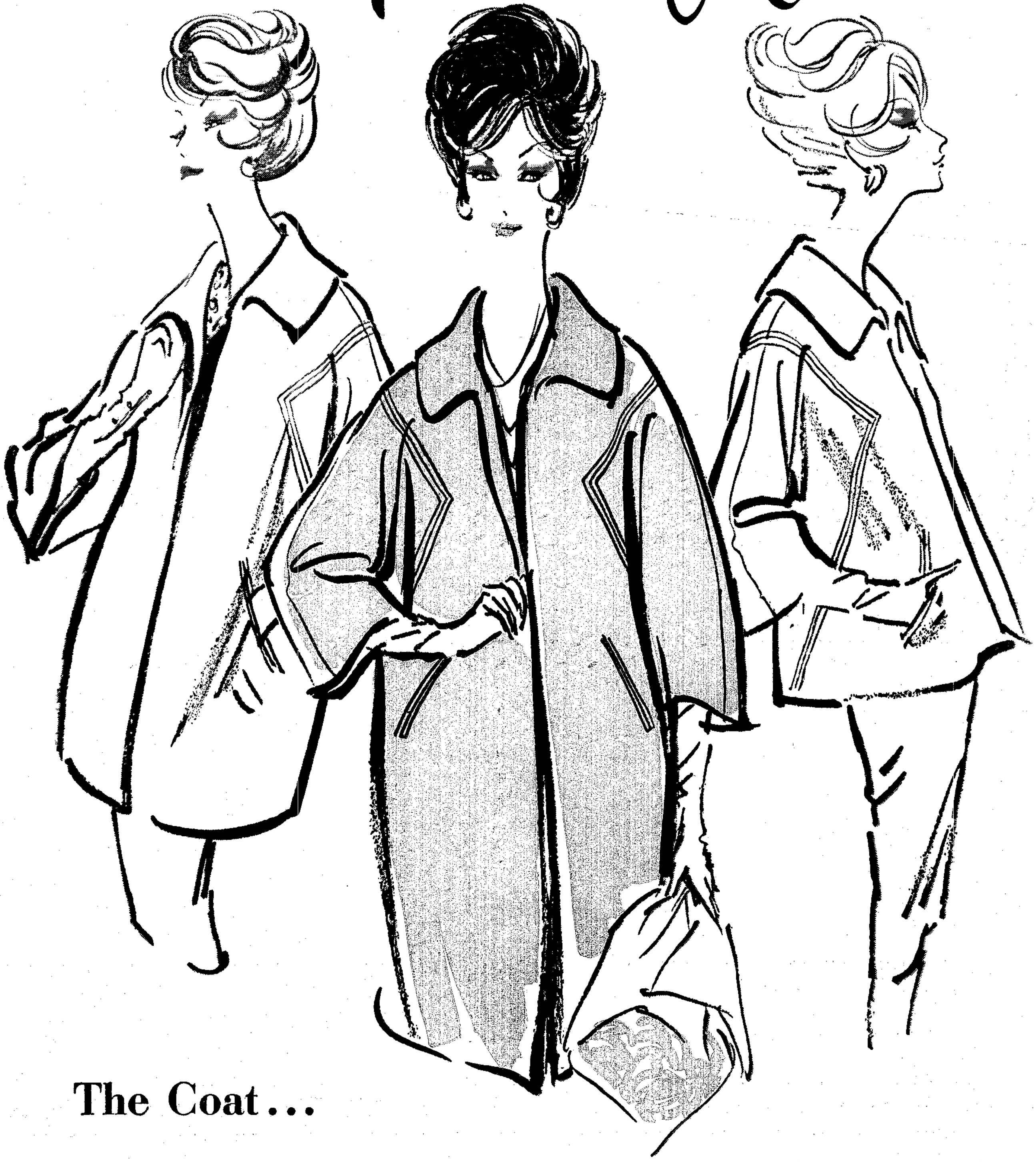

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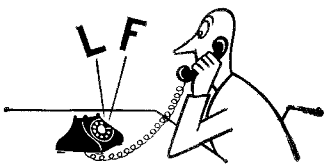
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE received a wistful letter not long ago from a customer of the New York Telephone Company. He tells us that on moving to a new apartment, in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park, he was issued a telephone with the exchange "LF 3." He called the company to find out what the letters stand for, and learned that they don't stand for anything—that they are just letters. He was further informed that in time all exchanges will be arranged in this fashion, "to facilitate intercity dialling." This is painful news to us, for we have long entertained a deep, and conceivably perverse, affection for the words of the directory. Poets have celebrated the wit and sonority of the names of American towns, but to our way of thinking they are not a patch on the telephone exchanges of New York. We linger over the rippling liquefaction of "SUsquehanna," the sturdiness of "MOnument," the liveliness of "SPring." We dote on forthright "CAnal" and sing of sweet "LOrraine." These are names to dial and conjure with. And what of our rich legacy from an OLder CIvilization—stirring names like "TRafalgar," "OXford," "WHitehall," "CHelsea," and "REgent"? Is this great tradition to be curtailed on behalf of intercity dialling? We hope not.



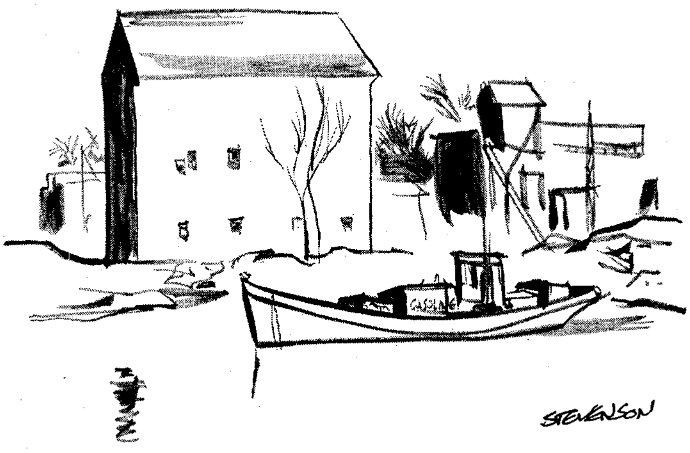
To be sure, we can see that the company might have trouble finding names for some of the new exchanges. "XT 5," for instance, would not lend itself readily to wordmaking. But surely no one would begrudge the company a little poetic license in this crises. Why not "XTasy 5"? Other letters that will eventually be left wordless will prove easier to accommodate. A simple addition converting "WO 2" to "WOe 2" would give the exchange a fine Old Testament ring. "LL 6" could become "LLanuwchllyn 6," in memory of Taliesin ap Llanuwchllyn, the first man ever to welsh on a bet. "TT 5" might expand to "TTut 5." Stately in orthography and gently reproving in tone, this exchange, when demanded in a firm voice, ought to have a beneficently sobering effect on "the voice with a smile." "XX 4," we confess, would admit of no easy solution. The best we have been able to achieve so far is the rather unwieldy "XXxxxxxxx-and-a-great-big-hug-from-your-adoring-Bubbles 4." And "LF 3," our correspondent's exchange, has us stumped. Perhaps one of the Central European countries, where words like "*chrt*" and names like "Přemysl" are found in consonantal abundance, would offer a useful clue to investigators. Or, if all else fails, the company could abandon "LF" without altering its equipment, merely by selecting other letters from the same holes in the dial. To oblige our correspondent and their unhappy customer, they might, at the very least, issue him a "JEremiad."

Viva Vivaldi!

OF the two common sorts of success story—the sort in which after innumerable fearful setbacks the exhausted hero finally achieves victory, and the sort in which all the nice round golden apples fall into the hero's lap the moment he nudges the tree—we confess to a sneaking fondness for the latter. It's a particular pleasure, therefore, to tell you about Max Goberman, conductor of the New York Sinfonietta, who had a splendid notion, decided to act on it, encountered no hardships in turning the notion into reality, and met with immediate acclaim for having done so. The formal name of Mr. Goberman's notion is the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, and it had its genesis in the fall of 1957, when Mr. G. was conducting the orchestra for "West Side Story." Between performances, he would stop in at various record stores around town and listen to recordings, and as he did so he found himself silently reproaching the big record companies on several grounds, among them that they recorded relatively few of the enormous number of works by the accepted great composers, that they recorded the favored few much too frequently, that they let these recordings go out of print too rapidly, and that in most cases the scores they chose to record had been corrupted by generations of gratuitous "interpretation"—a practice that was positively scandalous in the light of the extremely high standards of contemporary musical scholarship.

What Mr. Goberman dreamed of producing was a library of recordings of compositions that had previously gone unrecorded, or had been incorrectly recorded, or were out of print—recordings that would be based on authentic scores and that would be accompanied by printed facsimiles of these scores. It was an ambitious program, and presumably would not be easy to launch without a good deal of business experience, of which our hero had none whatever. "I'd never raised a nickel of capital for anything in my life," he told us when we visited him in the cluttered little office of the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, on West Eighty-second Street. "Not knowing what else to do, I simply started talking to people about my idea, and the money rolled in—even more than I needed. To begin with, I decided it would be fun to record *all* of somebody's works, and at once Vivaldi came to mind. He turned out approximately six hundred instrumental pieces, which the firm of G. Ricordi, in Milan, is currently engaged in publishing. Ricordi agreed to let us send out facsimiles, reduced in size, of the scores they'd published. For our first record, I rehearsed the Sinfonietta twice, then announced a pre-recording dress rehearsal, before an audience, in the Carnegie Recital Hall. To my astonishment, we sold out, with a ticket line that ran along Fifty-seventh Street and around onto Seventh Avenue. A day or so later, we repeated the concert, this time in Carnegie Hall itself, and practically sold out. We've handled all our later recording sessions in the same way. Each time, I figure we'll be playing to half a house, but we never are. For some reason, Vivaldi is in, and so are we."

Fearing that records produced by a small, unknown maker would be overlooked in the record stores, Mr. G. has marketed his product entirely by subscription. The Library uses direct-mail and magazine advertising to reach potential subscribers, and the response has been, in a word, staggering. "Our subscribers range from the Sterling Memorial Library, at Yale, to a man in Djakarta," Mr. G. said. "After we'd made our first half-dozen records, I began to wonder whether our subscribers wouldn't rebel at an unbroken run of several hundred Vivaldis, so I went over to Vienna last summer and—working with H. C. Robbins Landon, the preëminent Haydn authority—taped performances, by the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, of Landon's authenticated scores of seventeen Haydn symphonies. For good measure, I then taped Corelli's total orchestral output, which will fit exactly onto twelve records, as if old Corelli had written it all with L.P.s in mind. I find the management of a successful business entertaining. In fact, I find nearly everything about my life entertaining. My wife, Jean Schneider, is a cellist and pianist, and our four children—two sons and two daughters, aged twenty, eighteen, fifteen, and thirteen—play, respectively, the cello and clarinet, the violin and piano, the cello, and the violin. For pleasure, I play music with my family in the country, and to earn a living I conduct and record music in town. What more could a man ask?"



Parting

THE following message was written on a piece of notebook paper, decorated with sparkles and knitting yarn, that was found in one of the size 3 shoes attached to a pair of ice skates at a recent rummage sale held for the benefit of a suburban P.-T. A.:

To Whom It May Concern

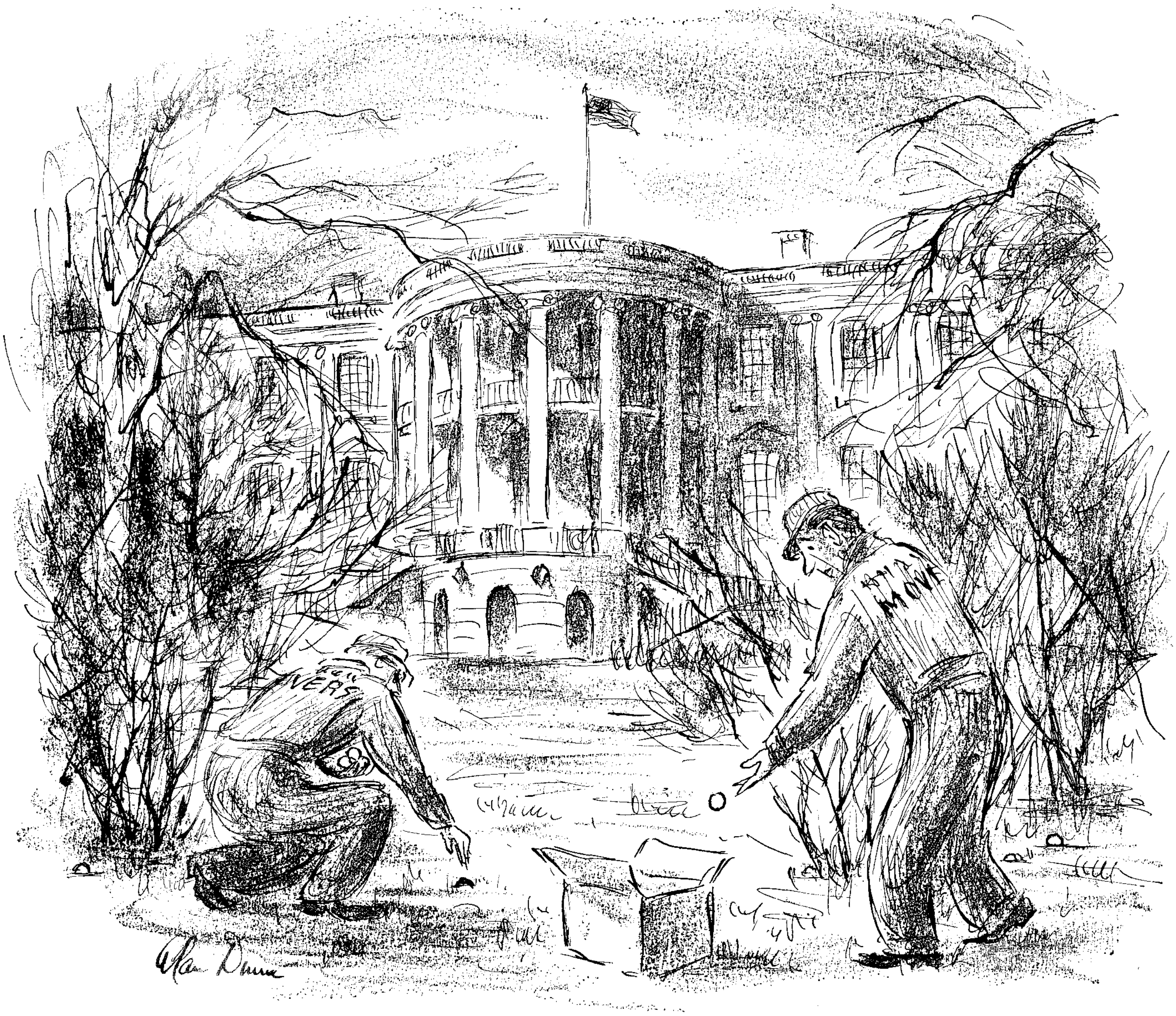
Treat these skates with gentle care,
For magic powers do they hold.
To part with them I'll have to bear,
For now they must be sold. —K.R.

Slave Market

TO most of us, the annual three-day meetings of the American Historical Association would appear to be occasions for the reading of scholarly papers and the exchange of academic shoptalk, but to the three thousand-odd teachers of history who make up the bulk of the Association's membership these affairs are in fact a sort of super slave market, where—by a process so roundabout and seemingly offhand that it can best be described as a form of extrasensory perception—the majority of the more attractive vacancies in the profession are filled. When we looked in on the latest meeting of the Association, held a week or so ago at the Statler Hilton, a professor of history whom we happen to know volunteered to sketch for us the crude outlines of the system. "No intelligent young historian would ever approach anybody *directly* about a job," he told us. "If he did, he'd automatically be finished. The way it works is this: You get the professor who nursed you through your Ph.D. to sponsor you at one of these meetings; that is, you prompt him to discuss with some friend of his who teaches at the college in which you're most interested the general subject of possible vacancies on the history faculty there. Of course, your sponsor and his friend don't actually talk about a particular vacancy the first time they meet; like a couple of Chinese marriage brokers, they keep skirting the subject proper, and it may be a couple of days before you learn whether there's a place open and then whether it will be offered to you. I've heard of cases where an understanding was reached without a single mention of either the job or the candidate for the job. This kind of thing occasionally leads to misunderstandings; a professor may find himself placing a man at a salary the man won't accept, simply because the matter of money has been thought too sordid to bring up."

The commonest sight at annual meetings of the Association, our friend said, is a man in his sixties moving casually about among his peers and followed, at a little distance, by a nervous man of thirty or so. The older man is a professor and the younger is his favorite graduate student, for whom he's trying to land a suitable position. "I heard a moment ago what happened this morning to a leading historian here," our friend said. "He'd just managed to maneuver a meeting between his candidate and an influential colleague. When he turned around to summon the candidate for a formal introduction, the young man was nowhere to be found. After a frantic search, the historian came upon him at one of the regularly scheduled sessions, where he was listening with rapt attention to a lecture on urbanism. A man of action, the historian dragged the poor fellow out of the room by his coat collar, roaring, 'Don't let me *ever* catch you listening to a paper when I'm trying to find you a job!' "

Our learned friend thereupon proceeded to divide American historians into three main groups. First, there is the "in," or "white-haired," or "shoe" group, which can be defined as comprising the men who attend the smokers given by such publishers as the Columbia University Press, the University of Chicago Press, Macmillan, and Knopf, *and* who feel at home at them. (No invitation lists for these smokers are drawn up, but historians who are not members of the "in" group practically never attend, because none of the "in"s will talk to them if they do.) "This top group consists of possibly



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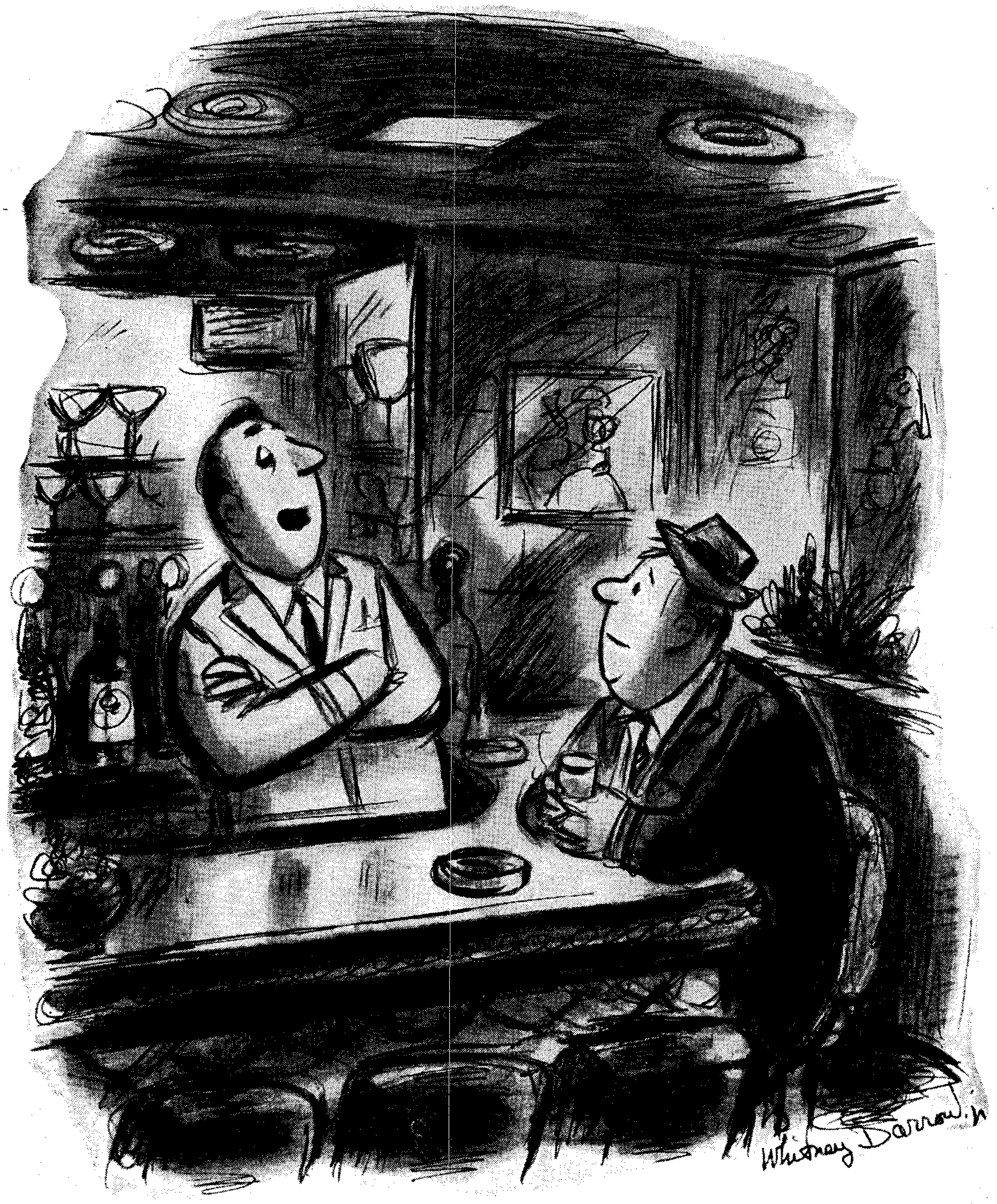
two hundred men," said our friend. "It produces most of the Pulitzer Prize winners for history, most of the officials of the American Historical Association, most of the full professors of history in the leading universities, and most of the highest administrators in foundation work and in the government. The thing they all have in common is that they publish a great deal. The second group, which embraces the overwhelming majority of American historians, consists of excellent teachers who for some reason just aren't eligible for the 'in' group. Maybe they didn't attend the right universities, or maybe they lacked the proper sponsorship, or maybe they haven't published enough. The third group is made up of historians who have acquired rank by the simple attrition of their colleagues, of people who staff teachers' colleges, and of men who have trouble getting and keeping jobs. In the profession, teachers' colleges are put in the lowest bracket. Members of their faculties have the heaviest teaching loads and the lowest salaries, and, to tell the truth, the least inspiring students."

At annual meetings of the A.H.A., members of the "in" group give most of the speeches, while the "out" groups sit and listen. Members of the "in" group who don't happen to be giving speeches rarely bother to listen to their colleagues; they prefer to stand around and talk and carry on their secret bargaining. Our friend estimated that as many as two hundred and fifty jobs change hands in the course of a meeting. "Few changes are considered final on the spot," he said. "Usually, a candidate will want to go home and talk it over with his wife. Historians are in great demand, for once, thanks to all the war babies who are coming along and demanding a college education. American and European History are still a bit hard to break into, but there are real shortages in Ancient and Medieval, not to mention Asian. A sellers' market, thank God!"

Having agreed to look up a colleague who claimed to have a most promising young Modern European man in tow, our friend passed us along to Professor Oscar Handlin, of Harvard, who said that the standard advice given to young historians at that institution is: Don't ask for a job, wait to *be* asked. "We always place our students well, usually through personal contacts," he said. "I've been attending these meetings for twenty-five years, and I figure I know about two thousand people in the profession, many of whom I'll be seeing here. Student placement becomes cumulative after a while; your former students become chairmen of departments and appeal to you when they've jobs to be filled. Some of my students are being looked over right now. The system isn't very efficient, but the qualities we're after are, of necessity, vague. A good teacher can't be reduced to terms that will go on an I.B.M. card."

After securing from Professor Hand-



"That's my opinion, but before you start actual proceedings please feel free to consult another bartender."

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lin a rough estimate of where most of our leading historians come from—thirty per cent from Harvard, twenty per cent from Yale, Columbia, Wisconsin, and the University of California at Berkeley, and the rest from all over—we stopped off for a word with Professor Dean Albertson, of Brooklyn College, who was in charge of something known as the Job Register. "Though nearly all of the hiring is done on an informal basis, the Register is intended to act as an employment agency," he said. "It's been going for years, but up to now it hasn't worked as well as we had hoped. This year, we're trying something revolutionary. We've put a big white sign in the lobby, where everyone can see it, which for the first time will make many of the available jobs public knowledge, instead of closely guarded secrets. This year, also for the first time, some of the larger universities have consented to work through us; in the past, only the smaller colleges were willing to. On the Register are the names of nearly four hundred historians who want jobs and a total of ninety-three jobs. The discrepancy isn't as great as it seems; a lot of the registrants already have good jobs and are simply looking around for something better."

To complete our education in the ways of the A.H.A., Professor Albertson gave us a brief lecture on employment semantics. "One must learn to read references and letters of recommendation with care," he said. "For instance, if a man is described as 'adequate' he's as good as dead. I'd also have my doubts about 'well-grounded.' And the term 'distinguished scholar,' if used about a man fifty-five years old and a full professor, is apt to carry precisely the opposite connotation." We learned that a sentence like "He's had a little difficulty shaping his thesis, but he's a very good teacher" should be translated into "Take him and you'll have him for life, because he won't publish," and that "Congenial, eager to please, responsive to suggestion, and adored by his students" translates into "Intellectually, a bust." As for "His book is bound to make a real contribution in its field," this must be read as implying, "Nobody outside the field can possibly get through it." Life is hard, even in Academe.

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INCIDENTAL DENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Switzerland now puts out an American-type fluoride toothpaste called Drab.

Thai Prince

WE dropped in on the Metropolitan Museum of Art's current "Art Treasures of Thailand" exhibition about a week ago, while it was being set up, and had a chat with its *installateur*, Prince Subhadradis Diskul, chief curator of the National Museum of Bangkok, from which most of the show's three hundred treasures were obtained. "The exhibit was first shown at Indiana University," said the Prince, a scholarly-looking black-haired, gray-flannel-trousered man of thirty-seven. "We've just brought it from there. After it closes in New York, in late February, it will travel to Boston, Toledo, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, and Honolulu. It's the first time our museum has ever sent such a large show out of the country—or, for that matter, out of the museum." He went on to say that his institution is housed in the old Palace of the Prince Successor, and that most of its contents, once the private collection of the King, were put on public view in 1926 by his own father, Prince Damrong, an archeologist and historian. He was a half brother of King Chulalongkorn, or Rama the Fifth," Prince Diskul said, "and a son of King Mongkut, or Rama the Fourth, the King of 'Anna and the King of Siam' and 'The King and I,' who was so unfortunately misrepresented both in the two films and on the stage. My grandfather never burned anyone alive, as the films stated; far from being a lewd man, he spent nearly twenty years in a monastery before ascending the throne, in 1851; he was a serious ruler who Westernized our country; he never fell in love with Mrs. Anna Leonowens, the English governess he imported for his children; and, contrary to Rodgers and Hammerstein, she left Siam before he died and was succeeded by his son. The movie version of 'The King and I' was forbidden in Bangkok, but I saw it in Tokyo."

Turning to less controversial matters, the Prince directed our attention to a number of stone Buddhas dating from the sixth century; various animal and human figures in stucco and terra cotta; seventy or eighty bronze images, pedestals, utensils, and so on; and a great variety of jewelry, ceramics, wooden sculpture, paintings, silks, and illuminated manuscripts. "Maternity dolls," he said of three tiny ceramic figures, all of which had been decapitated. "They were given to pregnant women who were thought to be threatened by evil spirits, and the dolls' heads were broken to fool the demons."

"Eh?" we said.

"If an evil spirit sees that a mother is dead, he doesn't bother the mother or the child," the Prince said. "Look at this lacquered book cabinet, decorated with a tree bearing women. Observe the hermits who are plucking the women from the boughs in order to consume them. That's because the women were thought to wither after a week, and the hermits wanted to get them while they were fresh." He advised us that this astonishing object came, astonishingly, from a monastery, and that he himself came from Bangkok, where he graduated from Chulalongkorn University (named after his uncle) and presently, after five years of art studies in Paris and London, joined the National Museum, which is run by his government's Department of Fine Arts. "We don't have enough room to show our material," he said, striking a curatorial note familiar to us. "We charge a fee on weekdays and are open to the public free on Sundays. I help show visitors around, and I will conduct guided tours here at the Metropolitan. I'm also giving some lectures here and at Asia House."

We asked Prince Diskul whether he has any brothers and sisters, and he said yes, quite a few. "Polygamy prevailed in my father's day," he went on. "He was sixty-one when I was born, and I was brought up by my aunt, Princess Abhantri, in her palace. Our present King—Bhumibol, or Rama the Ninth—is a cousin of mine in various ways. I don't share his enthusiasm for jazz."

The Prince, who is staying at the Hotel Winslow, has one wife, and one infant daughter, in Bangkok. His present visit is his second; he spent four months here in 1957, at the invitation of the State Department, inspecting Oriental art in American cities. "I'm very fond of Chinatown and of your opera," he said. "Its singing is as good as the Paris Opéra's and its scenery is even better. I've just seen 'My Fair Lady;' I couldn't get in when I was here before. I met Yul Brynner in Hollywood that time—he was making 'The Buccaneer'—and I also met Cecil B. deMille. I suggested a film on Angkor Wat to him, and he said, 'It's a date. I'll meet you there,' but then he died."

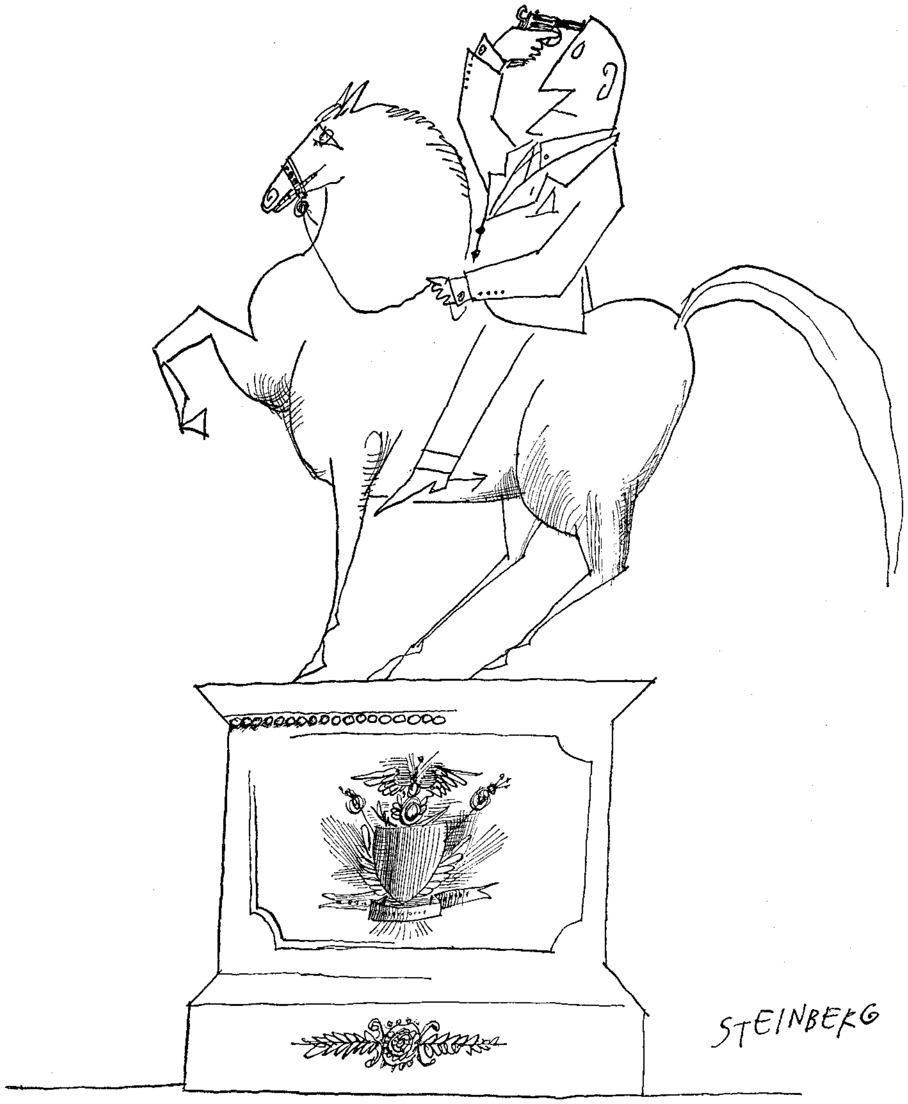
We asked the Prince whether he had taken issue with Yul Brynner on "The King and I," and he said, "It was too late. He'd finished with it."

"Any chance of your becoming King?" we asked as we left.

"None," he said, with a jolly laugh. "I'd have to kill *hundreds* of people first."

Scarecrow

An upstate bird fancier we know has been bothered lately by large, voracious birds that hog all the food in the winter feeder he has outside his living-room picture window. Our man, who possesses a profound sense of social justice, rigged the feeder with an electric bell, which can be operated from his living room, and now, when the gluttons appear, he sounds the alarm and sends them flying. The meek birds are inheriting the grub.



THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST TALKING OUT LOUD TO ONE'S MUSCLES

NOW that all the talking out loud of various individuals to crowds of other individuals that went on during the fall has quieted down and a new year has arrived, it seems especially appropriate for me to address this group, which I am privileged to meet with periodically, on the subject of talking out loud to one's self, or selves, and to mention certain new developments in this little-explored field. We are moving ahead in many different directions, but I think I may report that the main premise of my initial paper on this subject has been generally accepted as the platform on which we must all stand united.* Our premise is that one should first ascertain that no other human being is within hearing and then go ahead and speak out clearly and distinctly. In cases in which another of one's selves wishes to reply to what one has said, that self should follow the same rule of uninhibited enunciation. The once widespread tendency to *mutter* to one's self, or selves, is, I believe, approaching obsolescence except in the most remote sections of the country. Overenthusiastic members who, at our last meeting, advocated talking out loud to one's self, or selves, *even when other human beings are within earshot* have been preoccupied since then with efforts to straighten out certain situations that arose in their private lives when they attempted to practice what they preached, and I have received from them only brief bulletins, such as "Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time" or "My experiment has had such disastrous results that I have regressed and am no longer able to talk to myself *silently*, even when I am quite alone in the house." The rest of us foresaw all that, and warned these members at the time.

Now to go on to more worthwhile matters. A certain valued correspondent and prospective member, who lives in a rural community several hundred miles from here, cannot, unfortunately, be with us this evening, because of an emergency that arose at the moment of his intended departure for New York. I am extraordinarily sorry about this, for he has come up with what I regard as the two most important developments in this field since the inauguration of our Society. Since this member is negotiating at present with the juridical authorities of his home state, I think it best to withhold his true name and to call him Pliny III. I give him this pseudonym in recognition of the value of his contributions to science and to the epistolary art. At the same time, I fervently trust that he may escape the fate of Gaius Plinius Secundus, or Pliny the Elder, who, as we all know, perished in the eruptions of Pompeii while engaged in researches intended to improve the condition of the inhabitants of that community; and I trust that he will live to demonstrate to the members of this Society that he is, like Gaius Plinius Caecilius, or Pliny the Younger, as proficient in oratory as in letter-writing. Like the dedicated scientist he is, Pliny III stated his discovery casually and without emotion in the first communication I had from him. This letter discusses the well-known and silent communications system that exists in some humans between the brain and the various other parts of the body, such as the arms, legs, etc. He then goes on as follows:

> This silent communications system of mine broke down in the early forties, and now I talk out loud to myself a great deal, as there is no other way to relay a brain impulse to a finger or a toe—only the spoken word will do it. I read somewhere the other day that talking to one's self was not a sign of insanity unless you listen to what you say. I always pay the strictest attention to what I am telling myself and try to act on it. "Take the shaving brush down from its little shelf," I say to myself, for example, "and squeeze some lather on it, for God's sake!" I wouldn't dream of standing at the bowl and not listening to this kind of talk just for the sake of putting up a show of sanity. It's good advice, and I listen.

Now, as it happened, I myself was in my favorite nursing home in New York, suffering from a rare and rather interesting ailment known as psycho-fibromyalgia, when Pliny III's letter was brought to me. Psycho-fibromyalgia (formerly called simply "fibrocitis," which I, personally, consider far too simple) is an acute, aching stiffness between the shoulder blades and in other muscular centers. It is caused by a mix-up in the same communications system that in the case of Pliny III has broken down altogether and has been replaced by his ingenious and hitherto undiscovered system of talking out loud to his muscles. In my case, it appears that my brain had got in the habit of sending alarming and unwarranted messages, such as "Get ready!" or "Here it comes!," to my muscles without telling me anything about them.

When I received Pliny III's letter, I was flat on my back and under sedation, which, while it allowed me to stay awake, seemed to discourage my brain from playing this whimsical game with

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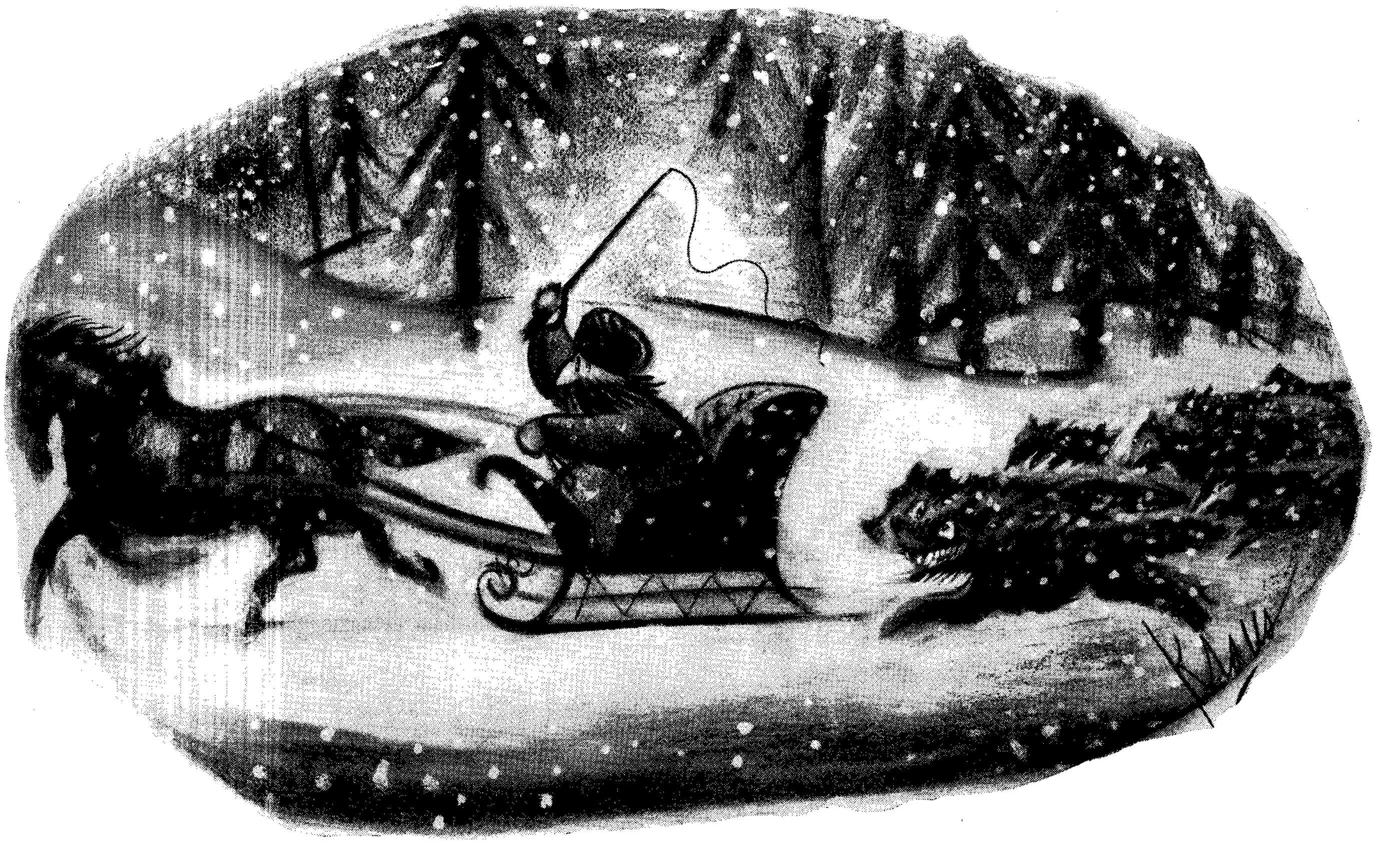
*"The Case in Favor of Talking Out Loud to One's Self," *The New Yorker*, January 3, 1959.



"This is pure habit on my part. I'm not a bit hungry."

my muscles. Thus the muscles were able to quiet down, stop aching, and loosen up generally. I was sufficiently recovered to dictate a brief letter to Pliny III, acknowledging his breakthrough, promising him a full response as soon as I was again able to operate a typewriter, and giving him an account of the symptoms of my obscure malady. To my astonishment, psycho-fibromyalgia proved to be an old story to Pliny III, who responded by return mail as follows:

> One of my troubles is that when the muscles in the back of my neck and in other places get tensed up from psycho-fibromyalgia, they become very suspicious of any attempt on my part to rest them—like taking a Miltown and lying down and shutting my eyes. I think my muscles may be paranoid. The slightest thing arouses their suspicion, and I have to be very careful about lying down and taking it easy.

Having thus come up with a second completely original and arresting theory, Pliny III goes on to demonstrate what a pure and unprejudiced outlook he is blessed with. He turns back to the first century, and discusses some of the admirable work performed at that time in the field of botany and organic medicine by his namesake. This letter, I regret to say, represents the last of my direct communications with Pliny III—my subsequent news of him has come from his attorney—but though the remainder has no specific bearing on talking out loud to one's self, I will quote it in full because it gives such an amiable picture of Pliny III's inquiring mind:

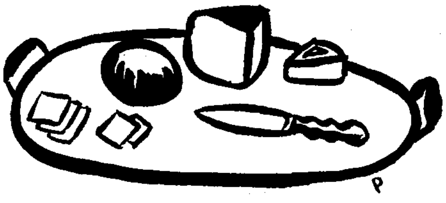
> Has it ever occurred to you that we are perhaps not making good use of simples and herbs? I have recently been looking into a book about peonies, and have been impressed with the potency of peony roots, from which peony water can be made. Pliny knew about peonies, and in 77 A.D. he was plugging peonies the way the author of "Folk Medicine" is now plugging cider and vinegar. When properly blended, peony water combats the tendency to swoon and uplifts drooping spirits. It destroys heaviness and coldness in the liver and is efficacious in disorders of the nerves. In addition to the roots, you have to have the leaves of rosemary, rue, wild thyme, and flowers of lavender; also cinnamon, cubeb, seeds of angelica, coriander seed, caraway, and aniseed. Most of this stuff is obtainable, and I have access to a peony bed. There must also be added one gallon of distilled spirits of grape. I will leave this with you to think about. There is a tendency nowadays to pooh-pooh old recipes and remedies, but I think we may be cheating ourselves. Mr. Stanley Walker, the celebrated journalist who has retired to a ranch in Texas, has recently let it be known that he has some cows that are warty and he has found that castor oil will shrink a wart. I am using castor oil right now on a wart on my face, and it is working perfectly.

ACCORDING to the attorney who was engaged by Pliny III a few days after I received this letter, it was not Pliny III's attempt to procure peony roots that actually led to his present predicament. The peony bed to which Pliny III had access was in a small public park in the village in which he makes his residence. It was his plan to dig up a good-sized peony bush, snip off the ends of some of the roots with garden shears, and replant the bush on the spot. He chose the hour of midnight for this undertaking. Just as he was about to use his shears, he saw the village constable approaching from a distance, but was able to replant the bush, fill up the hole, stamp down the soil around it, and stuff the shears into his belt under his shirt before the constable came up to him. According to the lawyer, the constable accepted Pliny III's explanation that he was simply taking a stroll on account of his insomnia. But the constable went off somewhat bewildered, and was heard by Pliny III to say out loud to himself that he must be hearing things, and that he could have sworn there were at least two persons in the immediate vicinity of the peony bed.

"To my sure and certain knowledge," the lawyer says in the special-delivery letter I have just received, "my client has for many months been careful not to attempt to *do anything* when he goes abroad in our community. In other words, when he takes a walk, he simply takes a walk. If he goes into a cigar store, he simply orders tobacco or cubebs, which are charged to his account, and departs. His wife and children, I have been given to understand, both by them and by my client, are accustomed to his little quirks. It appears that he frequently talks out loud to his muscles—limiting his conversations with them as far as possible to those times when he is alone in the house or is shut up in the bathroom—and they have accepted this as a harmless idiosyncrasy of a lovable and faithful husband and father. When he wants to start out for a walk, he simply says to his legs, 'Get the little muscles moving, damn it,' and then, according to him, 'I glide along as nice as you please.'

"If I may put it bluntly, my client made his fatal error when he decided on the spur of the moment to catch a train for New York to attend your meeting, to which, he tells me, you invited him. Had he taken the time to allow his wife to pick up the ticket and Pullman reservation for him as she has always done in the past, on his extremely rare excursions into the outside world, I have no doubt that he would not be faced with the situation in which he now finds himself. After my client had, as far as I can tell, got to the ticket window and endeavored to bring himself to ask for a ticket and a Pullman reservation for New York, and then to get his money out, and so on, the ticket agent put in a telephone call to the local constable, alleging that my client had used abusive language of a sort that tended to incite to a violation of the criminal code. In other words, the railway clerk told the constable that unless something was done about the man standing outside his window, who was giving him gratuitous instructions and uttering rude imprecations, he (the clerk) would find the temptation to go outside his cage and commit assault and battery altogether irresistible. The clerk was, of course, well within his rights. Under both common law and the statutes of this state, if a person is behaving in a manner which tends to incite another citizen to disturbing the peace, the citizen may ask for police intervention and may bring a charge of inciting to a breach of the peace against said person.

"Before the preliminary hearing in the courtroom of the village justice of the peace," the attorney continues, "I had been retained by my client's wife. I was thus able to prevent my client from attempting to *do anything* in the courtroom—i.e., to attempt to testify in his own behalf, or, in fact, even to accomplish such a simple thing as taking a handkerchief out of his pocket and mopping his forehead. I told him just to sweat it out, and to sit still and not attempt to make a move of any kind. By that time, of course, I had learned that my client indulges in this peculiar and rather questionable custom of talking out loud to his muscles. My client had impressed upon me—and I must say I was forced to agree with him—that for me to reveal the fact that he can seldom accomplish anything without giving himself oral instructions that are frequently delivered in a derisive and sometimes downright insulting tone of voice would have a disastrous effect on his means of livelihood. This, as you are probably aware, is inventing, patenting, and selling to manufacturers various ingenious trinkets in the labor-saving category, such as motorized tooth-



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FRÄULEIN READS INSTRUCTIVE RHYMES

OUTSIDE HELP FOR PARENTS WHO MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN HERR DOKTOR HOFFMAN'S "DER STRUWELPETER"

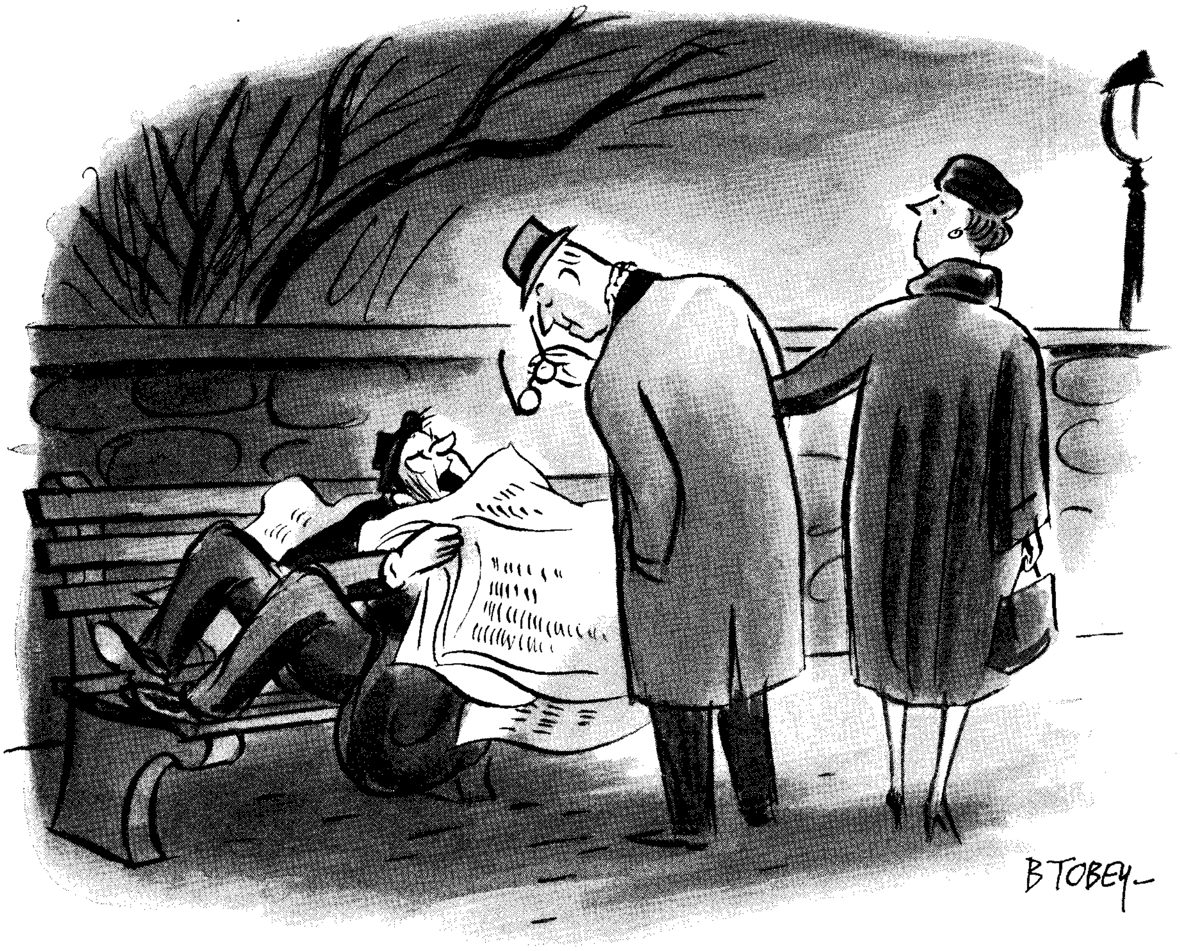
First hear the story of Kaspar the rosy-cheeked.
Once he was round and fat; he ate his dinner up.
Then see, on Monday night nothing will Kaspar eat.
Tuesday and Wednesday, *nein!* Kaspar throws down his cup.
Watch him shrink to a stick crying *nicht!* all that week.
Sunday he whispers *nicht* and falls down dead.
Now they must bury him; in the black earth he's meek.
And by his grave they leave Kaspar his meat and bread.
   Therefore, says Fräulein, slicing the sauerbraten,
   Eat what I fix for you. See what can happen?

Next prances Friedrich the terrible-tempered.
He pulls the wings from flies; he wrings the chickens' necks.
See with a long horsewhip how in this picture he
Lashes the maid, who cries into her handkerchief.
Wait, *aber*, all is well. Here the big dog comes in.
Angry black dog bites his knee and holds fast.
Now the Herr Doktor pours Friedrich bad medicine.
Downstairs, the napkined dog eats Friedrich's liverwurst.
   Child, says Fräulein, clicking her thimble cup,
   Good, *ja*, be good, or the dog comes to eat you up.

Now look at Konrad the little thumb-sucker.
Ach! but his poor mama cries when she warns him
The tailor will come for his thumbs if he sucks them.
Quick he can cut them off, easy as paper.
Out goes the mother and *wupp!* goes the thumbkin in.
Then the door opens. Enter the tailor.
See in the picture the terrible tongue in
His grinning red mouth! In his hands the great shears.
Just as she told him, the tailor goes *klipp und klapp*.
Eight-fingered Konrad has learned a sad lesson.
   Therefore, says Fräulein, shaking her chignon,
   Suck you must not or the tailor will chop!

Here is smart Robert the flying boy, bad one.
Hui! How the storm blows and coughs in the treetops.
Mama has told him today he must stay in,
But Robert slips out with umbrella and rain cap.
Now he is flying. The wind sucks and pulls him.
See, he is carried up, smaller and smaller.
His cap flies ahead of him; no one can help him.
   Therefore, says Fräulein, smoothing her collar,
   Mind me, says Fräulein. God stands up in Heaven.
   See how He watches? He snatches the bad ones.

—MAXINE KUMIN



"Yes, I do *mind if you just see what Dow Chemical closed at!"*

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brushes, cigarette lighters that ignite when one blows on them, etc., etc. He repeated to me again and again that if the manufacturers with whom he deals, or, indeed, his own patent attorney, should get wind of this eccentricity of his, they would undoubtedly look with suspicion on the inventions he offers to them on the ground that they, like so many of the inventions that come to them, are the products of a 'nut' or 'crackpot.'

"I still believe, in any event, that I could have obtained a dismissal of the railway clerk's charge against my client at the preliminary hearing had it not been for the hostile attitude of the arresting constable. He testified that at midnight on the Tuesday preceding my client's arrest, he had heard what sounded like an acrimonious discussion or argument coming from the vicinity of certain flower beds in the local park. He had proceeded toward the spot on foot and saw that in the distance a figure he later identified as my client was moving about in an agitated fashion close to said flower beds. By the time he reached my client, my client seemed composed and, in fact, extremely nonchalant in his attitude, and when asked what he was up to, replied gaily that he was just taking a walk for the reason that he suffered from insomnia. However, the constable testified, he was convinced that he had heard the voices of more than one person on that occasion, but he had been forced to accept the evidence of his own eyes that no other person was there. It was obvious to me, of course, that the constable had heard my client telling himself to replant the peony, fill the hole, stamp down the earth, and hide the shears under his belt. Be that as it may, the constable testified that he had been so upset by the whole incident that he had been unable to get anything more than fitful sleep since then, and that, moreover, he had found himself talking out loud to himself about the incident. His wife, he testified, had, as a result, accused him of overindulgence in alcohol, and had taken the children and gone to stay with her mother.

"The constable's testimony, as you can well imagine, created an atmosphere of uncertainty about the entire proceeding and appeared to lead the justice on the bench to suspect that there might be more to the charge of the railway clerk than met the eye. He accordingly held my client in a thousand dollars bail for a further hearing, which is scheduled for a week from this coming Wednesday. This not unreasonable bail could easily enough have been furnished by my client, but after prolonged conferences between us in the jail—which is an unusually comfortable one—we agreed, with the concurrence of his wife, that it might be best for him to stay there until the further hearing, because in his present situation it is virtually impossible for him to be tempted to try to *do anything*, whereas if he were at large he might take it into his head to try to carry out some plan of action which might easily tend to aggravate what is already a not uncomplicated situation.

"As for the testimony of the railway clerk, I am very much afraid it will be repeated at the further hearing, along with that of the constable, but since the constable was too far away from the peony bed to hear precisely what the voices he thinks he heard were saying—and since I have every expectation of being able to make something of a monkey out of the constable when he gets on the stand again—I have some hope of convincing the justice that the railway clerk must have heard somebody other than my client talking to him. I shall suggest that some unknown person who was waiting to buy a ticket did the talking and then ran away before the constable arrived. However, we need all the assistance we can get. For that reason, I am writing you this letter in the hope that you can appear at the further hearing as a character witness for my client, since my client has told me that you, perhaps better than anybody else, understand him."

THAT is the conclusion of the communication from Pliny III's attorney. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that my physician has forbidden me to travel either by motorcar or railroad, owing to a phobia, which, if aggravated, is likely to bring about an onset of the psycho-fibromyalgia from

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which I have almost entirely recovered but which, as you have probably noticed, still makes it necessary for me to hunch and unhunch my shoulders rather frequently, and which also accounts for the sudden squatting exercises and pushups I have been doing in the course of this lecture. However, in that connection, I know you will be reassured to learn that the same physician has been able to reduce by almost fifty per cent the sedation on which I was hitherto entirely dependent.

Since none of you is acquainted with Pliny III, even by correspondence, I do not see that anything would be gained if any of the volunteers whose hands I see raised out there were to make the trip to testify on Pliny III's behalf. In short, I see nothing we can do but hope that he, like so many of those who break new ground in the world of science, will not become a martyr to our cause for more than a relatively brief stretch of time. And meanwhile we have much to think about between now and our next meeting; namely, the new avenues of approach to the over-all problems suggested by Pliny III's recent breakthroughs: (1) methods of communicating with unresponsive muscles without violating our cardinal rule of not talking out loud when other persons are within hearing, and (2) further investigation of the paranoid tendency of muscles, and how best to develop a system under which reputable therapists can be trained to talk directly to such muscles after listening patiently to what the muscles have to say about the hidden fears and fancies that make them suspicious of what we are trying to do for them. I thank you.

—St. Clair McKelway

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The greeter or casual host should extend himself a bit in probing for common grounds for conversation during the meal. This may well start with the man's home city. If he comes from Alton, Illinois, you may remember that the famous abolitionist editor, Lovejoy, was lynched in Alton. . . . A complimentary remark about a visitor's home town or state is a good way to start warming him up.—*The Toastmaster.*

Like "That was a nice job you did on Lovejoy."

THE DAY OF THE LION

THE little boys stood at almost comic attention, waiting for the final exchange that signified the end of Thursday drill. They were members of the Figli della Lupa and the Balilla, the youngest of the Fascist marching groups, and none of the boys was more than twelve or thirteen. Already restless, a few of them darted glances across the lawn to where, in front of the entrance to the Collegio, a soccer game had begun.

Matteo Leone faced them, his own hands flat at his sides. He had not intended to spend the afternoon ordering about-face and by-the-left-flank-march, but as he was the only squad leader who had not already left for the Easter holidays, he had no choice. Two other boys from the senior class had remained at school, but neither belonged to the Avanguardia. Now Matteo decided to forgo the customary "inspirational message" concerning the duties and obligations of young Fascists, and simply bring the exercises to a close with the prescribed invocation.

"Duce!" he shouted, striking with his arm, hand open, fingers stiff, the salute of militant Fascism. "Duce! Duce! Duce!"

"*A noi! A noi! A noi!*" squealed the stiff-bodied warriors.

"Dismissed!"

They broke ranks and, shouting and hooting, dashed for the soccer game. Slowly, Matteo walked toward the Collegio. He always felt rather silly saluting, never quite certain of the proper angle at which to poise his arm. The bells of Acireale's cathedral began to ring. In a while, people would be going to church for the Tenebrae service, exactly as they did at Easter during peacetime. Now, in late April, 1943, it was still possible to forget that there was a war. But during the past week, lying awake at night, he had heard the Allies bombing Catania, heard the anti-aircraft fire draw nearer and nearer as the planes moved up the coast toward Messina and targets in the north. Those bombings would, he knew, become more frequent.

A whistle sounded on the playing field. Don Francesco, who taught Latin and Greek, was referee. Swooping in and out of the play with arms flailing and cassock flying, he resembled an enormous black bat. Clamped between his teeth, the whistle gave little shrill peeps each time he gulped for breath. As Matteo stood watching, Alfio, the porter, came running down the steps of the Collegio calling to him.

"Someone wants you on the telephone. Your papa, I think," said Alfio, and added confidentially, "Sounds angry to me. What have you done to anger the Professor, eh? Tell me that?"

Without replying, Matteo followed the porter back up the steps and into the building's high vaulted hallway. He knew why his father was calling. His parents had gone from Messina to the country for Easter—to the village where they had a summer house. They had expected him home by this time. His father, a violent anti-Fascist, was a professor of engineering at the University of Messina. He was one of the few men who had, since the early days of the "New Epoch," spoken out constantly and vehemently against the regime. Matteo could not understand why his father had never been tossed into prison or compelled to resign his post. Moreover, unlike other professors, his father insisted on failing any student who deserved it, taking particular pleasure in flunking those who were active in the GUF—the Gioventù Universitaria Fascista—and who persistently appeared at examinations unprepared but wearing their uniforms. The previous term, Professor Leone had failed the son of the Director of Fascist Industry for the Province of Messina. "The boy is a thoroughgoing blockhead," the Professor had said. "What was I to do? Send him on? Signify him as competent, and turn him loose to join the other humbugs and scoundrels who foul up half the engineering works in the province? Would that have helped Italy win the war?" There had been rumblings at the University, but the young man had stayed flunked.

Matteo entered the telephone booth and closed the door behind him. "Leone here," he said.

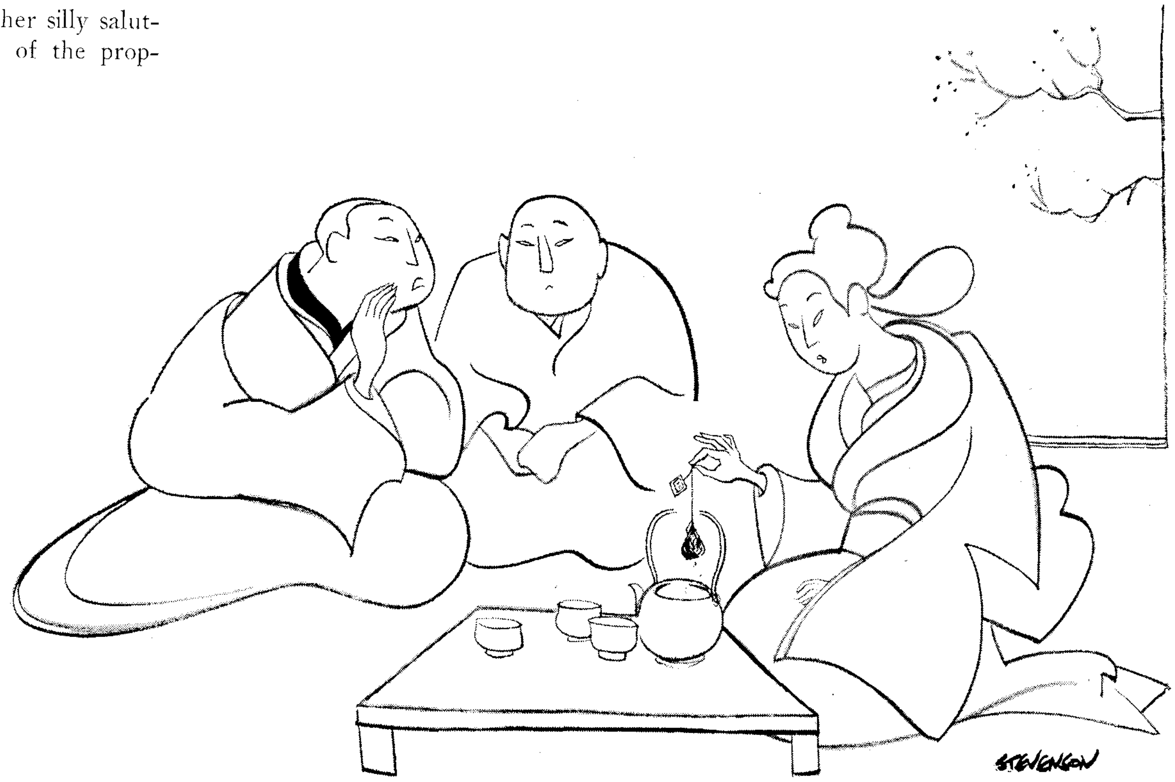
"And that's the trouble, precisely," said his father's voice. "Leone is *there*, instead of at home—where he has been expected since Tuesday. Now, Signore, please explain yourself. Your mother has been worried to death. Especially now, with the air raids."

"I decided to stay here over the holidays to do some extra work," said Matteo.

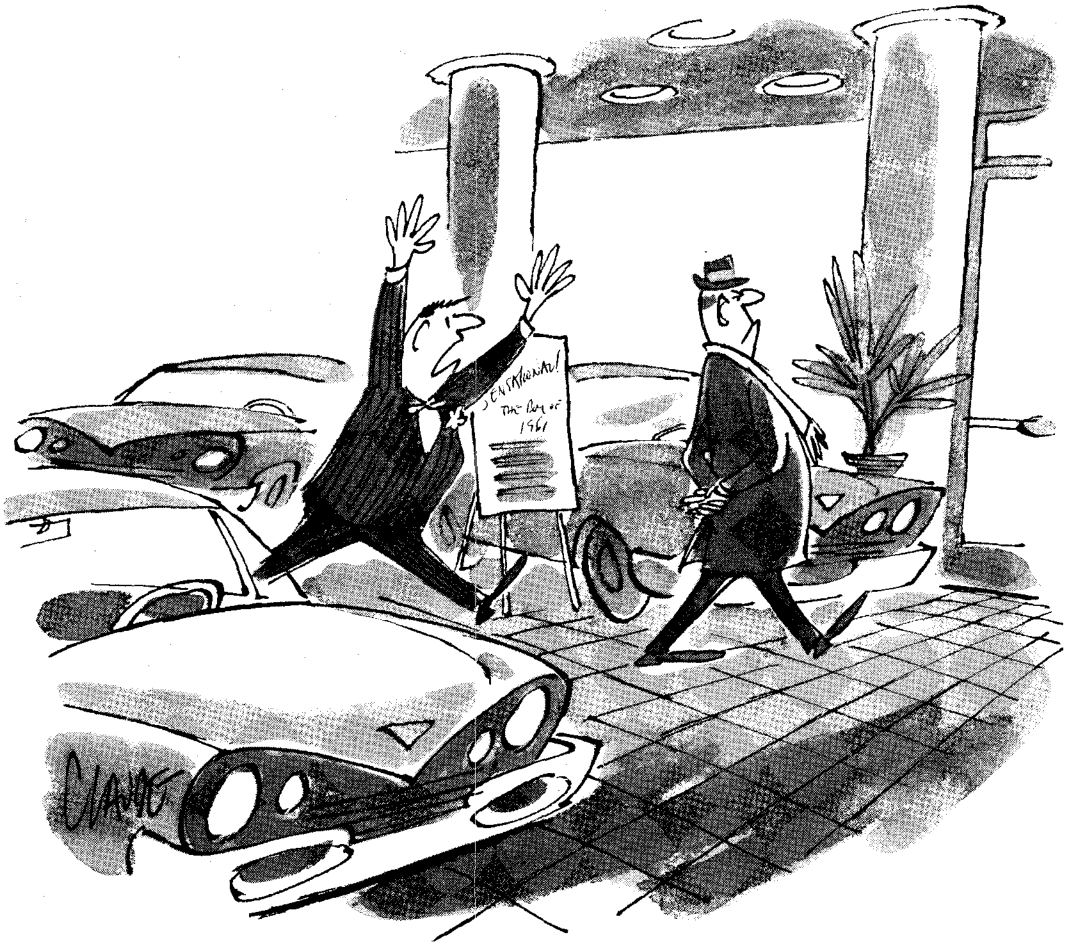
"You decided? Listen to me, Matteo. You're eighteen years old. When you're twenty-one, *then* you start making decisions. Do we understand each other?"

"Well, the railroad line was bombed two days ago. There are—"

"There are still the buses," his father



"Around here, ancient tea ceremony gone way downhill."



"Hold it, sir! That's only the suggested price!"

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interrupted. "You know how much it means to your mother to have you home for Easter."

"Besides I had to give drill this afternoon," said Matteo.

"You had to give drill, did you! The flower of Fascist youth preparing itself for world conquest! Condottiere Leone leading his adolescent army to victories that will outshine Addis Ababa and Guadalajara! Matteo, I want you to leave right now, on the next bus."

"If there is no bus, I'll have to come tomorrow," said Matteo.

There was no reply.

"I'll try to catch a bus," he said at last.

"*Catch* a bus," said his father, and hung up.

Matteo continued to sit in the dark booth for some time. He had not seen his parents since Christmas. He and his father had got into a fight his first day home. There was always something for them to argue about nowadays. In the end, it was his mother who had made peace, but by then the holiday had been ruined for them all.

Until the outbreak of war, Matteo had been quite indifferent to Fascism. Even now, he often felt that he had had enough of drills and salutes and rhetoric. His father said that he only kept it up because it made him feel important. Important? Was that it? Perhaps it had been at first, when the parades and singing and rallies were new and exciting. Yes, it had been fun, playing soldier, at least for a time. But then the play had become real. From the drill fields his friends had gone to the battlefields; already a number of them had returned home in hospital trains, while others would never return.

Sitting in the telephone booth, Matteo noticed that the trousers of his uniform were too tight across the seat. His mother had already let them out twice. Yes, he thought, I have outgrown this uniform in other ways.

The porter came and tapped on the glass. "Trouble?" he asked.

Matteo nodded and pushed open the door. "I'm to go home immediately. Is there a bus?"

"Eh, not for three hours," said Alfio. "But I have an idea. Let me into the booth."

Matteo walked down the dark corridor while Alfio made a call. On the walls, between locked classroom doors, hung the graduation pictures of all the classes. On cardboard backgrounds shaped like ships or anchors or eagles with outspread wings—the emblems chosen by previous graduating classes—were pasted the individual photographs of the students, flanked by those of the priests and brothers, and, at the top, the *padre spirituale*, the *ministro*, and the rector. Matteo went slowly, observing the faces. He remembered with amusement how all the time the school photographer was preparing his camera he had kept up a disarming chatter. "Well, what will it be this year—your emblem?" he had asked the boy ahead of Matteo. "Are you going military? Nautical? Or is it eagles again? Not terribly original but— Very still, now." The black rubber ball for setting off the shutter spring disappeared into his enormous hand like a black grape. The bulb flashed. "There! Of course, if you *must* have eagles, why not try the double-headed variety? Imperial Hapsburg, you know. Still, if you ask me, the silly bird looks more like a splayed goose. Chin up. Haven't you the air of a young Mascagni! Hold it. Thank you. And who will be next?" The photographer consulted his list. " 'Signor Leone,' it says here. *Is* there a lion among you? If so, I shall shoot him down. Ah, here he comes. And what a lion's mane he has! Comb it back a trifle so we'll see that you have ears as well—that's the way. Look at the flecks of yellow in those green eyes, like the king of the jungle himself. Just tilt that head a trifle. So! Now, one more . . ."

Matteo passed a flag that bore the faces of '39, an airplane with those of '40, the fasces with those of '41. The class of 1941 had been the smallest in many years. Now they were dead, almost all of them—dead in Russia or Albania or Africa. Too young to have helped win Africa Orientale, they had been killed trying to defend it, and Africa would be lost all the same.

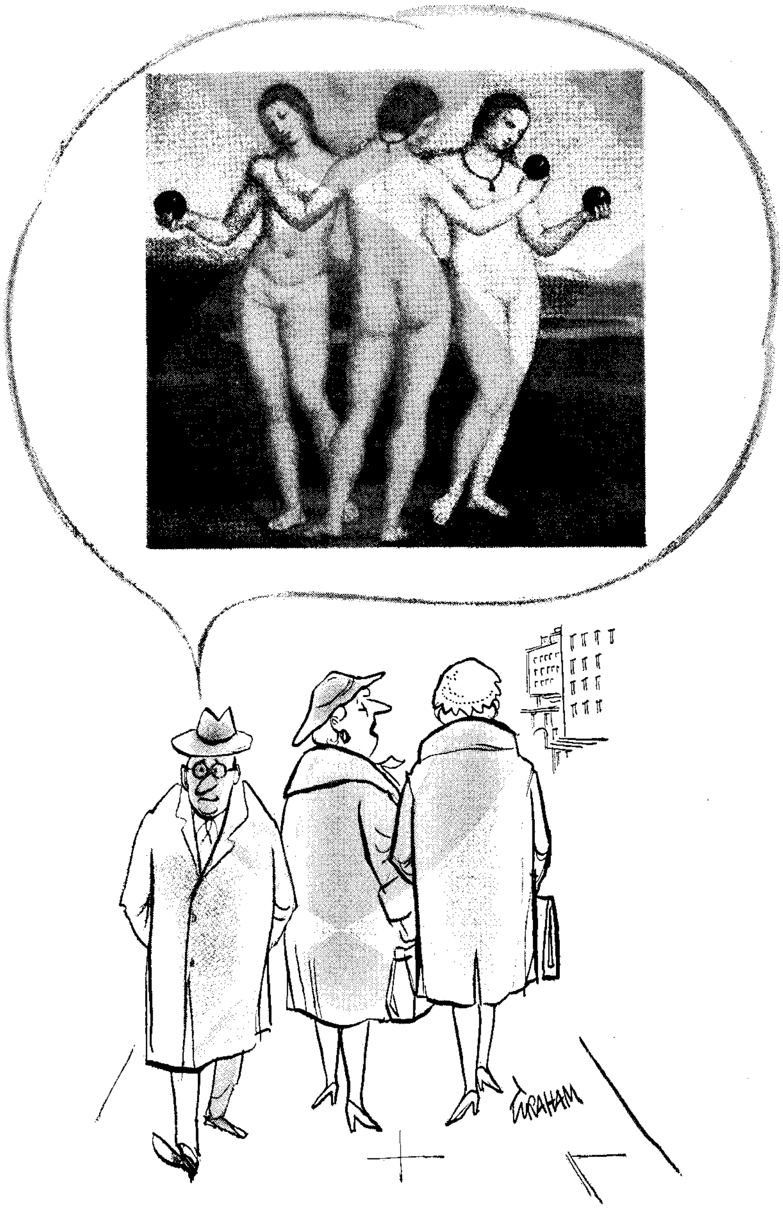
The photographs of his own class had come back recently and been pasted, still in proof, washed out and pale, on the sphere of a floating mine. Matteo found his own face there, slightly awry on one of the detonation points. Like ghosts, he thought—already we, too, are like ghosts.

"It's all settled." Alfio came scurrying up, a big smile on his face. "You have a ride. I talked to my brother-in-law, Turiddu, the one who is a carabiniere. There is a truckload of men from the barracks going north right away. They will take you as far as Giardini, and you can catch a bus to your village from there. You'll have to hurry and get out of your uniform. They will pass at the gate of the Collegio in five minutes."

"Thank you," said Matteo.

"My respects to your mother—and to the Professor," said Alfio, beaming. "Now, hurry along and change."

Matteo started for the stairs that led to the dormitory. Then he stopped. "No," he said, "I think I'll go as I am." He left the building and started across the grassy horseshoe of the playing field toward the iron gates, where a few minutes later a military truck pulled up and gave a long blast on its horn.



THE EAVESDROPPER

"Masterpiece or not, I said, I won't have it in my living room."

"EH, this war!" said the carabiniere who was driving the truck. "In time a man becomes disgusted." He was about to add something else, when he remembered that he and his sergeant were not alone. Looking at the boy in the black shirt of the Fascist Youth, who sat between them, the driver searched his face. You never know, he thought, when one of these schoolboys will take it into his head to play the patriot. But the boy, his eyes fixed on the highway, his lips compressed, did not seem even to have heard. To make certain he had not been misunderstood, the driver continued, "I mean to say, we should have won by now if it were not for the jealousy and backbiting among politicians. What can he accomplish, Il Duce, surrounded as he is by advisers who are half-wits and scoundrels?"

"Buh! Who can say how things really are in Rome?" said the police sergeant. Then, to Matteo, he added, "Another kilometre to our turnoff, Signorino."

"Thank you, I know," said Matteo. "But, tell me, where do you go then?"

"Into the mountains, to Zangalà," said the sergeant. "It seems it is a village of troublemakers, and we have the job of quieting them."

"Something serious?" Matteo asked.

"Not really," said the sergeant, a stocky man with a thick mustache and big ears. "The men of Zangalà go on a spree at Easter. They wear hoods and jangle chains and blow trumpets. Sometimes they get drunk and out of hand."

"Damned *giudei*," the driver muttered.

"*Giudei*?" Matteo repeated.

"Oh, that is only a name for them," said the sergeant. "I suppose it comes from the crazy costumes and masks they wear."

Matteo remembered having heard of those isolated mountain villages, the last enclaves of the Lombards, colonies of whom had been brought to Sicily in the eleventh century by Adelaide of Monferrat. It was said that in her cortege, along with the Lombard peasants, came Jewish slaves. The peasants farmed her lands, while the Jews were employed as house servants. In time, both Lombards and Jews mingled with the Sicilian population and lost their identity. Of the first only a curious dialect persisted—that and their fair hair and blue eyes. But no physical trace at all remained of the Jewish slaves except for the name—*giudei*—given to those who dressed themselves in hoods and costumes at Easter.

"Listen," said Matteo suddenly, "would you mind if I came along with you? I am not really in a hurry to get home." After all, he had said on the phone that he might not be able to go until tomorrow.

"Well, of course you may come along," said the sergeant. "Certainly, come if you wish."

The truck was travelling fast along the empty highway. Matteo dozed off. He was roused as they swung around a sharp bend in the road. They had left the coast and were climbing. In the throw of the headlights, he could see on their right the sharp angle of the slope, and pine trees growing down to the drainage ditch that ran along the road. On the left there was no railing and the cliff fell away sheer into the darkness.

"Oh, it's a miserable place, Zangalà, a real peasant trough," the driver was saying. "It's less than three years since they got electricity."

At the edge of the road, leaning out over the dark ravine, sat the squat dome of a desert-ed pillbox. Recently built, it appeared moist and sticky, a one-eyed enormous slug growing wartlike and obese. A little farther on, there was another hanging precariously from the eroded hillside overlooking the road. Work on the pillbox, only half completed, appeared to have been abandoned. "That's typical," said the sergeant. "To begin the work and then to find the ground won't hold."

"Look!" said the driver, leaning on his horn. "There's one of them now. Just see the red devil."

The truck's headlights fell upon a figure sprawled at the side of the road. The man was dressed in a red suit and hood. His yellow-gaitered legs hung down into the drainage ditch, and his body slumped forward so that the long pointed peak of his mask fell like a spill of blood onto the road. Beside his outstretched arm lay a brass trumpet that was attached by a cord to his wrist. In his clenched fist he grasped a net of linked metal loops.

At the sound of the horn, the man stirred. The truck slowed a little. The man lifted his head and turned the face of his mask toward the oncoming truck. His other hand, in which he was holding a bottle, jerked up. The backs of his fingers and wrist were so thickly covered with hair that it seemed to Matteo he was wearing gloves. As the truck came up to him, he fell forward again, so that the driver had to swerve for fear of running over his arm.

"What was that?" Matteo asked, twisting around to look back through the little rear window.

"You'll see all you want of them before you leave here," said the sergeant. "That was one of the *giudei*."

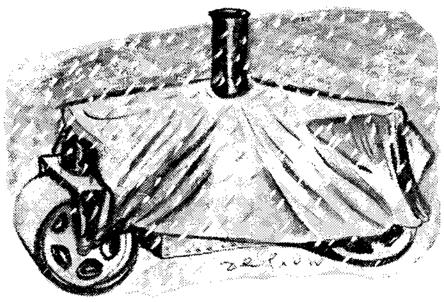
"Animals," the driver grunted.

From behind them came the groan of an approaching engine, and a moment later a motorcycle and sidecar lurched by. In the sidecar there were two men, who waved as they passed. All three were dressed in bright-red trousers and shirts with silver braid stitched to the shoulders and sleeves. The riders were masked, but the driver wore only a pair of goggles. Around his neck, its flaring mouth bumping against the raised face of the speedometer, hung a brass trumpet. The other two also carried trumpets, which they set to their mouths, both blowing at once a rising melodic phrase, which they repeated again and again. Flattened and hollowed by the wind, the notes continued to reach Matteo's ears, discordant and out of phase, as the motorcycle roared around the next curve.

"There's no wine sold up here now," said the sergeant, "so they go down to buy it in another village."

"These people cannot be trusted to honor God's Son with dignity," said the driver. "So we are here to make sure they mind their manners."

The road levelled out. The air was cool and the sky clear and starlit. Dogs yelped in the fields that now stretched away from the road on either side—fields deep in purple clover, from which great swaths had already been cut. The truck passed the first houses of the village and rattled over the cobbles of a narrow street. Inside open doors, lamplight wavered. Red-costumed figures drifted through the dark, and tatters of trumpet calls hung on the air.



"Stop here," said the sergeant as they entered a square.

The driver pulled up beside a church and the three of them dismounted, while the other carabinieri piled out from the back of the truck. The church stood at the edge of a piazza that was as large as a parade ground and extended out to the rim of a valley. There were a few houses scattered along the edges of the piazza, but the main portion of the village rose in a cluster on a hillside behind the church.

Townspeople gathered to stare at the carabinieri, who huddled together, self-consciously waiting for orders from their sergeant. Then the *arciprete*, the senior

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PROPINQUITY

is the province of cats. Living by accident,
lapping the food at hand, or sleeking down
in an adjacent lap when sleep occurs to them,
never aspiring to consistency
in homes or partners, unaware of property,
cats take their chances, love by need and nearness
as long as the need lasts, as long as the nearness
is near enough. The code of cats is simply
to take what comes. And those poor souls who claim
to own a cat, who long to recognize
in bland and narrowing eyes a look like love,
are bound to suffer should they expect
cats to come purring punctually home.
Home is only where the food and the fire are,
but might be anywhere. Cats fall on their feet,
nurse their own wounds, attend to their own laundry,
and purr at appropriate times. O folly, folly
to love a cat, and yet
we dress with love the distance that they keep,
the hair-raising way they have, and easily blame
all the abandoned litters and torn ears
on some marauding tiger. Well, no matter;
cats do not care.

Yet part of us is cat. Confess—
love turns on accident, and needs
nearness; and the various selves we have
all come from our cat-wanderings, our chance
crossings. Imagination prowls at night,
cat-like among odd possibilities.
Only our dog-sense brings us faithfully homeward,
makes meaning out of accident, keeps faith,
and, cat-and-dog, the arguments go at it.
But every night, outside, cat-voices call
us out to take a chance, to leave
the safety of our baskets, and to let
what happens, happen. "Live, live!" they catcall.
"Each moment is your next! Propinquity,
propinquity is all!"

—Alastair Reid

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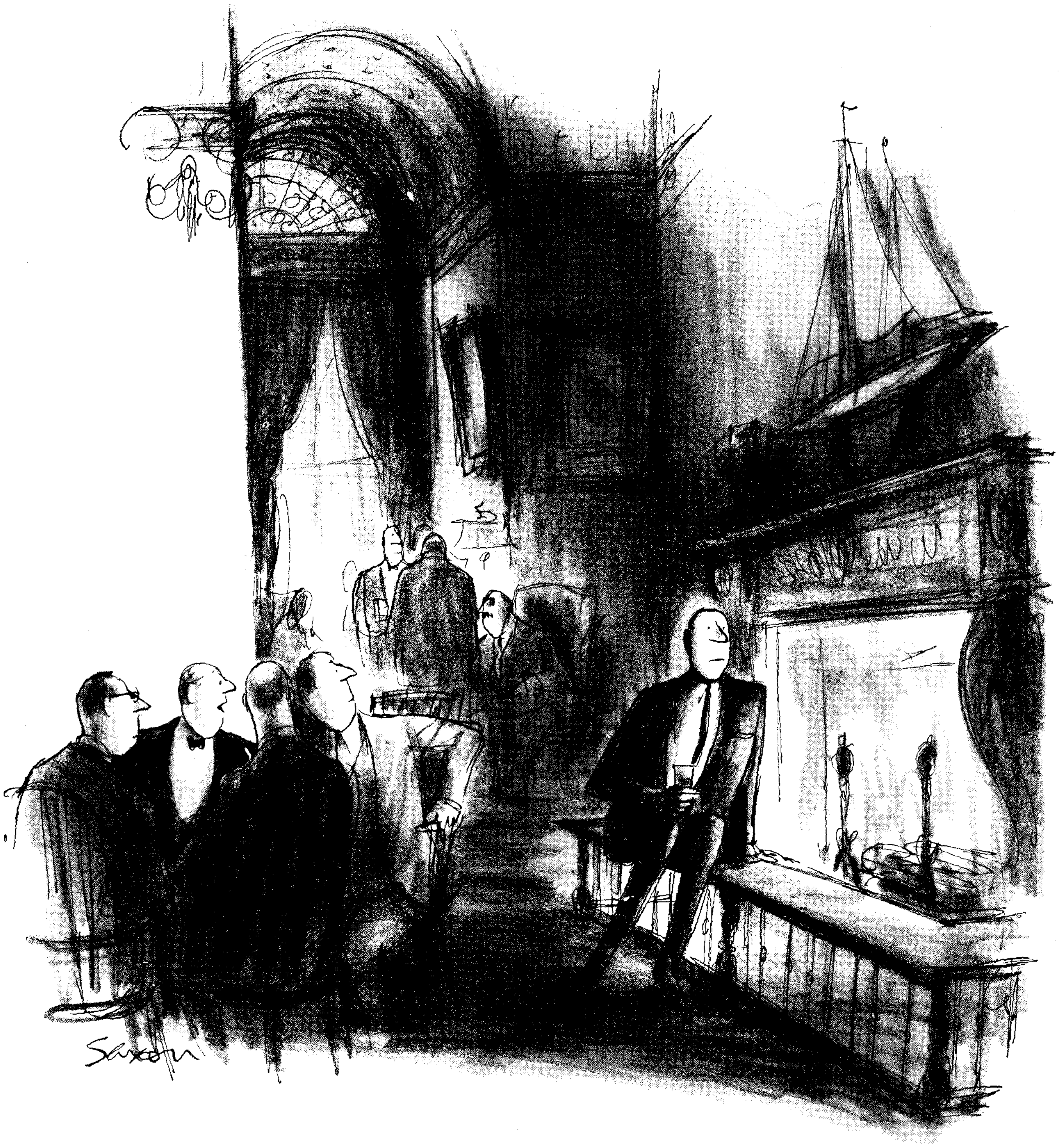

"Poor chap! He was on 'Open End' the other night and he said all he has to say."

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prelate of the village, came out of the church and shouldered his way through the crowd to where the sergeant stood. He was an old man, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a fringe of white hair that hung down over his collar and curled around the lobes of his ears. Unsmiling, he nodded in answer to the sergeant's salute. "You are late," he said brusquely. "All day they have been at it. Come along and I will show you where you are to be lodged."

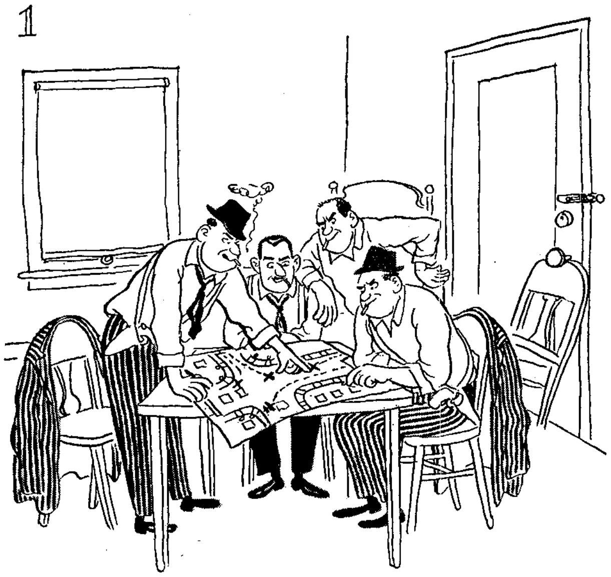
The priest, followed by the carabinieri and Matteo, started up the main street that led away from the piazza. As they passed a noisy café, a pair of trumpeters came skipping out, dancing and clanking across the path of the priest, who waved them off with an angry gesture. The carabinieri, their rifle butts trailing over the cobblestones, gawked at the maskers. "Perhaps your presence will help them to behave like Christians," said the priest.

"Ah, well, Father, it is only once a year," said the sergeant.

"Once is too much," said the old man sullenly. "Too much."

The sergeant turned to look at his men. "Get those rifles up!" he ordered.

"This is the best inn," said the priest, stopping in front of a shabby two-story house over whose door the word "*Locanda*"—the name for an inn a step down from a *pensione* of the third category—was painted directly onto the wooden frame. "Not the Excelsior, I am afraid. Still, they will feed you and your men. Now, if you will excuse



me." He nodded and went back the way they had come.

THE men, led by their sergeant, entered the inn, and Matteo remained alone on the unlighted stoop, his hands shoved into his pockets, his shoulders hunched forward against the cool mountain air. It was the hour of the promenade. At home now, his mother and father would be coming from the Tenebrae service. Always before at Easter, he had stood with his mother in church while his father and the other village notables read the responses. As more and more candles upon the hearse and altar were extinguished, his mother would move closer to him, perhaps take his arm. He knew how it disturbed her, that approaching moment when the last candle was hidden from sight, when, without the light of Christ's love, the world was cast down into darkness and chaos. Who is there, he wondered unhappily, for my mother to cling to now? Tomorrow morning I will go home by the first bus that leaves this village.

The crowd that drifted up and down the main street of Zangalà, through the patchwork of light and dark along the shop fronts and shuttered houses, was composed mainly of women and children. He saw that only the village men were in costume. They mingled with the crowd, or came running past on soft leather soles, their chain nets jingling at their wrists. One bandy-legged fellow stopped at his feet and blew a shrill, tuneless blast into the faces of some strolling women. The women groaned, shook their fists, berated him. Listening carefully, Matteo could understand only part of what they said. They spoke in a dialect he had never heard before.

As he joined the crowd, he saw that there were maskers everywhere. Their trumpet calls sounded from all parts of the village, while above the flow of talk came the endless clink and jingle of the chains they carried. At one time, he guessed, there must have been a Passion play performed here at Easter, perhaps an agon between Christ—acted by a village man—and a chorus of the so-called *giudei*. Then at some point the drama had been abandoned, leaving only the riotous *giudei* to overrun the village each year.

Here and there in the crowd, Matteo saw a soldier home on leave. Two of the carabinieri passed without noticing him. Directly in front of him walked a group of old men dressed in green and brown suits of wide-wale corduroy, over whose cloth runnels the harsh light from the bare bulbs in the open stalls coursed like water. Heavy-gaited old men, herdsmen probably, they leaned on their hewn canes as they walked, and called out greetings to passing friends. Almost all the shops and stalls were open. The barbershops were still full. Through the glass doors of a café, Matteo saw men, all with their hats on, playing cards. The leatherworkers, carpenters, and ironmongers, still in their aprons, worked on beneath the blaze of electric lights or by the quavering, soapy light of oil lamps. Women swarmed around heaps of fruit and vegetables piled on the ground. He passed at least three stalls selling only fennel. The long pale-green stalks piled in pyramids, their plumes drooping out onto the walk, crushed by passing feet, gave off a too sweet licorice odor.

Presently, Matteo found himself in front of a butcher's stall. The owner, a giant whose back curved like a spring hook, was slaughtering an animal. His helper, a boy, was standing beside him. The herdsmen crowded close to watch. Other men, passing, joined the group. The smell of sawdust and crude flesh was the same as that which clung around the pork butcher's in the village where Matteo's family spent their holidays. There, too, the butcher worked in an open stall, slaughtering practically in the street itself.

The butcher, dressed in a dark suit and apron, stood at first with his back to the street. Then he turned, and Matteo saw that he held in his stained hands the body of a lamb, from whose neck blood was flowing into a bucket. The butcher twisted the lamb's neck the way a man wrings out a towel. Thickly, like dark hemp coiling onto itself, the blood unravelled, and the butcher continued to wring the matted wool until the flow choked to a drip and the lamb's nose rested against its own shoulder, in the manner of paschal lambs in Byzantine frescoes. In the gaunt white light of the hanging bulbs, Matteo could see the immature tongue, pink and frail, between the bloodless lips as the butcher flopped the body onto the floor of the stall. Released, the lamb slid to the ground, drawn by its own weight onto a carpet of blood-spattered orange peels and squashed fennel stalks.

The butcher growled at his helper to pick it up. As the boy swung the lamb up onto the chopping board, one of its forelegs shuddered and the head gave a sudden jerk. Lying on the block, the lamb began to turn, shifting its position with the exaggerated slowness of an insect caught in heavy syrup. It still isn't dead, Matteo thought. In its mind, the lamb thinks it is escaping!

Afraid he would be ill, Matteo tried to move back, but the crowd, much larger now and pressing forward to get a better look, held him fast. The butcher ducked into the rear of his shop, and returned carrying a long metal spike. With his knife, he cut into the lamb's flesh just above the hoof and, inserting the spike, ran it up along the bone as far as it would reach. Then he withdrew the spike and, dropping to his knees, set his lips to the hole and began to blow—to force air in under the skin.

The butcher never changed his position, and slowly, as he heaved, sucking in air through his nostrils and exhaling through his mouth, the lamb stirred. The limp flesh of the stomach started to swell, to balloon out; the legs, cramped and crumpled under, stiffened; the head came erect. His cheeks and forehead inflamed from the exertion, his eyes fixed on the lamb, the butcher continued to blow. Rising to its knees, the lamb was almost standing, when, at a sign from the butcher, his boy grasped it. The butcher seized a thin, long-handled knife. The lamb's head was clamped between the hands of the boy. The veined eyelids seemed to flutter as the knife slid into the bowels, and the body collapsed.

"It was the air killed him," said one of the old men dispassionately.

The butcher must have heard the

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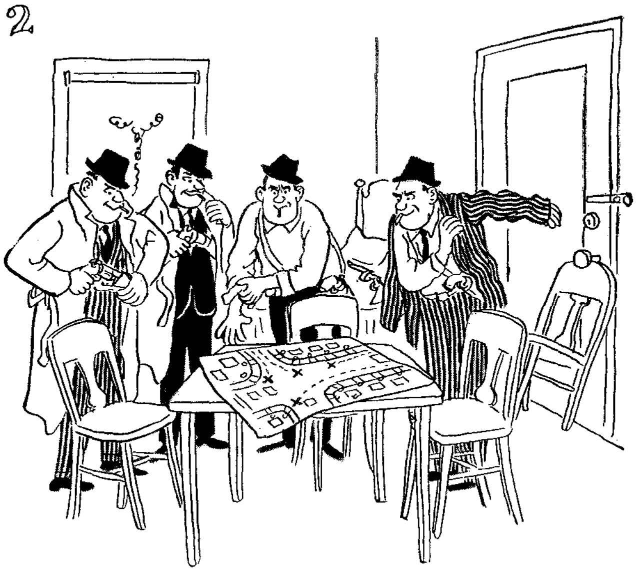

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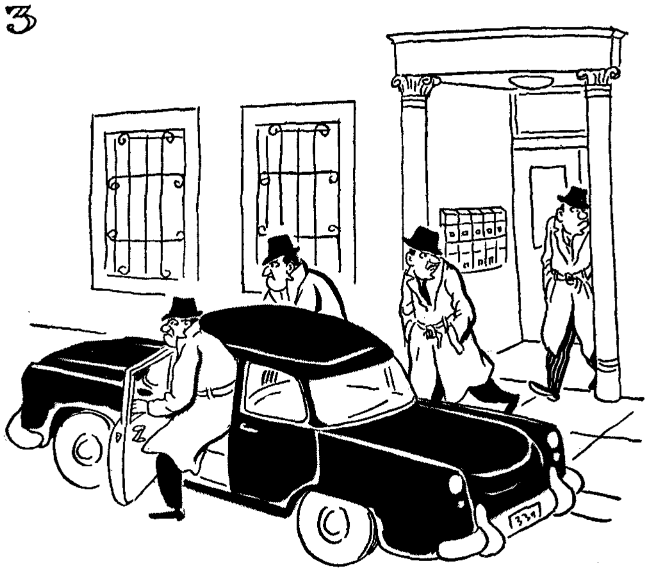

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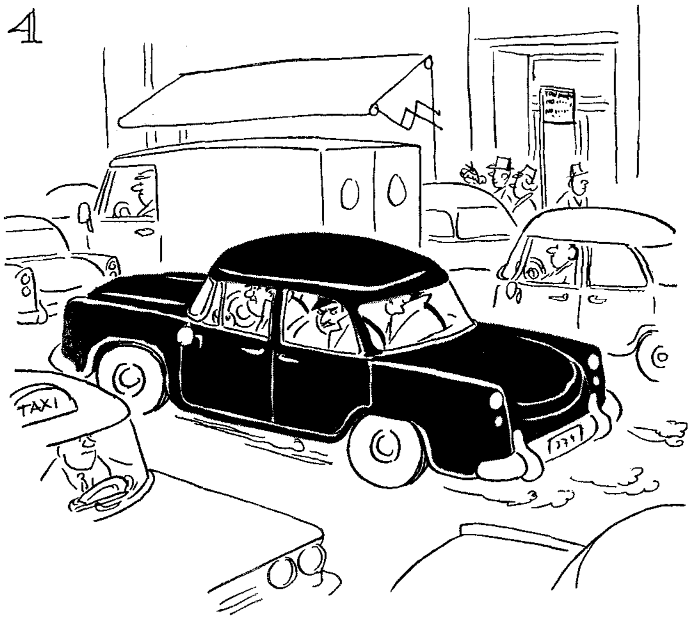

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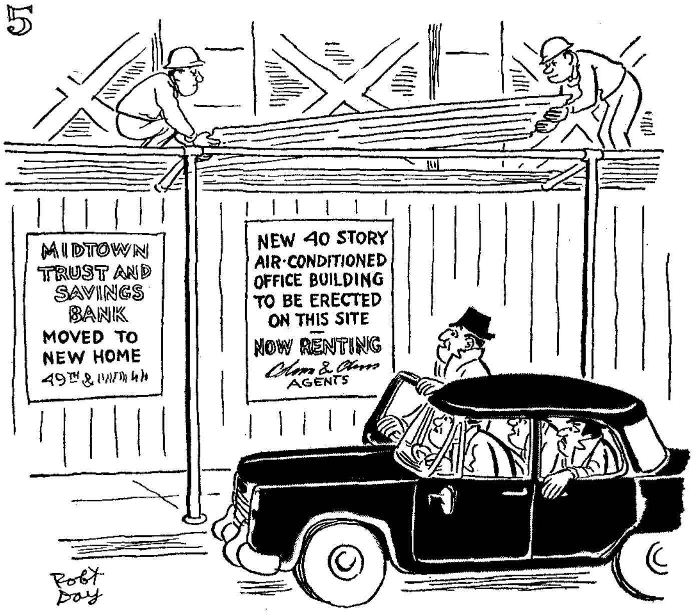
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comment, for he raised his perspiring face to stare at the crowd. For an instant, he challenged them, as a man might who was charged with the ritual slaughter of animals, daring them to complain that the rite had not been performed in accordance with the law. At last, he lifted the lamb and skewered it through the neck onto a hook that jutted from the wall. While his boy began to prepare another lamb, the butcher stepped out from the proscenium of dusty wood, lit a cigarette, and stood smoking in silence with his back to the crowd.

Listening to the bleating of the next animal, Matteo thought of Il Duce's slogan: "Better one day as a lion than one hundred years as a sheep." The phrase, one that particularly irritated his father, had recently appeared, stencilled in letters a foot high, on the walls of buildings throughout Sicily. Is this, Matteo wondered, what becomes of all sheep?

THE bright morning sunlight filled the hallway of the inn. Opening his eyes, Matteo blinked into the glaring brightness of the limewashed ceiling. There had been no rooms left the night before, so the landlady had given him a bed at the end of the upstairs hall. From behind closed doors, the snoring of the carabinieri seeped into the hallway. Matteo put on his uniform and went downstairs.

"The Signorino will see the procession this afternoon?" the landlady asked diffidently. She was sitting where he had left her when he went to bed. She was wearing the same clothes. Perhaps, Matteo thought, she slept right there.

"I'm afraid I must leave this morning," he replied. "Can you give me something to eat?"

A serving girl brought him hot goat's milk in a white mug without a handle. The milk was frothy and smelled faintly of grass. Outside, the trumpets had begun again.

"Ah," said the landlady. "And we were certain you would be staying for the procession."

"I suppose it would be a pity not to stay," said Matteo. "Is it a big procession?"

"Big? Oh! Here we *honor* the Mother of God, Signorino," said the landlady, with growing animation. "The people start from the piazza, don't you see? The *giudei* and other men carry the statues of our saints. The women bear the Madonna on their shoulders. At the same time, the monks leave the monastery carrying the figure of Our Lord. The two processions meet halfway, don't you see?" Then, checking herself, she asked, "Where the Signorino comes from, probably they have never seen such a magnificent procession?"

"Probably not," said Matteo. "But in wartime, aren't such processions forbidden?"

"What of it?" said the landlady scornfully. "Those carabinieri, they'll look the other way."

Upstairs, springs creaked as one of the carabinieri lowered his feet. Other feet began to thump about. Matteo paid the landlady and went out.

The late-April sun was hot. Carts came moiling up the road the truck had travelled, and over the rutty trail that led between the fields of clover and into the village. Already the main street was so crowded that Matteo could not see into the stalls and shops. Slowly, steadily, the villagers strolled up and back, up and back, under a cloudless sky. A growing number of running, dancing *giudei* cut in and out of the throng. A mob of them came dashing around a corner. Leather-tongued and oval-eyed, with bobtails of horsehair and rabbits' tails sewn to their breeches, they executed violent leaps and pirouettes. Stopping suddenly, they all raised their trumpets and blew. Then they dashed on, insolently clinking their chain nets in the faces of the crowd. A single trumpeter, his epaulets and silver bangles shivering, sprang from a low shed into the street. Planting his feet wide apart, he arched back and, pressing the trumpet to his mouth, began to blow. His whole body flexed until it seemed that the notes were being forced up from his calf muscles, driven and blasted up from the base of his spine. Then, while the notes still hung on the air, he was gone.

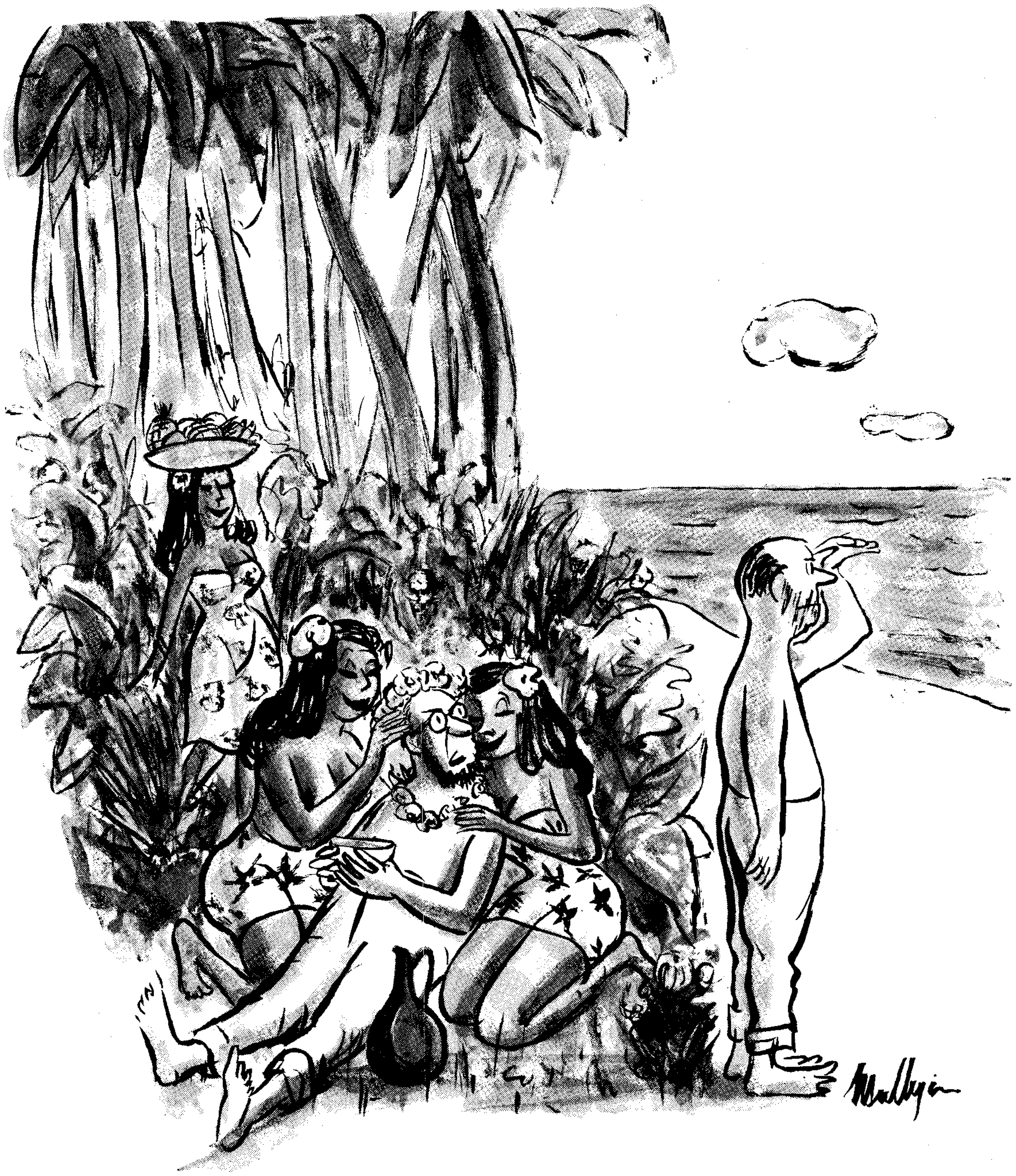
Matteo walked to the edge of the village, where fat pigeons strutted along walls of freckled stone and the warm mistral brought the scent of dewy clover and the odor of sheep up from the pastures below. Across the fields, on a hill slightly higher than that on which the village sprawled, set so that its white walls and red tile roofs stood above a plantation of young pines, was the monastery, from which one half of the afternoon's procession would start out.

Following a path that led around the outside of the village, Matteo came upon a group of *giudei* sprawled under the dangling pods of a carob tree. The *giudei* nodded cordially to Matteo, who sat down with them. He removed his scarf and opened his shirt collar. Behind the tree, one trumpeter stood alone, with his back to the village, sending trills down into the valley and up to the grazing sheep on the hillside opposite.

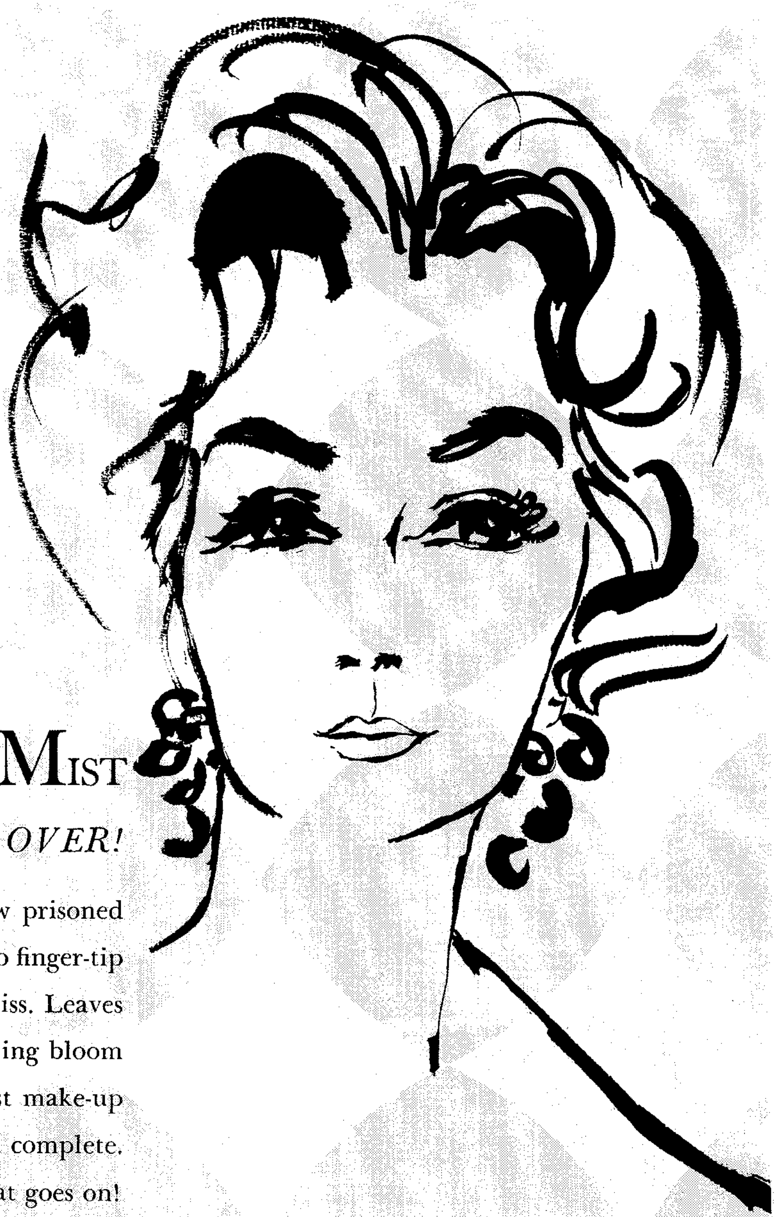
With their masks on, the *giudei* had seemed ageless. Sitting among them now, Matteo saw that several were boys of not more than fourteen or fifteen. Their faces, shining with sweat, were dark, like their hands. The breeze shook the dry pods in the tree. The men passed a bottle of wine around the circle and offered it to Matteo. One old man lay back with his eyes closed, his hands inert over the curved tube of a beautifully worked horn.

"They are sending German soldiers to be garrisoned up here. I heard it when I was down below," said a freckled boy with carroty hair. "What will we do with Germans, will someone tell me that?" He thumped his chest as he spoke, and looked meaningfully around the circle, as though his question were of obvious importance to them all.

"More to the point, what will the Germans do with you?" said a man



"For Pete's sake, Carter, can't you ever forget you're a happily married man?"



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with bristly gray hair and a horse face. The rest of the *giudei* laughed. "Never mind, a taste of army life will do you good."

"Buh! Each of us must do his share," said another. "You know the saying: 'It's the plow that cuts the furrow, but the bayonet that defends it.' "

That was another of Mussolini's patriotic slogans that Matteo's father liked to poke fun at. But what did these farmers and herdsmen know of bayonets? It annoyed him to be reminded of the war. Somehow the purity of the mountain air, the sweet odor of clover drawn with sunlight had cleansed the spring day of all reality that lay outside the village. Now, forced to remember, he again felt a pang of guilt because he had not gone directly home. The thought of his father angry and his mother worried when he did not arrive sobered him and soured his pleasure in the day. He wanted to get up and leave, but the wine came around again, and he drank deeply.

"In the last war, it was them against us," said the red-haired boy, cherishing the importance of his knowledge, yet disturbed by the uncertainty of a world that brought such turnabouts in the loyalty of men and nations.

"That war was in vain," said the man with the horse face.

"What war isn't?" croaked the old man who was reclining with eyes closed.

"This," said the boy positively. He stared down at his boots, his momentary certainty again turned to confusion. "And I shall go in the next call-up," he said unhappily.

A shout came from the village. In an instant, all of the men were on their feet, started up like birds from a cover. Then a tremendous hallooing of trumpets filled the air and sent them running back, blowing as they ran. Matteo found himself alone, astonished by the way the *giudei* had vanished. He tried to get up, but the wine made his legs unsteady and his head reel. He lay back, breathing deeply, feeling the warmth of the sun on his face and hands, waiting for his head to clear. Closing his eyes, he listened to the soaring trumpets.

"NO! No! I will not ring back!" Don Tommaso, the *arciprete*, shouted into the telephone. For some reason, he had chosen to place his call from the Café Roma rather than at the carabinieri barracks. Now, with all the noise outside, Don Tommaso could hardly hear. "What's that? Well, if

“The physician can bury his mistakes, but the architect can only advise his client to plant vines.” These are the words of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the true geniuses of our time. He was a man with the courage to make mistakes. He was an artist with the talent to make history. And his life story — now appearing in this week's Saturday Evening Post—is a definitive study of the man, the artist, the legend. ☐ Wright detested New York. The lower Broadway and Wall Street area, he said, was “the plague spot of American architecture.” (One critic vows the Guggenheim Museum is Wright's revenge on a city he hated.) ☐ Wright damned Los Angeles. “It looked as though you had tipped up the United States so that all the commonplace people in the country slid down into Southern California.” ☐ Wright derided Chicago. “Every building in the Loop should be cut off at the seventh floor.” ☐ Wright denounced a Milwaukee courthouse. “It has a great deal of taste,” he said, “and all of it bad.” ☐ And Wright dismissed Pittsburgh. “Destroy it and start over.” ☐ This colorful, five-part series on Frank Lloyd Wright (beautifully written by Finis Farr) is typical of what the Post is made of. Writing that's vivid. Writing that's clear. Writing that's unforgettable. Writing that talks to the kind of people *you* should be talking to.

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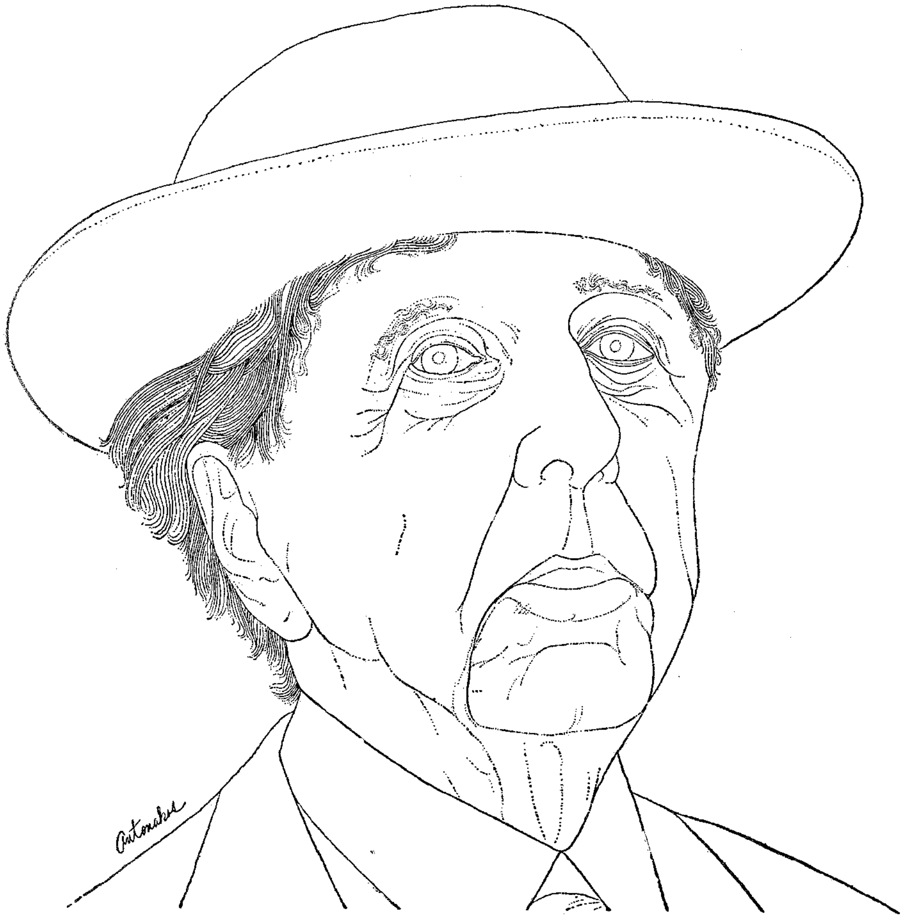

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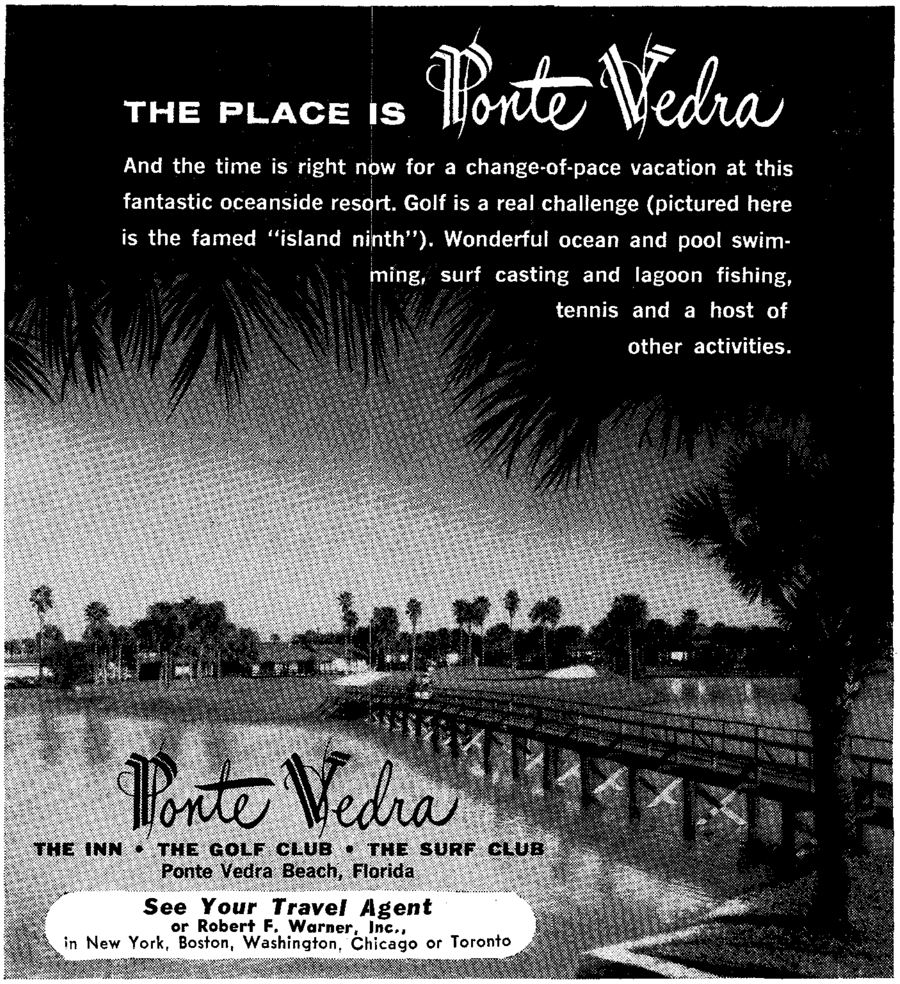

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they do not answer at Villafranca, then get me the militia barracks at Calatabiano. What? Yes, all right, Signorina, I will talk with the headquarters at Taormina." The old priest stood impatiently tapping his foot and listening to the buzzing on the line. In the street, someone began beating on a drum. "Father Filippo! Father Filippo!" the *arciprete* called. "Why are you never around when I want you?"

A young priest came hurrying in from the garden out in back, where he had been talking with several of the villagers. "Yes, Don Tommaso, I am right here," he said.

"Go and see what they are up to now," said Don Tommaso. Then, turning to the telephone again, "No, no, Signorina, I wasn't talking to you. But will you hurry? This is an emergency."

"They are running up and down and blowing, and getting drunker every minute," said Father Filippo from the doorway. "And they have a drum."

"A drum! What kind of drum?" asked his superior.

"Oh, a very big drum, a beautiful drum," said Father Filippo enthusiastically. "Listen! That's it now."

The boom-booming of the drum grew louder and louder.

"Very well," said Don Tommaso vehemently. "That does it."

"Will you ask for troops?" said Father Filippo, mopping with his handkerchief at his neck and forehead.

"I shall demand them," said Don Tommaso, and spoke into the telephone again. "*Pronto! Pronto!* Whom am I speaking with? Is that Calatabiano? Indelicato? Which Indelicato? Never mind who I am. Who are you, and what are you doing on the line? I'm not calling any Calogero Indelicato. I want the militia barracks. What? It is Taormina? Well, why didn't you say so? This is the *arciprete* of Zangalà." Pressing his free hand against his ear, Don Tommaso squinted and screwed up his face, trying to hear better over the interference on the line. "That's right. Zangalà. And I want you to send troops at once. Just one moment—"

A group of *giudei* came yelling and stamping into the bar. Dropping the phone, the old priest flew at them. "Out of here! All of you! Out this very instant, do you hear?" he shouted. Then, back to the telephone, "Taormina, *pronto!* Yes, you heard? They are rioting, completely out of control. Women have been injured by drunk-

to the man who doesn't know a tappet from a teapot

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The idea is very simple. It is to enable you to judge impartially which Scotch is your favorite. The three brands of Scotch are served in identically the same way (with soda, water or on the rocks) in the blue glasses, so that all look alike and you will not know which glass contains which brand.

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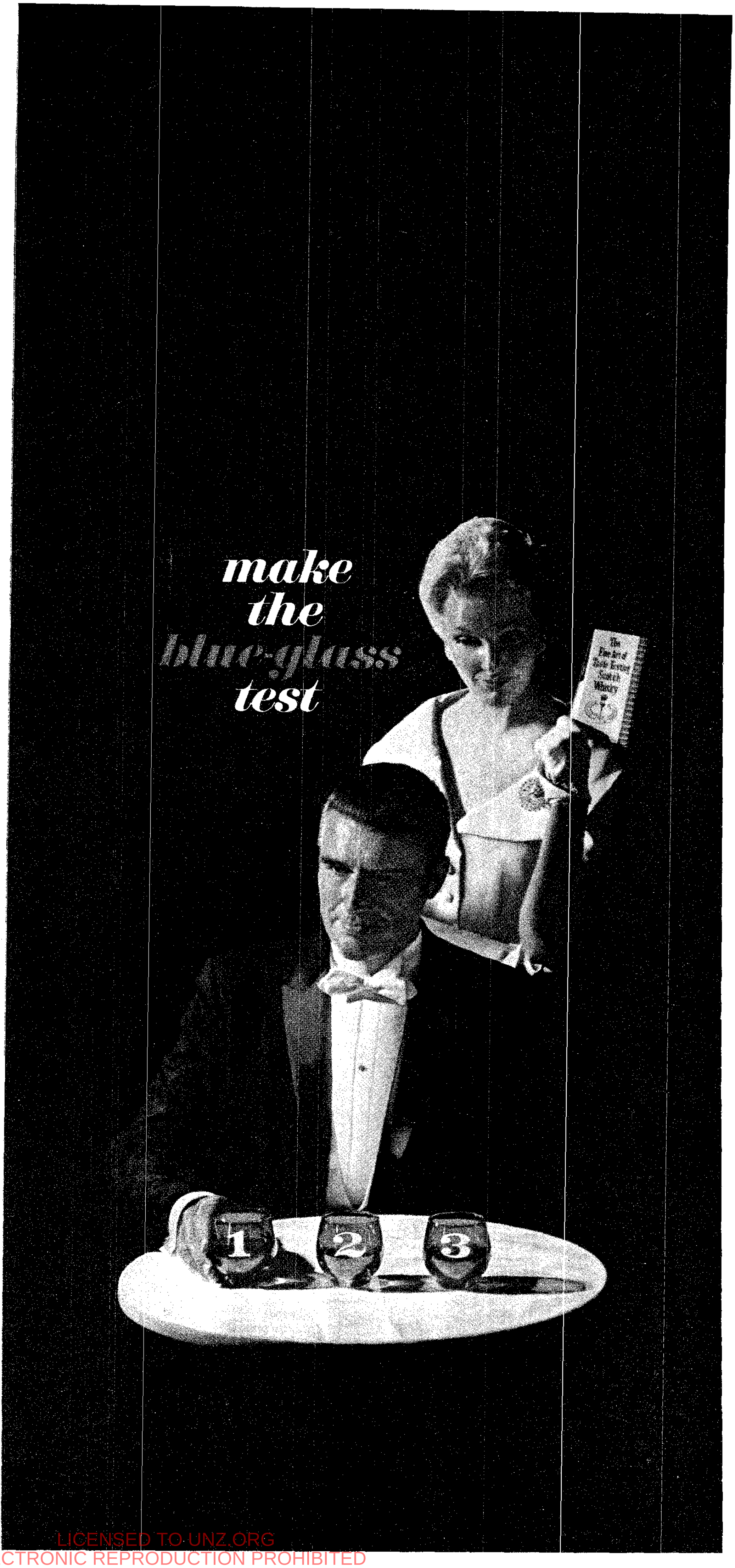


ards. What? How should I know? Several hundred at least, maybe more. Yes, yes, of course there are carabinieri. But they are unable to do anything. If you don't send me troops immediately, I will hold you personally responsible in my report to the Bishop. I won't forget that name, Indelicato. That's fine. Only hurry."

"You neglected to mention the drum," said Father Filippo as Don Tommaso hung up.

"The drum?" repeated the old man vaguely.

"The drum! The drum they are beating," said Father Filippo excitedly. "And do you know what they are using to beat it with?"

Don Tommaso shook his head.

"A lamb bone, that's what."

"Pagans," said the old man sadly. "Pagans."

WHEN the request for troops was received in Taormina, Centurione Gentiluomo, the officer in charge of the militia units stationed there and at Giardini, could not be reached. He had left explicit instructions with his orderly, Indelicato, that he was engaged in official business and was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. The "official business," Indelicato knew, consisted in spending the day posing for a pretty German lady painter whom the Centurione had met a few days previously on the beach. Still, even had Indelicato chosen to disregard his orders, he hadn't the faintest idea where the Centurione and the German artist were.

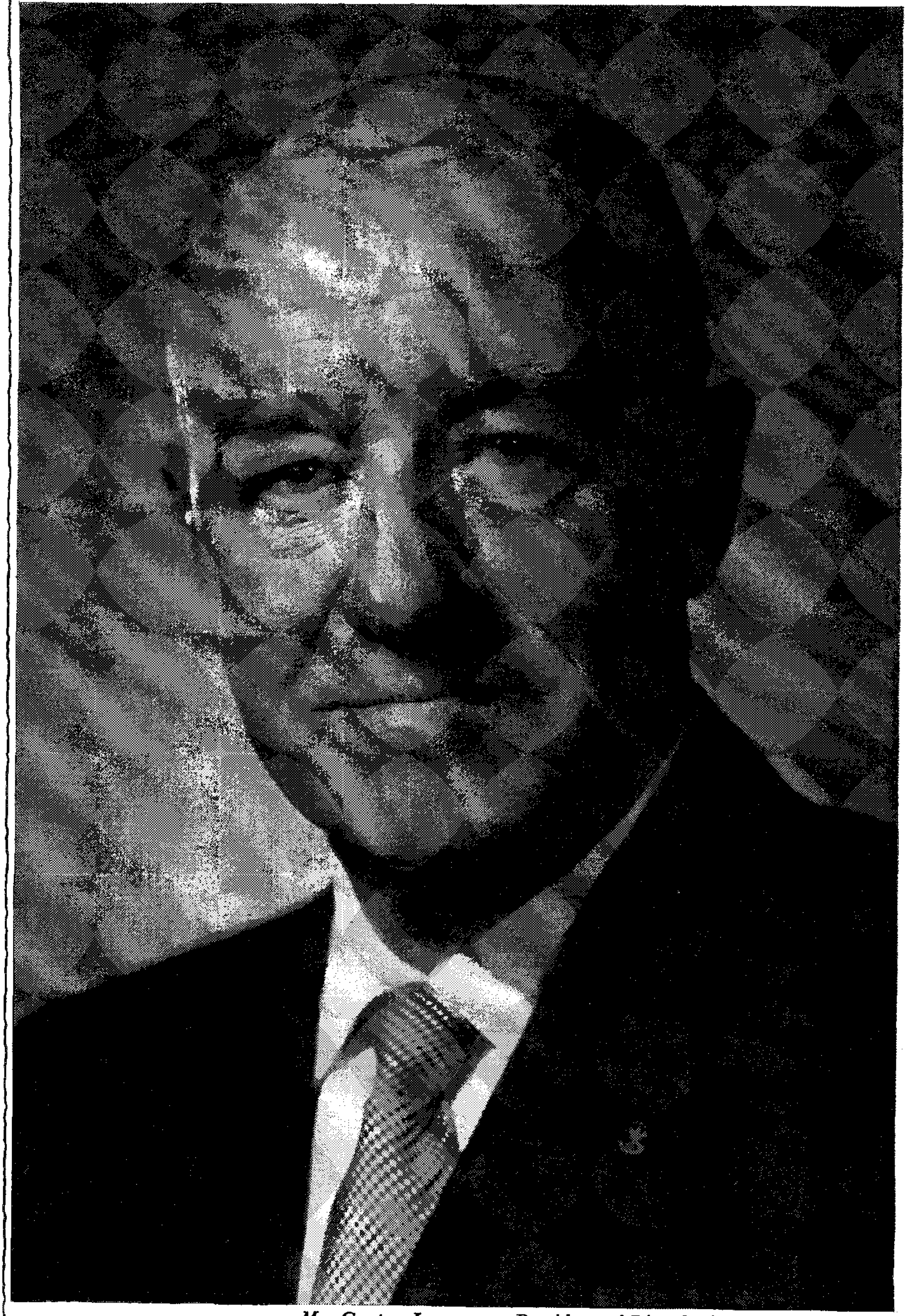
Since there were no other officers who could give the necessary authorization, Calogero Indelicato dispatched a motorcycle and sidecar to the villa of Don Dionisio Castelcicogna di Pozzoreale, whom he knew to be in residence in Taormina, requesting *il Signor Duka* to take command of the expedition to Zangalà. The Duke, who was also a *Console della Milizia*—the equivalent of a colonel in the regular army—was the only person who might act independently, without recourse to channels.

Don Dionisio had arrived in Taormina from the country several hours earlier to pass Easter with his family. Returning from the cathedral, he found the militiaman waiting to inform him of the impending riot at Zangalà and of the *arciprete's* urgent request for troops.

"There is no such place as Zangalà," said Don Dionisio, who was looking forward to a buffet lunch at the house of his cousin the Duke of Megara. "There never was such a place."

"Begging the Consul's pardon,"

Who "shot" the President of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company?



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Besides, Greece presents day-after-day delights to the traveller. Rewarding ruins to see . . . sites of stirring scenes mentioned in Greek history . . . altars to gods and demi-gods and goddesses . . . novel Mediterranean foods to feast upon (the seafoods are deliciously prepared) . . . a climate so benign that you dine or dance under the open sky and stars . . . swimming almost all year 'round . . . a centuries-old amphitheater where you see a play performed out-of-doors (the acoustics are still perfect).

3000 years of history and legend crowd in upon you everywhere. On the road to Delphi, you recall it was here Oedipus met his father, Laius, King of Thebes, unrecognized.

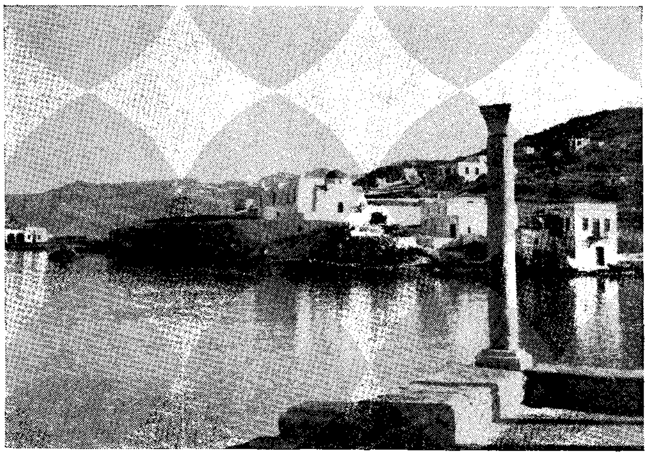
When you visit the sanctuary of Asclepius, you are at the shrine of the god of healing. From horrifying superstitions, medical practices slowly advanced to the beginnings of science in the 4th and 5th centuries B.C. Here also is the best-preserved theater in all Greece. It seats 14,000 persons . . . yet the acoustics are so perfect that even from the topmost of

55 rows every word can be heard.

You can hardly travel in Greece without coming to the birthplace of some god or demigod. Along a side road we come to Nemea. Remember how the young hero, Hercules (in Greek, *Herakles*) performed one of his fabled tasks by strangling the Nemean lion?

You don't find signs reading "Zeus slept here" but actually Greece is *filled* with the mythology that preceded her history. It is all there today, like an unending feast for the traveller.

Currency exchange is favorable to Americans, with drachmae 30 to the dollar. And you'll find it easy to remember the coinage of Greece in converting drachma prices into dollars. About $10 a day will cover everything.



Many reductions in fares and admission tickets are granted to tourists, especially students and teachers.

You'll be tempted, as everyone is, to purchase a few Greco-Roman antiquities (dug-up coins, pottery, statuary) for which you'll need a government permit. Or you may see a fascinating Byzantine icon or some silver jewelry with Grecian *motifs*.

You can remember everybody at home with a desirable gift from Greece, at very small outlay in drachmae.

Travel in Greece will give you many golden opportunities to try new dishes. And they have such an interesting custom in *tavernas* (restaurants) . . . you are expected to walk right into the kitchen and select what you want from the cooking pots.

Olives, of course, are native to Greece. Frugal peasants often live simply on olives and bread until a feast day provides mutton or pork. Try the Greek olives; they taste different from the olives you're used to.

In the cities, sitting at tables outside confectioners' shops, you can indulge in various *glyka tou tapsion*, all sweetmeats made in a pan and cut up into small pieces.

If you drop in at a *kafenion* (coffee shop) Greek coffee is served, in tiny cups, accompanied by a glass of cold water, as is the custom here.

The wines of Greece are white wines mixed with resin and called *retsine*. They are an inheritance from the ancients. You may find them an "acquired" taste . . . but not *all* Greek wines are resinated.

If you smoke, you'll find typical Greek cigarettes light, mild and pleasant. Brands are *Papastratos I, Delphi* filter-tipped, *Karchas, Aroma.*

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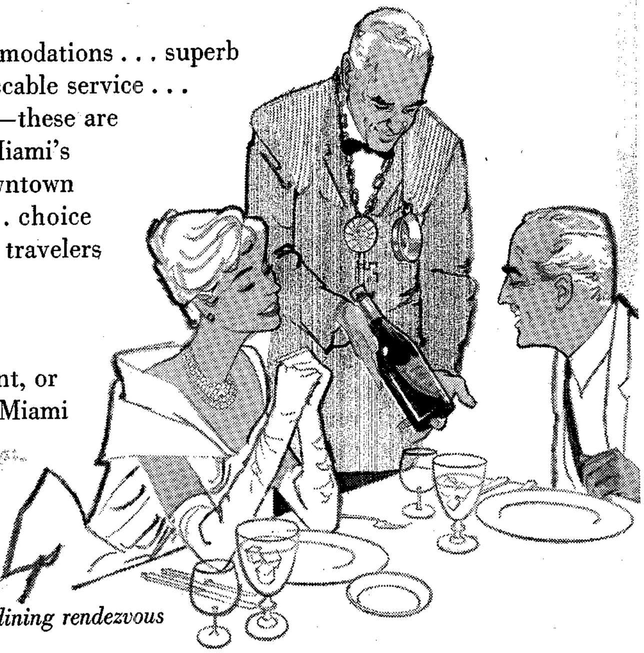

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said the militiaman, standing at attention, "but the request came to the militia headquarters forwarded and signified 'Most Urgent.' "

"At ease. At ease. What about the carabinieri? Or the regular army?" asked Don Dionisio. "This sounds more like their kind of work."

"Shall I carry that message to headquarters?" asked the militiaman.

Skeptical, and irritated at the idea of missing a pleasant luncheon, Don Dionisio very nearly dismissed the man with the answer that he was unable to concern himself. On second thought, however, he considered that if something really were happening and he did not take charge, he might leave himself open to criticism in quarters where his first misstep was awaited with impatience. "Very well," said the Duke. "I shall be ready in a few minutes."

He changed into his uniform and sent word to his cousin saying that he would come later in the day if he was able. Then he rode with the militiaman to the barracks, where two truckloads of men were ready and waiting.

Don Dionisio did not relish becoming involved in official militia business. He had been in Florence during the early years of Fascism and had witnessed the work of the Squadri d'Azione, the black-shirted "Flying Squads," precursors of the militia, with their so-called "bludgeonings in style." He knew, too, of numerous exploits by "Heroes of the New Epoch"—men like the William Tell of Filettole, who missed and blew the face off a peasant, and the *ras* of Vecchiano, whose habit it was to introduce himself as "Lieutenant Carosi, seven murders." These were things that the world would not forget, for which Fascism could not be forgiven.

He had observed over the years the quality and character of those who volunteered for the militia. He was not favorably impressed. When the war came, he had been offered the commission of major in the militia and advised that if he accepted, he would be left in peace on his land. Judiciously, he had accepted the commission and two subsequent promotions.

Arriving in the piazza of Zangalà, Don Dionisio thought, at first sight, that things really were seriously out of control. The *giudei* had begun to swarm over the piazza, preparing for the procession, which, despite the wartime regulation prohibiting public gatherings and demonstrations, was about to begin. The *arciprete* was in a violent rage, charging that every man in the village was drunk and mutinous and that nei-

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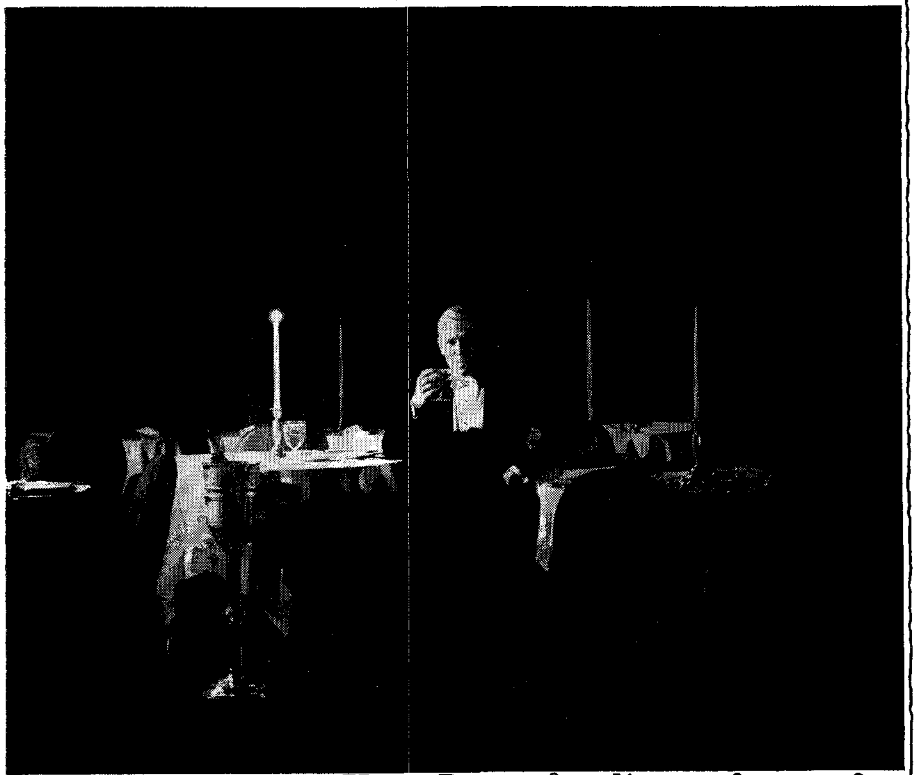

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ther the authority of the Church nor of the carabinieri was of use in restoring order. "They have kidnapped Father Filippo," said the old priest to Don Dionisio. "You must do something. Any action you take has my complete approval."

Very well, Don Dionisio thought, we shall provide a lesson. Perhaps a night in prison down on the coast will impress upon them the seriousness of defying the authorities. And, drawing his pistol from its holster, he fired three shots into the air over the heads of the roistering *giudei.*

STARTLED by the shots, Matteo jumped to his feet. The shadow of the carob tree had lengthened out from where he had been lying. Hurrying back to the main street, he realized that he must have slept for several hours. Twenty or more *giudei* came running down the street. In their midst was a young priest, a big fellow with ruddy cheeks. His handkerchief pressed to his mouth, the priest let himself be hurried along toward the square, half pushed, half carried by the *giudei*, all of whom were talking at once and seemed terribly upset.

Only a few horns still sounded from the far end of the village. In the middle of the street, the women, many of them wearing the emblem of the Daughters of Maria, the feminine division of the Catholic Action, were lining up. First came the smallest girls, in white, then the older ones, wearing veils, and last the women in their black dresses, black stockings, and black high-heeled shoes, their faces and fair hair shrouded in black. Waiting for the order to march, the women pressed their beads between gloved fingers, while the little girls clung to one another and tried to keep still. As he passed along the side of the formation, Matteo was swept by a wave of feminine scents—lavender and fresh linen, and the smell of lace that is seldom removed from boxes and cupboards. In quavering soprano voices, the children began a hymn to the Virgin, supported at once by the strong voices of the older girls and the women. As more and more voices joined in, the anthem rose and drowned out the shouts and cries coming from the piazza.

"Don Tommaso has sent for the soldiers!" said somebody behind Matteo.

Remembering the look of annoyance on the old man's face the previous evening, Matteo thought it possible that the priest might have called for additional carabinieri. But soldiers—why should he

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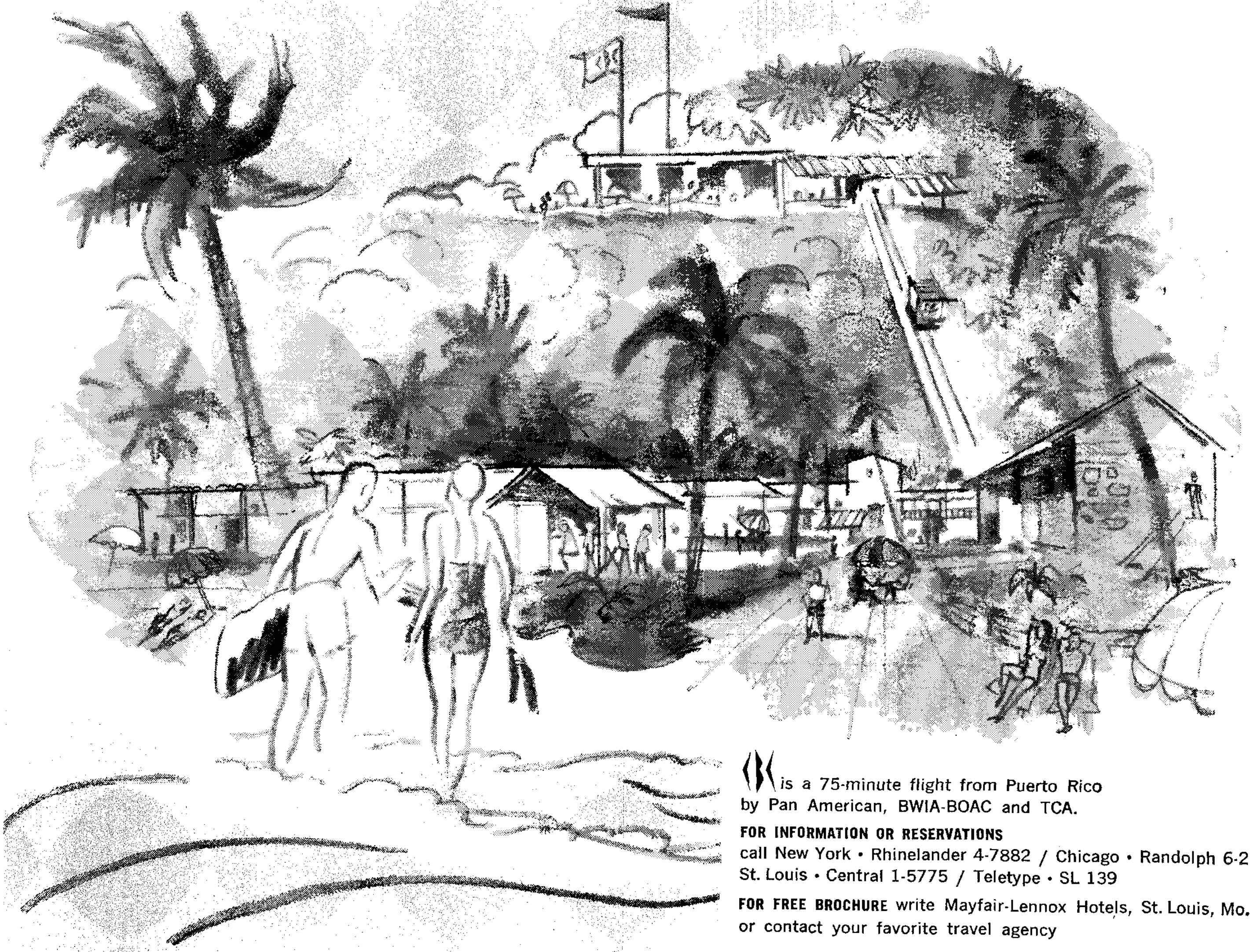

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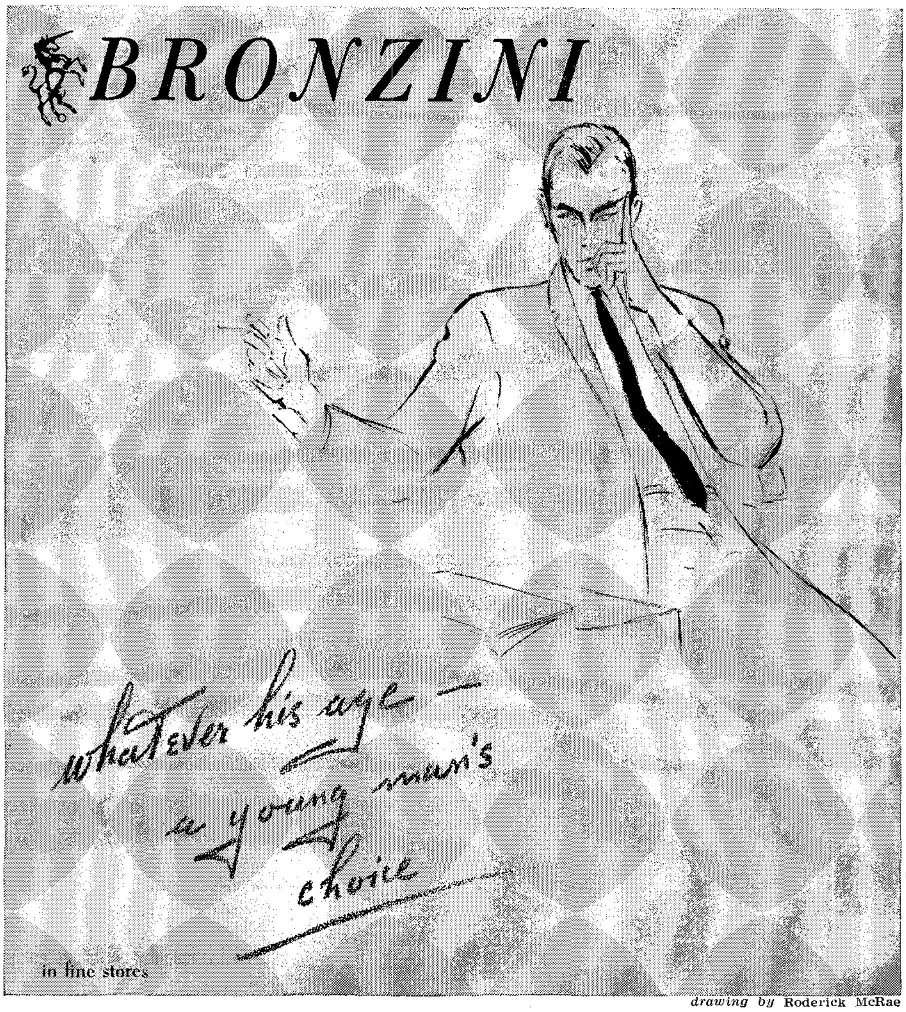

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send for soldiers? There they were, however, two military trucks, blocking the road out of the village. And then he saw the soldiers, and saw that they were not regular army but members of the militia.

The sight of the militiamen in their black uniforms and shiny black boots disturbed him. Half of them would be Sunday soldiers who shouldn't be trusted with firearms. Besides, he thought, what has the Fascist militia to do with a village where a few drunken peasants have got out of hand?

Already the militiamen were deploying to encircle the crowd of *giudei* who filled the piazza. They carried rifles, and the emblem of the Fascist flame glowed on their sleeves. Uneasy at the sight of the rifles, the villagers stirred and milled. Some of the *giudei* were removing their masks. Above the commotion, Matteo heard the titter of spurs. On the portico of the church stood the officer in charge, a consul of the militia. He held a riding crop extended in his gloved fist. Two steps below, hatless, his arms folded across his chest, the *arciprete* glowered at the crowd, in front of which stood men who carried on their shoulders carved-oak statues of S. Alfio and S. Filadelfio, and black S. Benedetto.

"—forbidden! You know these processions are forbidden!" the Consul shouted. "You have been warned."

The Consul was a lean, handsome man whose black hair was beginning to turn gray at the temples. Freshly shaven, his chin shone clean and pink as he paused to look over the crowd, measuring the effect of his words. But the only reply to his speech was the nervous jingling of the chains the *giudei* carried at their wrists. The Consul leaned toward the men, over the head of their priest.

"To ignore wartime regulations," he said menacingly, "is treason."

The main street where it entered the piazza had not yet been blocked by militiamen. Moving forward to stand at the edge of the crowd, Matteo could not help smiling at the theatrical tone employed by the Fascist colonel. He had never before seen a high-ranking militia officer in action, complete with swagger stick, threats, and a cordon of armed troops. Treason, indeed, Matteo thought—really, he can't be serious! Probably he is annoyed at being summoned on such trivial business the afternoon of Good Friday, and intends to give these peasants a good scare—throw the fear of God and Il Duce into them. And I'll bet that old priest put him up

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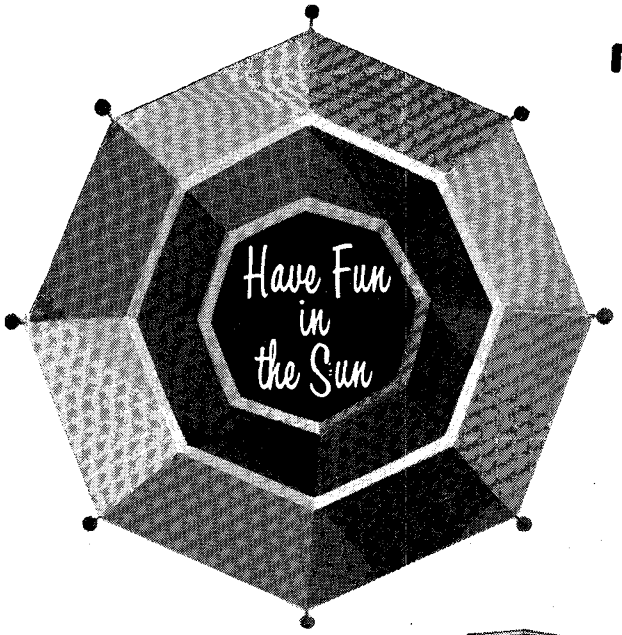
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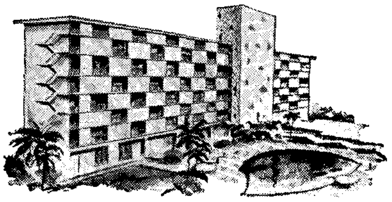

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to it, exaggerating the trouble the *giudei* have been making.

Silent now, the *giudei* faced the Consul. The men who bore on their shoulders the heavy carved-oak statues of the saints looked dumbly up at him. The wooden poles on which the enthroned life-size bodies rested cleaved the shoulders of the perspiring bearers, who shifted uncomfortably as they tried to ease the pressure.

"You have been warned and warned," the Consul repeated. "But you did not listen. And now you shall be punished."

The dark heads of the saints, with their gleaming black eyes, seemed to bow submissively. S. Alfio nodded to S. Filadelfio, and ebony-faced, ebony-handed S. Benedetto turned toward the monastery, as though he feared they would be late to meet the body of their Lord. In the lengthening rays of the afternoon sun, Matteo saw that the procession had already set out from the monastery gates bearing the figure of the dead Christ.

"My orders are these," the Consul said distinctly. "That there are to be arrests in this village."

The chant of the approaching women filled the silent piazza. The militiamen, reinforced by the carabinieri, had strung themselves into a chain and now began to herd the people toward the center.

"Arrests?" repeated the old priest, in astonishment. "But that is so—so severe. After all, they were only celebrating. Who would— Why, each year it is enacted, the pageant, the procession, the *giudei*—"

The Consul threw his hand above his head. Scimitars of sweat appeared in the armpits of his black shirt. "They will be arrested!" he shouted. "All of them. Every one of your *giudei!*"

The *arciprete's* mouth hung open as though he had been struck. A babble broke out among the red-hooded men. The soldiers drove them into a still tighter area. More of the men in the first rows removed their masks and stood gaping in fright and incomprehension at the Consul. Their example was followed by others throughout the crowd. Unmasked, no longer revellers, the anonymous red devils became once again peasant men and boys seized by fear and disbelief.

"Fix bayonets!" the Consul commanded, and drew his pistol. From every corner of the piazza came the small sound of metal hitching to metal.

This is carrying things too far, thought Matteo. And all at once he remembered his father's fury when he

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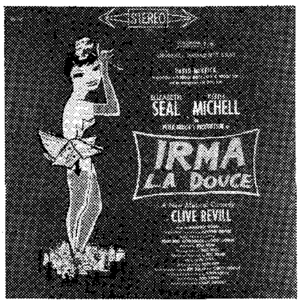

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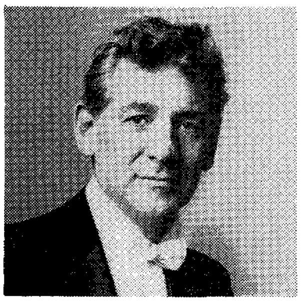

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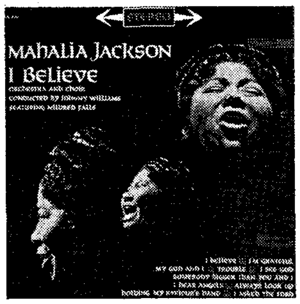

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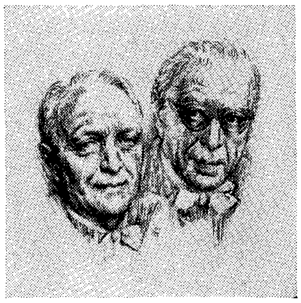

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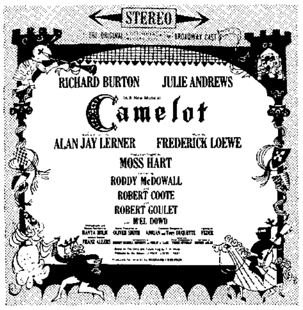

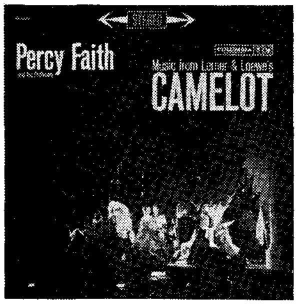

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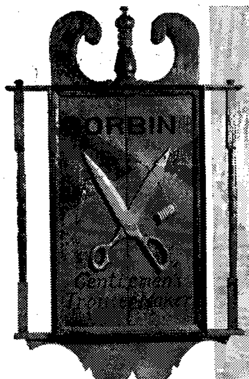

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had come home from school for the first time wearing his uniform. "Cowards and bullies, that's what your Fascist friends are!" he had cried. "Cowards and bullies. And you have joined them!"

No longer singing, the first of the little girls began to enter the piazza. Three militiamen moved to intercept them. Frightened at finding their way blocked by soldiers, the children broke out of their orderly ranks and started to whimper and weep, backing and colliding with the older girls. Behind them, apparently still unaware of what was taking place on the piazza, the women continued to approach, their singing adding to the general uproar. Then the young priest, whom Matteo had seen being rushed along the street, pressed through the crowd and stood beside Don Tommaso.

"Your Honor," he said, bowing to the Consul, "take my word for it, they meant no harm. This procession—we hold it each year. No disrespect meant to the military authorities, Your Honor, but in the past it has always been allowed. I, too, have suffered today. Still, no harm was meant, I promise you that, Your Honor."

The Consul paid no attention. Don Tommaso put his hand on the young priest's arm and shook his head slowly. The engine of one of the trucks was started up. He really means to arrest them, Matteo thought. Without knowing what he would do, Matteo moved through the crowd toward the two priests. As he mounted the steps of the church, the Consul saw him.

"You there, Avanguardista," he said, pointing at Matteo with his crop. "I call upon you to help in making the arrests. Give him a rifle."

Someone thrust a rifle with fixed bayonet into Matteo's hands. The crowd edged back. He was dimly conscious of the space that had cleared around him, and of the rifle's bulk. For a moment he stood with the rifle slanting across his body in a shabby port arms. Then, seeing the look of apprehension on the faces of the men, who stared at him, he wished he had never come to this village, that he had never heard of Zangalà. And through the tumult, the frightened talk of the *giudei*, the whimpering of the children that here and there rose to a wail, he heard his father's voice, scornful and furious: "Better one day as a lion, is it? Wait! Wait and see how it is judged, your day of the lion!"

Suddenly Matteo wanted to shout, to tell the people "No! It's all a mistake! I don't want to arrest you. I am not one

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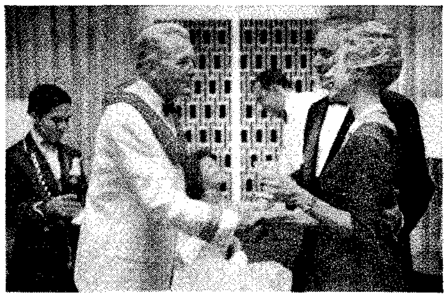

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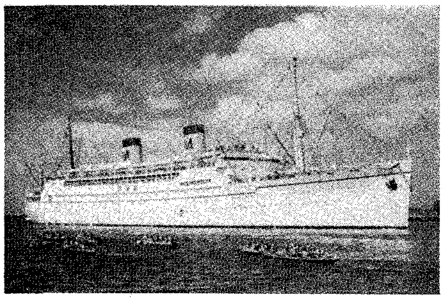

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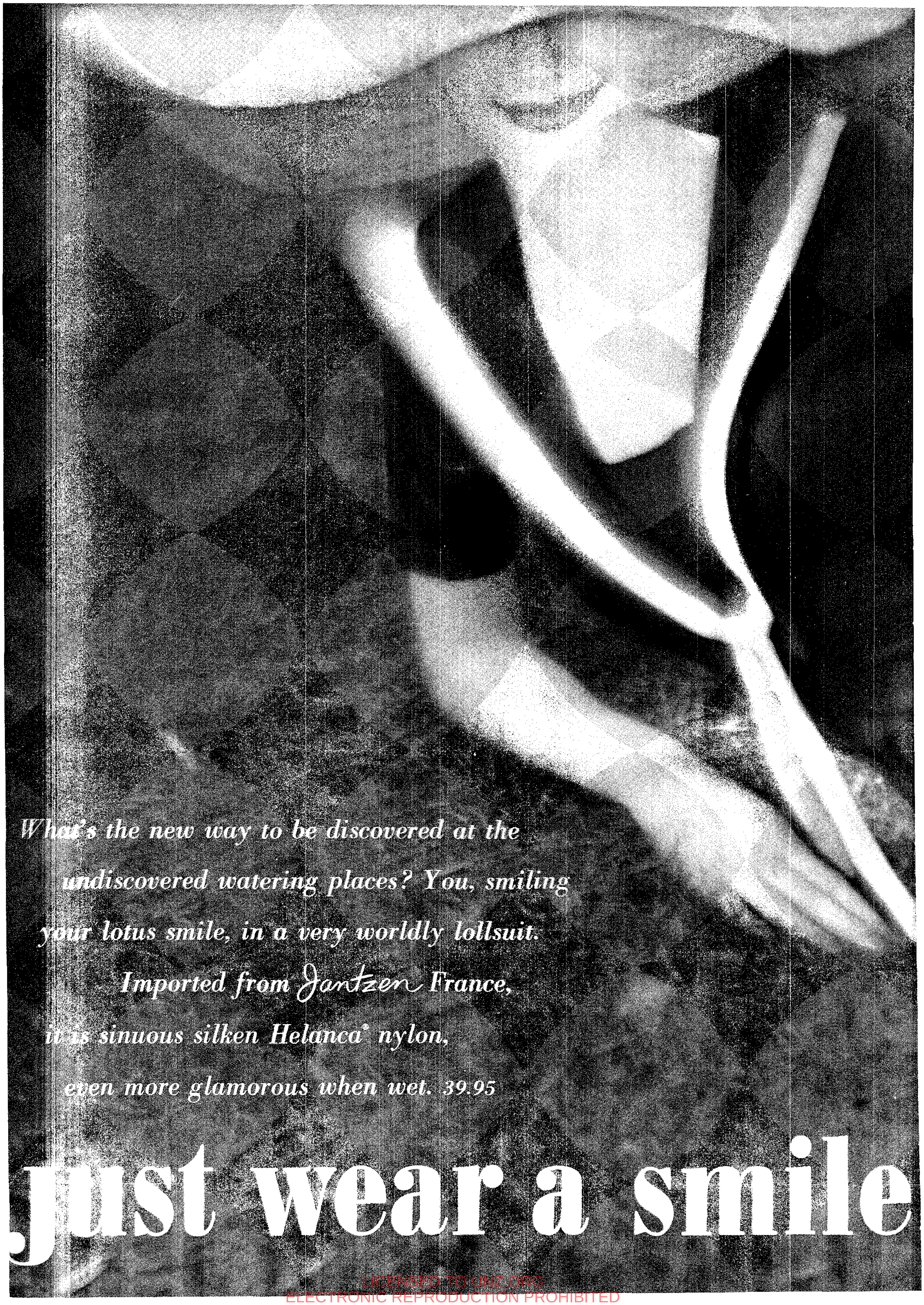

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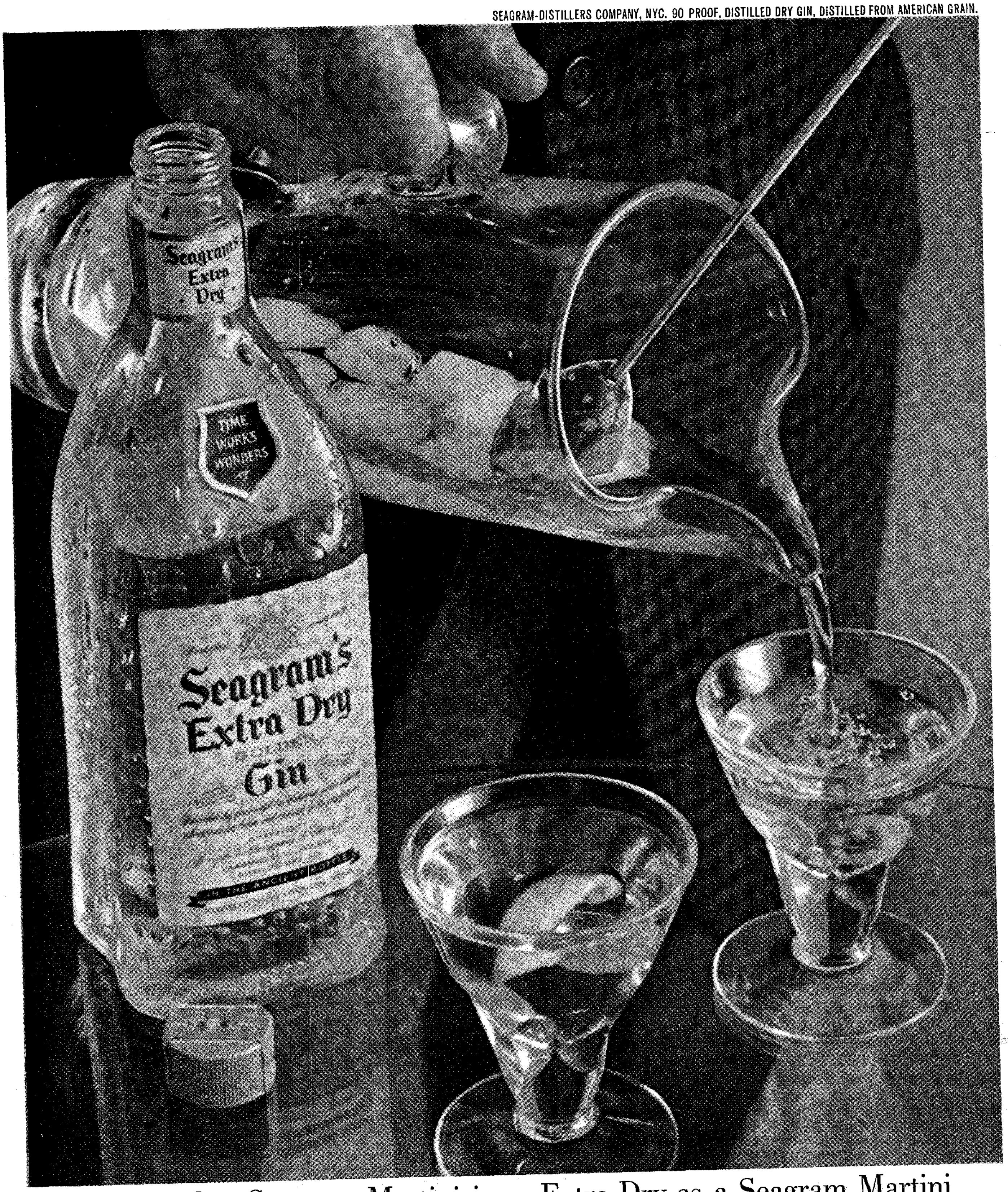
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of them. I, too, am one of the sheep!"

"All, all, all!" the Consul ordered. "Arrest anyone who is in costume. Their priests, too, if they try to hinder you. Perhaps from now on they will remember that it is forbidden to hold mass meetings in wartime. Forbidden to go masked in the streets. Forbidden to be a Jew."

The Consul did not shout. He spoke in a loud voice but slowly and with precision, as though he were reading from printed orders. Cowed, the *giudei* waited.

Almost without meaning to, Matteo took four, five steps toward the Consul. He was aware of nothing but the chanting voices of the women and the odor from the skin of oil on the bayonet. When he spoke, he barely recognized the voice that he heard in his ears—a voice high and adolescent, a ludicrous, unnatural counterpoint to that of the Fascist colonel. "They are not *real* Jews, *Signor Console*," he said.

Startled by the unexpected voice so near him, the Consul spun around fast. An old man in the front of the crowd began to sob noisily. The sobbing made Matteo momentarily furious at himself, at the absurdity of speaking out, of becoming embroiled. "Besides," he continued, trying to master his voice, "what has treason to do with it? Can't you see this is only a masquerade?"

The officer did not reply, but stared straight into Matteo's eyes. He thinks I'll back down, Matteo thought. They were the same height. The officer stepped closer, and the hand that held the pistol touched Matteo's own. Though the Consul's face was rigid, Matteo saw that his eyes were amused. He had not expected the Fascist officer's eyes to be amused. This, more than anything, confused him. Coloring, he almost turned away. Then the Consul smiled.

Don Dionisio knew that when it was all done he would feel remorse for the shock tactics he had used. He was grateful that these people were not his own dependents, or even men he might see again. He was aware, however, of the need to act quickly. When the boy in uniform caught his eye, Don Dionisio took him for the son of one of the local people—one of the village wastrels who in peacetime strut along the main streets of every provincial town. Now the fashionable thing was a uniform. What other excuse could there be for wearing the getup of the Fascist Youth on Good Friday?

He was not pleased to see the boy. Yet, instantly, he was struck by the

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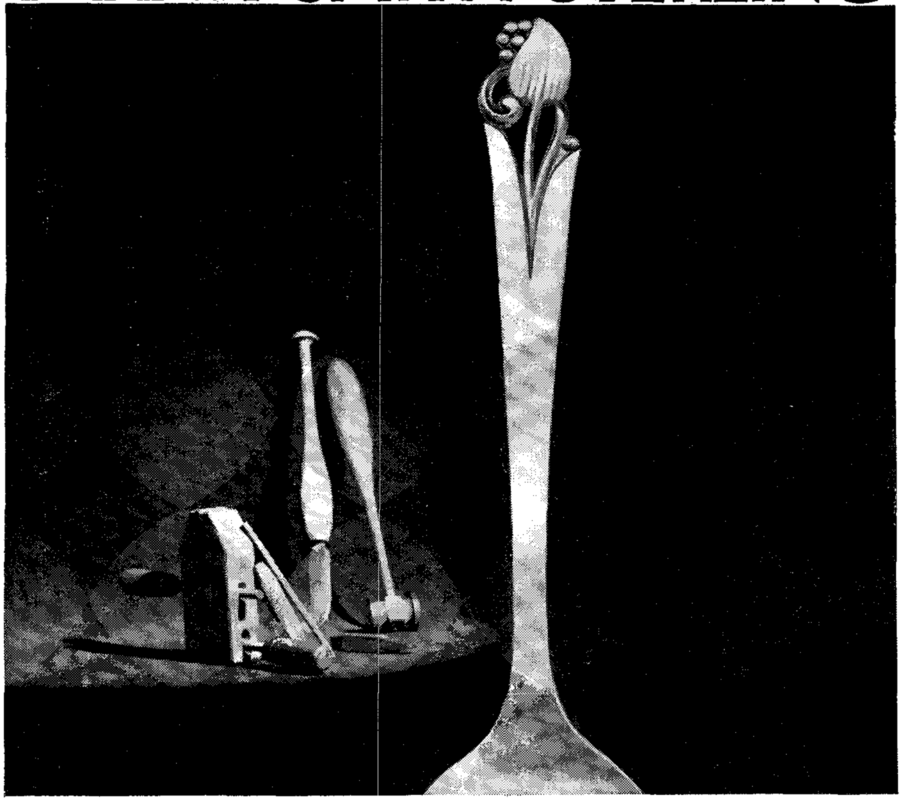

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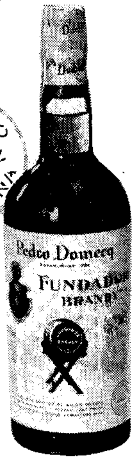

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irony of compelling this young man, probably the brother or cousin or nephew of someone among the maskers, to perform a duty that involved the arrest of his own kin on a charge of possible disloyalty to their country. After this, perhaps the young puppy would think twice before putting on his uniform to go out and cut a figure. So, having given his order, and having little doubt that, disagreeable as it might be, it would be carried out at once, Don Dionisio put the boy out of his mind. Then the boy addressed him.

The absurdity of the statement "They are not *real* Jews" caused Don Dionisio to stop short, and he recognized instantly that he had made one of his rare mistakes in the judgment of character. He had been about to embarrass the boy, to force him into obedience. Instead, he hesitated, watched as the young man grew more erect under his gaze, saw the color suffuse the high-boned cheeks, and knew by the troubled look in the flecked green eyes that something was overwhelming the boy, something in no way related to fear.

When Don Dionisio stepped forward, the boy did not give ground. They were so close that Don Dionisio noticed the first shadowing along the pointed chin, along the jawbone and above the lips. Why, he thought, amused, he has only begun to shave. Then, almost at the same moment, he understood, though he could not have explained how he knew so surely. This boy, he thought, this child, is suffering a *crise de foi.*

Simultaneously, Don Dionisio understood that no matter what was passing in the mind and heart of the boy, he must not see it too clearly. I, too, am a Fascist, he reminded himself, and there are those who would be only too pleased to accuse me of having failed to exercise my authority in an emergency. No, he thought, both of us are concerned in the acting out of a morality. And he was overcome by the feeling that they, too—he and this young man—were masked, and that they could not remove their masks, either of them, even if they wanted to.

The Consul heard the chanting of the monks and saw the procession coming from the monastery. He had to act immediately if things were not to get irreparably out of hand. When he spoke, his voice could be heard all over the piazza. "What is a *real* Jew, young man? Would you know one if you saw him?" he asked sharply. And without allowing the boy to reply, he added, "Go now. Join my men at once."

Slowly the boy turned and started

down the steps. The crowd made way for him. The Consul saw looks of respect from the men as the boy passed. One old man reached out and patted his shoulder.

"Avanguardista," the Consul called.

The boy stopped, turned.

"What is your name?"

"Leone," said the boy.

"Leone, *Signor Console*," Don Dionisio corrected him.

"Leone, *Signor Console*."

"And where is your scarf? Button your shirt, and if you have a scarf, then put it on. You are on active duty."

A MURMUR came from the center of the crowd of men, but it was not loud enough to attract the Consul's attention. A path began to open in the direction of the church, and the crowd parted just where Matteo stood tying his scarf. He was making the knot with elaborate slowness, looking neither at the crowd nor at the soldiers, when through the gap at his side passed four thin-faced little boys carrying an enormous ram's horn.

The horn, its thick sleeve breaking in diminishing rolls from the mouth to the tiny tip, was the color of weathered stone. Everyone watched in silence as the children emerged from the crowd. Matteo, too, stared after them as they passed slowly beneath the nodding heads of S. Alfio, S. Filadelfio, and black S. Benedetto. Scrawny, bandy-legged, unwashed boys, with arms so frail that it looked as if the bones were only flimsily wrapped in the skin, they seemed about to stagger under the weight they carried, as though the ram's horn really were cut from stone. Following them came a dwarf dressed in rags and with a strip of sacking wound about his head. The dwarf, his long fingers resting on the tip of the horn, guiding, turning horn and boys as one piece, was no taller than the boys and, like them, barefoot.

Several of the carabinieri, who had been blocking the front of the crowd, moved to intercept the dwarf, then hesitated. The dwarf and the boys reached the steps. The young priest crossed himself, and a look of annoyance returned to Don Tommaso's face. Then the dwarf puckered his mouth until the inner flesh showed red, set his lips to the horn, and blew.

Without pausing or removing his lips to breathe, the dwarf blew again, drove the knotted, lonely cry through the corridor of bone, the notes rising like an ancient lament bearing across the years and the centuries. On the hillside

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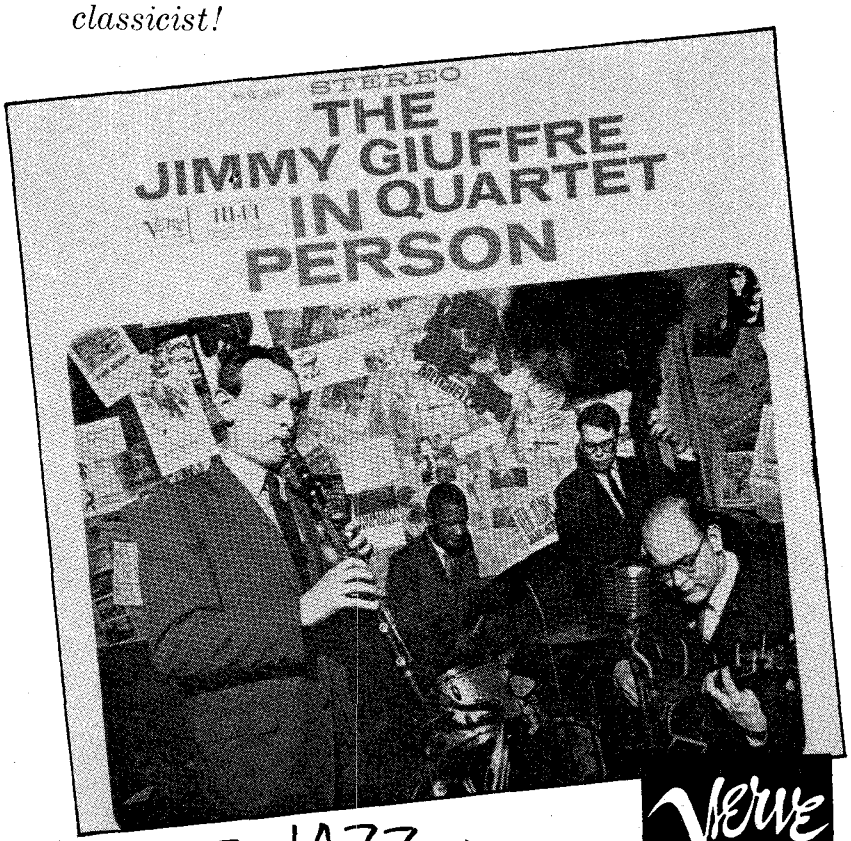

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opposite the village, the procession from the monastery, which had come to a halt, started forward once more, summoned by the ram's horn. Again and again the dwarf blew, sending the notes out to all the surrounding hills, sounding and resounding until it seemed that other horns were answering from all the points of the compass. Then S. Benedetto set the procession moving out of the piazza and toward the monastery. S. Alfio was next, then S. Filadelfio, and the villagers followed. Long before the last notes had ceased echoing, the dwarf and his ram's horn had returned into the crowd.

"Stop them!" shouted the Consul.

But the soldiers must have been confused as to whether he meant the dwarf and the little boys or the marching saints, for they did nothing. The Consul, his pistol flapping at his wrist, dashed down into the crowd, but there was nothing he could do. The women took up their hymn as the procession began to move. The floating figure of the Virgin of the Seven Sorrows moved among the women, her dark robes flowing about their heads, her arms outstretched to receive the body of her dead Son, who was approaching the village in a crystal coffin, while spring flowers were strewn before Him and banners flew over His crowned head.

The men replaced their masks. Those who did not march fell to their knees. The militiamen converged on a vanishing center. Crying that there must be no violence, the Consul struggled to head off the procession. Almost without meaning to, even without recognizing him, the crowd resisted him. From the roof of the church itself, a trumpeter sounded, then a second, and a third, then all of the trumpets at once, joined by the ram's horn, welding the notes into a fugue as the two processions approached and met, while from the peaks and clefts of the surrounding mountains the distant catch and toss of the ram's horn continued to echo farther and farther away.

MATTEO left the village on foot and walked more than five kilometres before he got a ride down to the coast. The sky had clouded over, and a fine rain was falling. From the Giardini bus station, he could not see Taormina on the cliffs above. When the bus from Catania arrived, he took a seat in the rear next to the window, and, exhausted, fell asleep. He awoke some time later, when the bus stopped to take on passengers. In the last gray light, he saw two fishermen, their trousers rolled above their knees, standing on the beach and staring—so he thought—at him.

When the bus reached the turnoff to his village, the driver started the flicker arrow blinking and swung into the side road. Up in front the first lights gleamed through the mist from Alì Marina, but fog hid his village. Fog and rain blotted it out [illegible] as if there were no village at all.

How quickly things were changing everywhere, he thought. Soon perhaps all of North Africa would be in Allied hands. "And if I tell you go, then go tranquilly." He repeated to himself Il Duce's words—words that had sprung to his mind a dozen times in moments of doubt. But then he heard again the voice of the Fascist Consul saying, "Go now. Join my men." He could still see the strange smile on the Consul's face, the look of amusement in his eyes.

No, Matteo thought, I do not understand what happened to me there in that village. But I can never again put on this uniform. Staring into the glass of the bus window, he could no longer see the valley or the river or the mountainside beyond. All he could see was his own face mirrored, pale and troubled, above the black shirt of the Avanguardia.

—RALPH BLUM

•

L'OUEST MYSTÉRIEUX

[*From a program of the Paris Opéra-Comique*]

On Christmas Eve, the poet Rodolphe and Mimi, his neighbor, gets to known each other. She is a fondling and pretty Parisian needle-woman, with a delicate health.

The wind has blown out her candlestick and she comes timidly and asks her neighbor for light. And Mimi does not go back to her own little room.

Then follows for a time a life full of love and joy. But Rodolphe is too poor and seeing Mimi becoming so frail and so weak, and realizing that poverty is killing her, gives her back her liberty.

Alas! she has left him. She has taken a rich lover and has had a taste of luxury. But Rodolphe still loves her. Neither has Mimi forgotten her love for Rodolphe. She is tired of her superficial way of living. She leaves her rich lover and comes back to Rodolphe with only one desire: to die loved and forgiven.

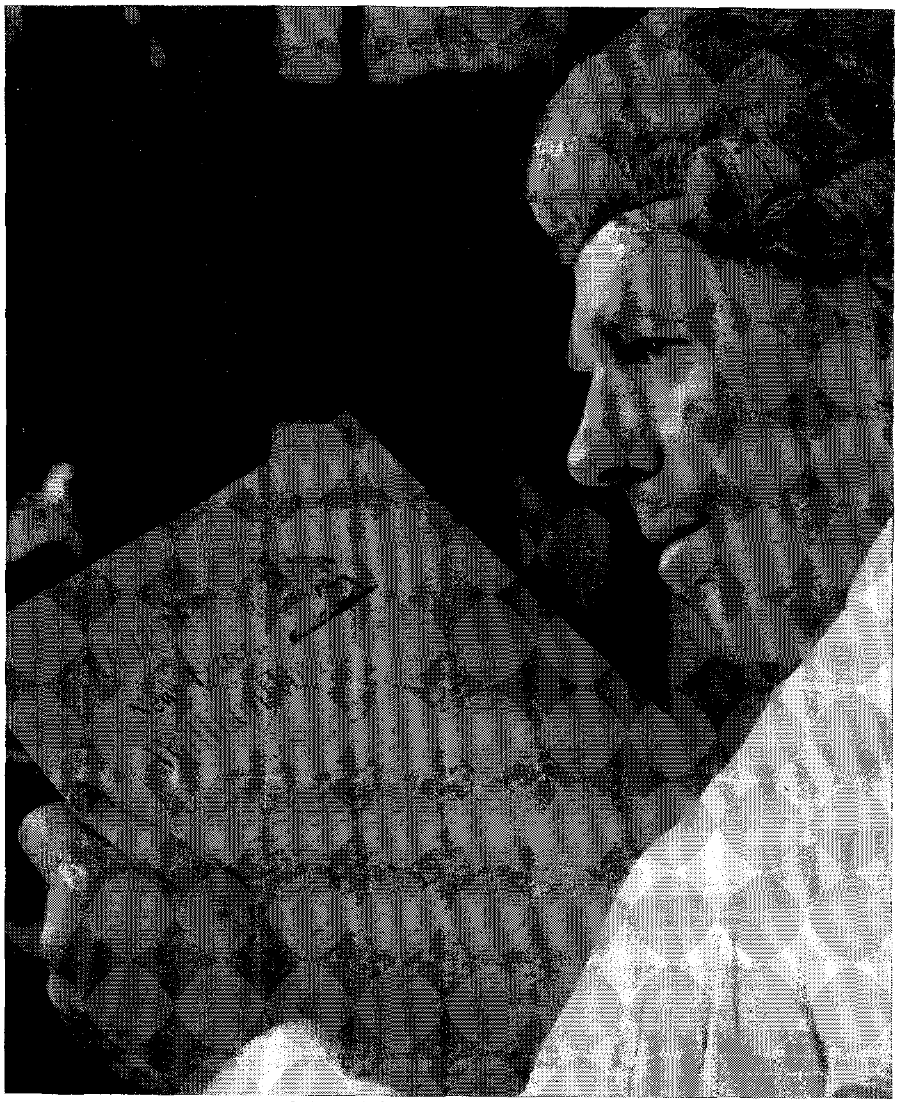
Her wish is fulfilled. She feels better and she thinks she will never again leave her beloved one she goes to sleep and dies.

•

FITCHBURG—A "Manchurian pheasant" has been captured here.

The strange bird, black with a white collar and red head, had perched unhappily in local trees for a day or so. It finally was identified by Miss Norma Woodruff of LUNENBURG, a bird financier.—*Boston Traveler.*

That's for the *rich* birds.



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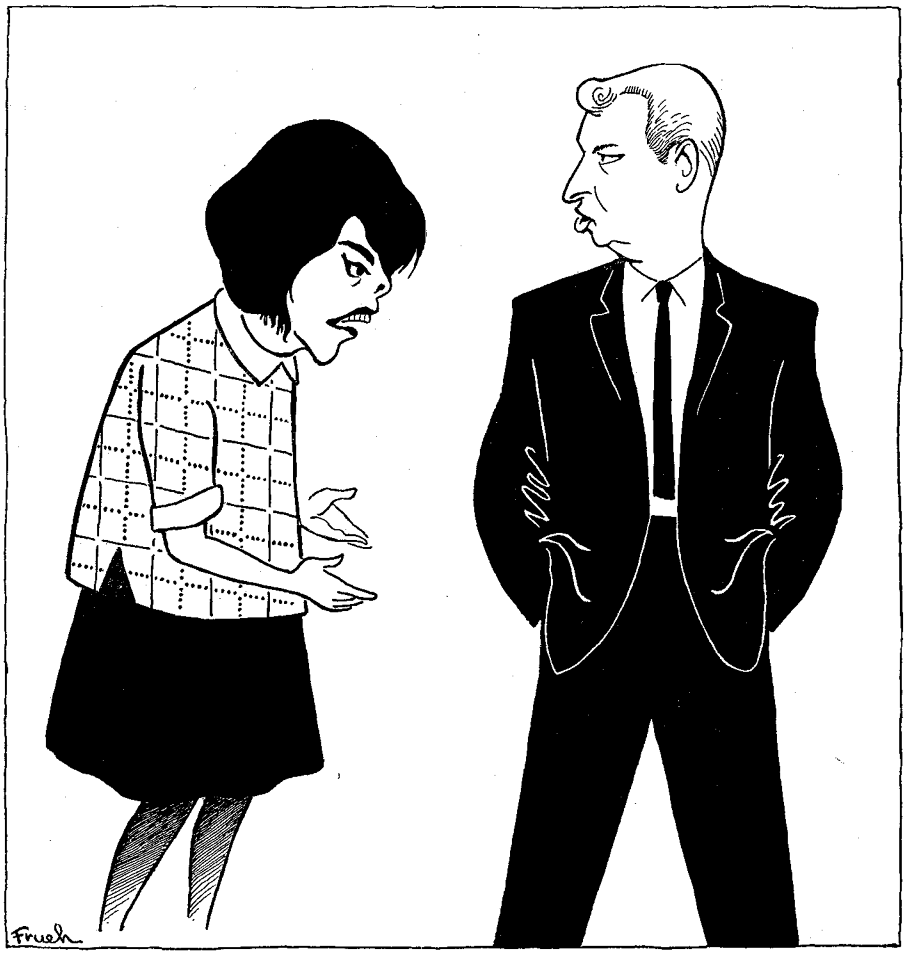
THE THEATRE

FLAT

ON rare occasions in the course of "Do Re Mi," at the St. James, eight admirably configured girls come upon the stage and shake themselves about. They are pretty, apt, and agile, and I am sure that the modern equivalent of the butter-and-egg man (some fellow in oil and uranium, perhaps) will find them as much to his liking as I did. But when they absent themselves from the doings, the show flattens out like a shot-down blimp, and nobody could regret more than I do that such diverting performers as Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker have to flounder around in the general deflation. The music, by Jule Styne, is strident; the book, by Garson Kanin, is a bore; and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are for the most part labored. As a sample of the dialogue I can quote a line that runs, "You want to start at the top? Jump off the Woolworth Building," and as a sample of the songs I'll settle on "It's Legitimate," which, although I had been rather deafened by the preceding numbers, reminded me strongly of that thing called "Miss America," the theme song of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant.

In "Do Re Mi," Mr. Kanin, expanding a short book he once did on the world of the jukebox, has set about exploring the activities of a pack of those lovable monsters so dear to the heart of Damon Runyon. What Mr. Kanin's crowd wants to do is to take over the jukebox industry, and then go on and capture the recording business that feeds the machines. The inspiration for all this comes from Mr. Silvers, who plays a somewhat mousy character, firm only in his determination to avoid work, on the ground that nobody but a promoter can realize a buck of any consequence. Miss Walker, who never gets any real chance to display her virtuosity as a comic, portrays his wife. Their bickering—she wants him to settle down to a salaried job—goes on and on relentlessly, and isn't very funny. Nor, for that matter, are the antics of the "Guys and Dolls" types who turn up along the way. They have such names as Fatso, Skin, and Brains, these three being represented by George Mathews, George Givot, and David Burns, respectively. As time goes by, Mr. Silvers comes upon a waitress (Nancy Dussault) who can sing, and this stroke of luck puts him in a class with the discoverers of Elvis, Fabian, and other such jukebox artists. At this point, my interest in the proceedings flagged, but I did observe that the colors in the sets, by Boris Aronson, kept right on clashing, and that Mr. Silvers and Miss Walker kept right on clashing, too. And that the orchestra kept right on blasting away. —JOHN McCARTEN



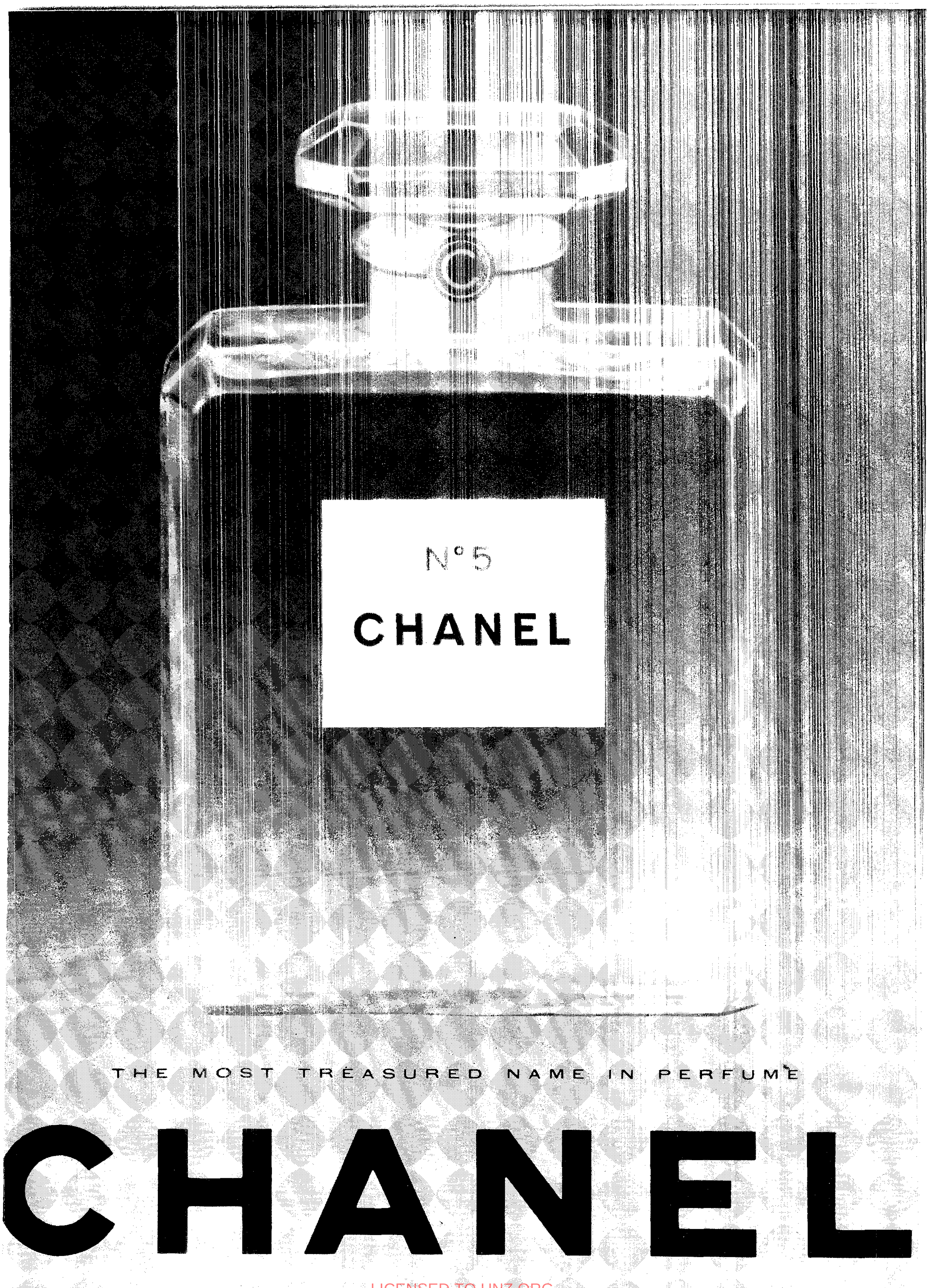
"AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY"

On the left, going to some lengths to conceal the fact that she is an extremely attractive young woman, is Elaine May, and on the right, registering defiance, is Mike Nichols. These two appear in a mélange of comic sketches called, accurately, "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May," at the John Golden.

OFF BROADWAY

Once More, with Feeling

"EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON" (no relation to the American poet, translator, and Pulitzer Prize winner), the mildly celebrated *succès d'estime* by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, which hobbled along on Broadway a couple of seasons back for sixty-six performances, attracting a small but tenacious cult of admirers, has reappeared at the Actors Playhouse, where the play's pale but unremitting bitterness explains in large part both its fad and the recalcitrance of Broadway audiences. The play, one of Osborne's early efforts, is a categorizer's delight. It is among the first recognizable inventions of the misnamed Angry Young Men, minus a good deal of that comic school's irresistible self-punishing laughter. It is a classic example of what passes for Aristotelian tragedy these days—the decline and fall of a worthless man. And it is an ironic portrait of the artist as a young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slob. George Dillon, a sly, hypocritical, debt-ridden aspiring actor and playwright, is invited to stay for a few days with the Elliots, a respectable lower-middle-class London family. A year later, he is still there, and the results have been disastrous. Viciously ridiculing the Elliots in private, he drains them of money, shocks Mrs. Elliot with his language, incurs Elliot's hatred, and gets the eldest daughter, Josie, with child. Then he sells a play of his, in a cheapened version, to a Mike Todd-type producer, who makes a financial success of it. "Epitaph for George Dillon" ends with its hero settling permanently, like an asp, onto the Elliots' bosom, where he will write more hack works. Dillon has, however, one balancing quality; he has, beneath his film of self-pity, no illusions about his failings. Even so, his characterization raises more questions than it settles. We are never convinced, before the truth outs, of his self-proclaimed inviolable artistic standards, which dissipates any possible artist-versus-philistine friction. (Novels about novelists and plays about playwrights almost invariably have a tinny, twice-removed air. Their heroes are generally important only because of their art, and trying to rev the plodding act of writing up into dramatic terms is like romanticizing bricklaying.) And there is never any real struggle between Dillon and the Elliots on a social level, either, for Dillon never seems of a higher class than the Elliots, despite their clatter about his poshness and gentlemanliness. Most inexplicable of all is Dillon's ultimate decision to remain with the Elliots, whom he detests; indeed, his sudden financial margin furnishes him with just the whiskey courage he needs to reject them completely. For all this, "Epitaph for George Dillon" has patches of considerable eloquence, and its ironies (Father Elliot's abrupt

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XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

*He Needs Help

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

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turnabout when he learns of Dillon's new wealth and the hitherto unknown fact that Dillon's estranged wife is his favorite telly star) have a sure, clean ring.

The cast at the Actors Playhouse is assiduous. Although Dillon's part is already a fat one, incorporating sarcasm, moodiness, wit, self-pity, anger, love, and considerable legwork, James Patterson disconcertingly doubles it by presenting two images—a somewhat tepid, badly timed one that constantly suggests the correct one, of sleaziness and agility and venom. Julie Follansbee, as Mrs. Elliot's spinster sister, comes far closer to unification, while the rest of the complement devotes its time to synchronizing its accents, which range from a very queer Cockney, with all "h"s present and accounted for, to Katharine Hepburn. The set, by Warwick Brown, encompasses with remarkable thoroughness the dust, dowdiness, gas fires, and dim, smudged wallpaper that Noël Coward and others have taught us are the principal bastions of the English lower classes. In fact, it misses caricature only by a hair.

ANOTHER resurrection of something that, this time in the late forties, enjoyed a critical success and a short life is "Ballet Ballads," a curious, arch confection—two-thirds modern dance (ballet slippers are used, but so are boots, bare feet, and sneakers) and one-third solo and choral singing, with lyrics by the late John Latouche and music by Jerome Moross. The present production, which is at the East Seventy-fourth Street Theatre, has undergone a good deal of furbishing. The choreography, by Mavis Ray, John Butler, and Glen Tetley, is new, and of the original's three parts, "Susanna and the Elders" has been replaced with "Riding Hood Revisited," whose lyrics are also by Latouche. Intact are "Willie the Weeper" and "The Eccentricities of Davy Crockett." With the exception of the dancing of Carmen de Lavallade, some brilliant costumes, most of Latouche's lyrics, and some absorbing variations on American folk music by Moross, the evening is an impressionistic compound of blurred stories, inarticulate singing, an almost continually overcrowded stage, the noise of feet thumping, squeaking, and scraping, an indefatigable and often pointless muscularity, and a towering, mystical geometric set on two levels. Thus, "Riding Hood Revisited" apparently combines the coming of spring ("Of all my four glorious seasons, the spring is by far

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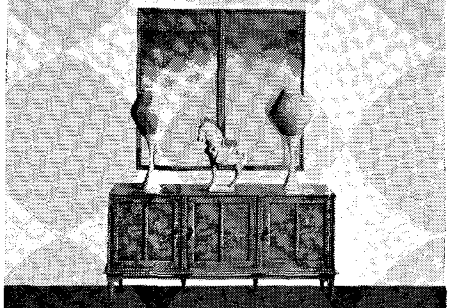

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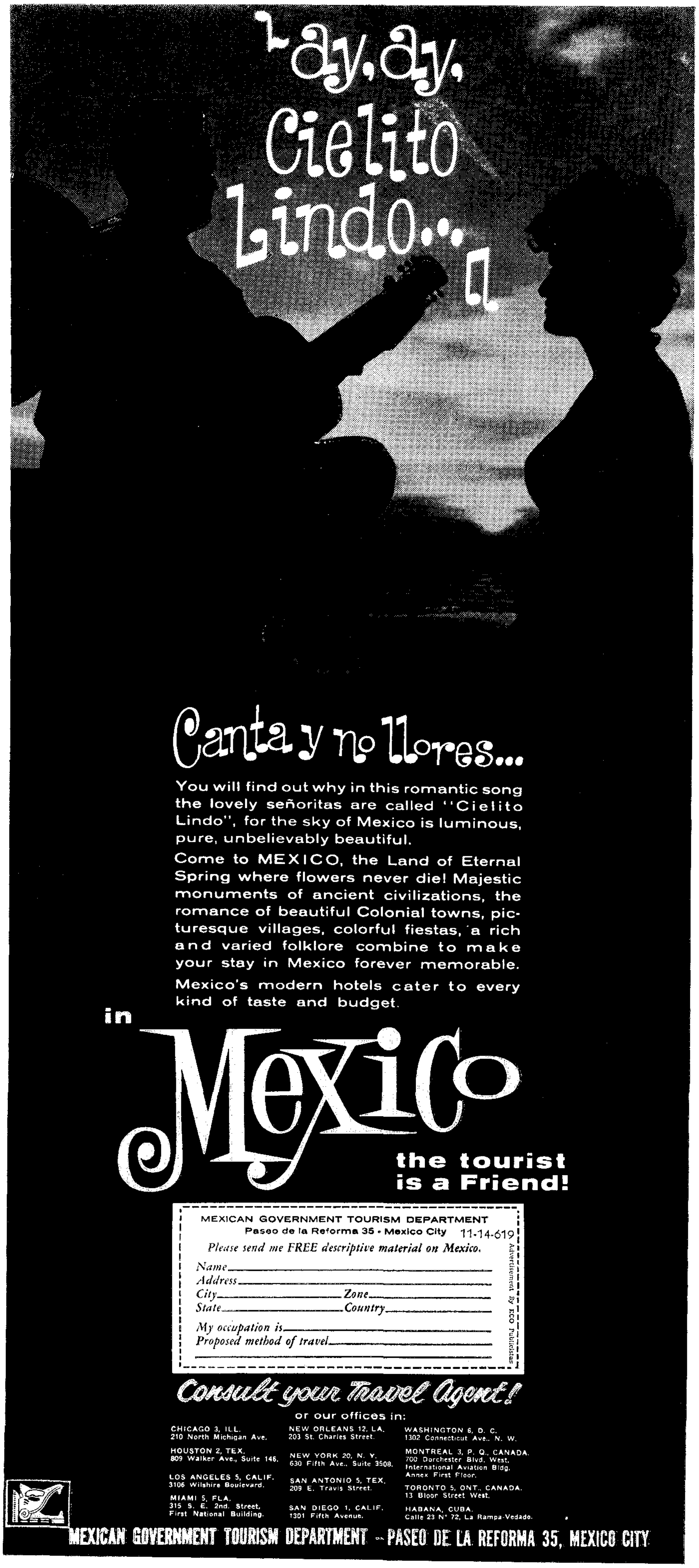
the messiest,” [illegible] Mrs. Nature) with the wolf’s attentions to the heroine, events that are carried forward by an assemblage made up of—in addition to the standard triumvirate—Three Clouds, a Dragon Fly, a Good Humor Man who has attended Yale and wears its letter on his chest, and assorted Trees, Flowers, Animals, and Skyscrapers. (An honest-to-God Good Humor man circulates around the theatre during intermissions, dispensing free wares.) “Willie the Weeper” is far more sober. Here we are let in on the secrets of Willie’s disordered mind through a Singing Willie and a Dancing Willie, who demonstrate his behavior when he feels lonely, baffled, or self-sufficient and when he dreams of being rich, famous, and the like. Miss de Lavallade, as Cocaine Lil, is involved with Willie’s amatory hallucinations, and when she appears onstage everything suddenly—and for the only time during the evening—falls into place. A tall, pretty, liquid girl, she pours rather than moves, brushes—but does not land on—the stage, and creates, unlike most of her colleagues, who tend toward elbowy squares, a series of endlessly graceful circular patterns. Most of the music for “Willie”—a proficient two-piano team supplies the accompaniment throughout the night—is based on the blues, out of which Moross fashions some highly effective melodies. The choreography tends toward stomach exercises and bottoms buoyantly bounced on the ground and in the air. The few redeeming moments of “The Eccentricities of Davy Crockett,” which lasts nearly an hour and which retells some of the tall tales associated with that maligned figure, are supplied by four jouncing, funny Indians, the long-haired beauty of Sallie Bramlette as Crockett’s wife, and a lascivious Mermaid, played by Alice Scott. Unfortu-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nately but understandably, Miss de Lavallade, all got up in red tights and flowing streamers as Halley's comet, never quite meshes with her materials.

POOR Stephen Foster! Driven by the misunderstandings of his family, friends, and associates to an early death on the Bowery, he has since been bathed in a compensatory sentiment that, imbibed with his music, demands the sweet tooth of a child. But even a child would turn green at "Beautiful Dreamer," the story, with music, of Foster's life that is on view at the Madison Avenue Playhouse. The writing, by William Engvick, plucks pleadingly at one's sleeve for attention, the dozen or so Foster songs are played and sung in a resolute college-dormitory manner, and there is no acting in the conventional sense of that term. Poor damned Foster! —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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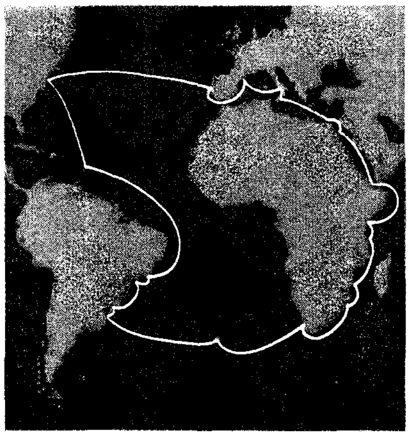

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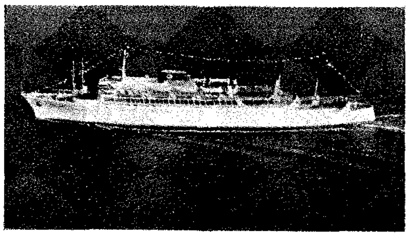

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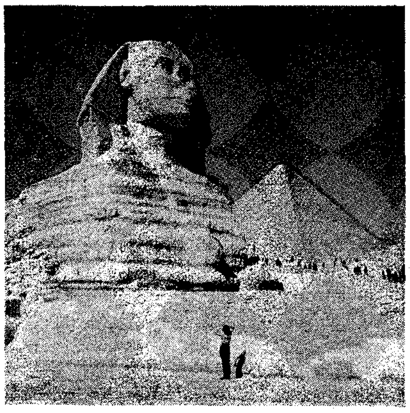

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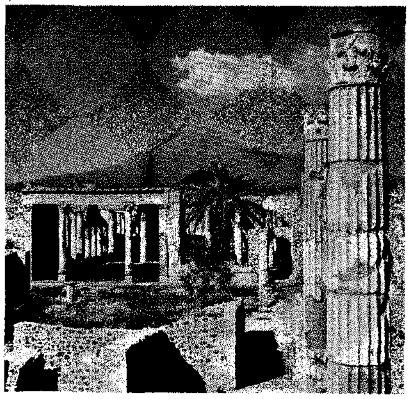

The ruins of Roman Pompeii, with Vesuvius in the background. Capri, Ischia, Rome are on the shore program, too.

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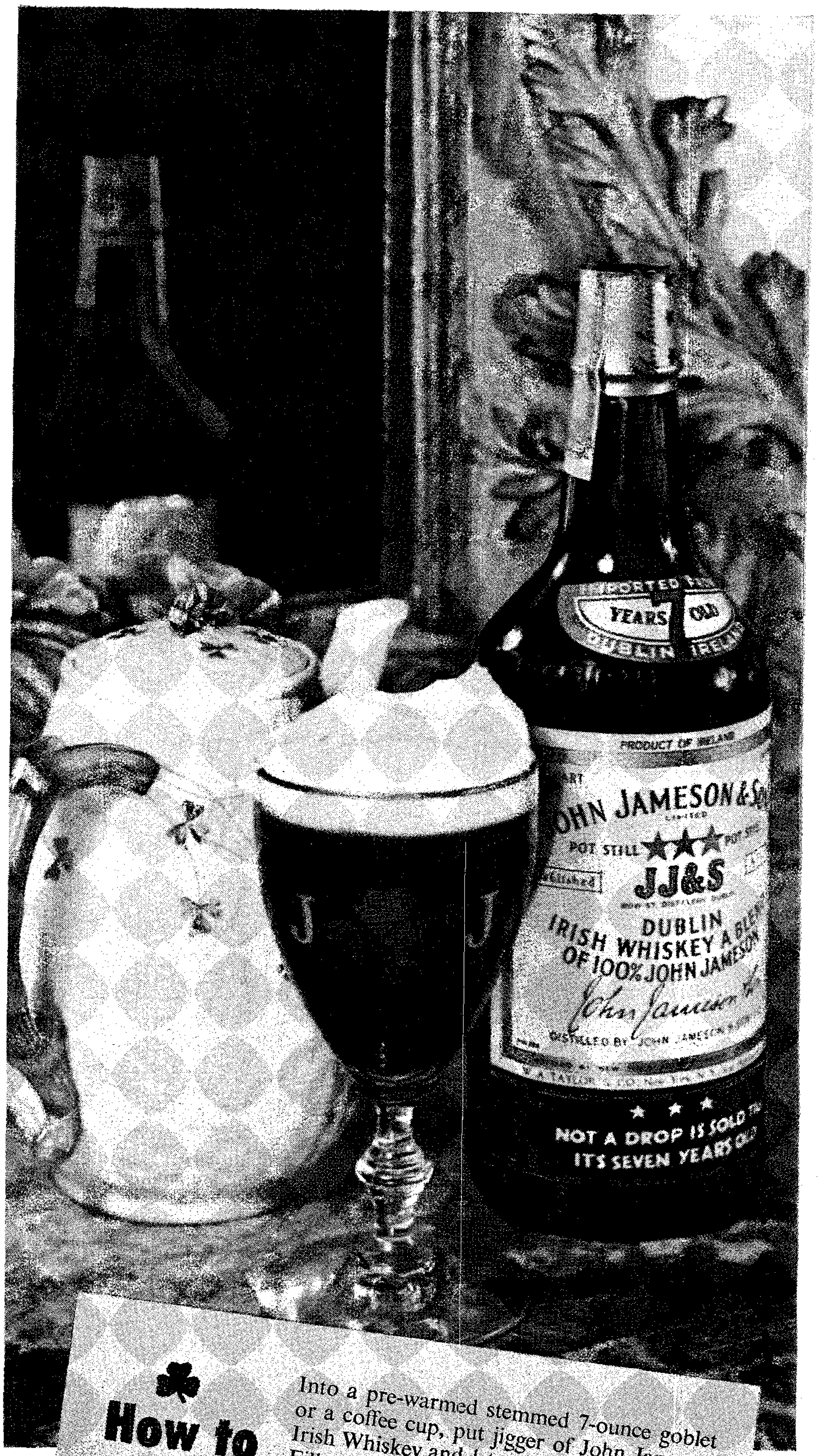

Americans stopping at the famous Shannon Airport first discovered the unique delight of Irish Coffee. Now, more and more smart spots are serving this fabulous drink . . . more and more people are making it at home. In San Francisco, for example, Irish Coffee is becoming as popular as the Dry Martini.

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Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P.S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

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MRS. KENNEDY'S CABINET

MAYBE Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy wouldn't have reached the White House entirely on her own—back of every successful woman you'll find a man—but I think it's becoming obvious that she has as strong a personality as her husband's, and that she will keep as firm a hand on the First Ladyship as he's expected to keep on the Presidency. I base this conclusion on a study of her cabinet appointments to date, which in many ways furnish a remarkable parallel to the President-elect's appointments to *his* cabinet. Not that Mrs. Kennedy is a copycat; if there are bold strokes to be noted on both sides of the family, the record will show that Mrs. Kennedy has almost always been the one to make them first. C. Douglas Dillon and Letitia Baldrige are a case in point. No doubt Mr. Kennedy took something of a political chance in naming Mr. Dillon his Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Dillon, who was at Harvard some years ahead of Mr. Kennedy, is not only a Republican but an important member of the outgoing administration, and once served it as Ambassador to France, and his appointment caused a good many Democrats in Washington to complain that Mr. Kennedy's courage had carried him too far. Well, but what of Mrs. Kennedy's courage when, several weeks before her husband chose Dillon, she chose Miss Baldrige, who was at Vassar a few years ahead of her, to be her social secretary? Miss Baldrige (once social secretary to Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the then Ambassador to France) is not only a Republican but has served as social secretary to former Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce. If *that* isn't going pretty far, I'd like to know what is.

More conventional on the part of the two Kennedys were the Ribicoff and Mr. Kenneth-of-Lilly-Daché appointments. Governor Ribicoff had been one of the earliest Kennedy backers, and it is well within the American tradition for members of a President's cabinet to include close political associates. Though Mr. Kennedy may have made no pre-election commitments to Governor Ribicoff, it would certainly have led to raised eyebrows if the Governor had been overlooked. We observe precisely the same situation in regard to Mr. Kenneth. He was for Mrs. Kennedy not only before Los Angeles and before Wisconsin but before 1960, and it was a foregone conclusion among political

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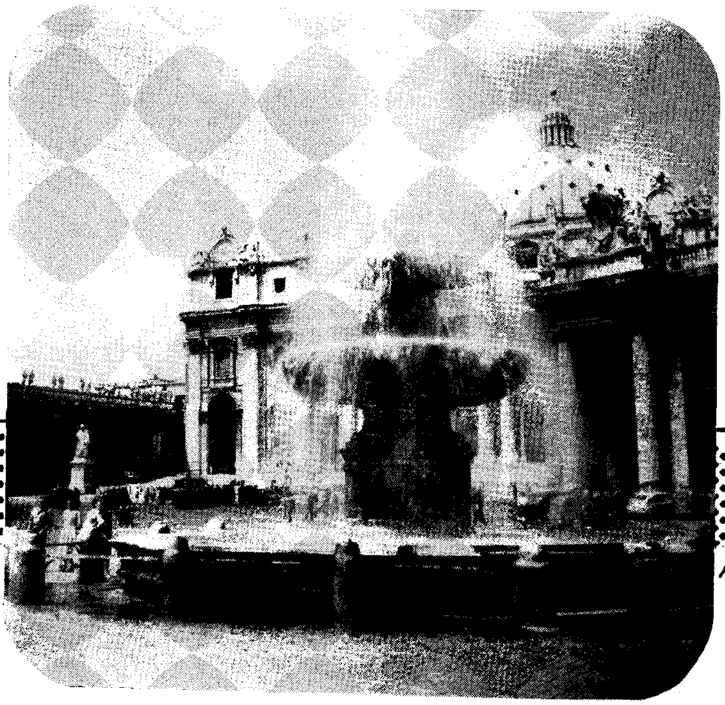

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Reader Number One. The first "rough" copies of Business Week arrive in our headquarters at about 3:30 every Thursday afternoon. At about the same time, each week, the president of a big company you know (name withheld at his request) sits down in a barber's chair at a certain New York hotel. Simultaneously, his messenger arrives at our office to pick up an envelope. The envelope is whisked uptown to

the executive in the barber's chair. He opens it and (during his weekly haircut) has the secret, anonymous pleasure of being the first subscriber in the world to read Business Week. Happens every Thursday.

•

Lafayette, here we come. Meanwhile, back at the office, the Circulation Manager has received a check from a financier with a familiar signature (used to appear on U. S. currency). The sender is off to his Paris residence for the

CAFE DE LA PAIX
BW
BW

winter; the check will cover air-mail delivery of Business Week while he's over there. He'll notify us well in advance of his return, so we won't skip a beat in the spring. Like the president in the barber's chair, he's been in the habit of doing this for years.

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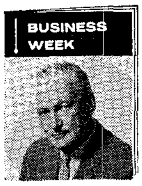

analysts that he would get the post of inauguration hairdresser. When the official announcement came, it caused understandably few headlines.

Of more interest to the press because it was more likely to lead to controversy was Mrs. Kennedy's inviting a family friend, William Walton, to help her choose which paintings to hang in the White House during the Kennedys' period of residence there. In artistic circles, this characteristic invitation stirred up as much excitement as Mrs. Kennedy's husband stirred up in other circles by naming Arthur Goldberg his Secretary of Labor. Mr. Goldberg is a labor lawyer, and his principal work has long been in a particular branch of the labor movement—with industrial rather than craft unions. Mr. Walton is a painter and has long been identified with a particular school of painting. It was thought that, as an abstract artist, he might tend to favor his fellow abstract artists over the academics, as Mr. Goldberg might favor the C.I.O. over the A.F.L. Traditional painters got the wind up and publicly deplored the probable consequences of Mrs. Kennedy's action, but the lady herself remained every bit as cool in the face of these criticisms as her husband was in respect to criticisms of his appointment of Mr. Goldberg.

IT may be worth noting, by the way, that the Kennedys are alike not alone in their boldness and coolness but in taking their time about things. A month after their election, Mr. Kennedy was without a Secretary of State and the First Lady-to-be was without a dress designer—the most important members of their respective cabinets.

For weeks, the press speculated that the new Secretary of State would be Stevenson, Bowles, or Bruce; all that seemed certain about the new dress designer was that it wouldn't be Nettie Rosenstein, who had made Mrs. Eisenhower's inaugural gowns. On December 10th, the *Times* ran a headline saying, "Choice of Bruce for Secretary of State Hinted," and at the same time gossip on Seventh Avenue, admittedly bitter in tone, held that Dior would get the dress-designing post. Three days later, the truth was out. On page 1 of the *Times*, the world was informed that Mr. Kennedy had appointed Dean Rusk as his Secretary of State, and on page 38 of the *Times* that Mrs. Kennedy had appointed Oleg Cassini as her dress designer. Since both announcements appeared on the same date, historians may never know which Kennedy made the

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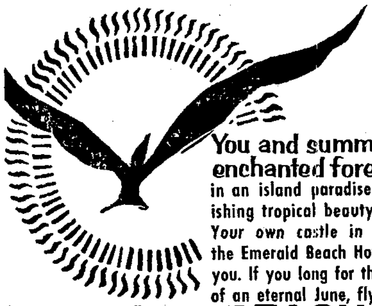

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The HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia

earlier appointment, but they will note that in both cases the Kennedys picked comparatively dark horses.

Finally, historians will also note that though Mr. Kennedy chose Dean Rusk as Secretary of State, he awarded a high sub-Cabinet post to Chester Bowles. For her part, Mrs. Kennedy, by special appointment, awarded the creation of her inaugural gown to Bergdorf Goodman, and it is, I think, significant that Bergdorf is making the gown from sketches drawn by Mrs. Kennedy herself. Apparently her appointees, like her husband's, will play important roles but mainly in the execution of policy. Those who know Jacqueline Kennedy will tell you that she intends to be her own First Lady. —SUSAN M. BLACK

•

PICTURES OF BURNING

Gold, gold and hot the winter light
burns, not warming, on the smooth green
leaves of the jungle plants; a kite
of heat, a warm breeze floats on the lean,
gritty winter air, haunting
the cold city with a lost spring.

Damp, damp with coarse, feed-kindled sweat,
the horses, alien as ghosts, hollow
their numb hooves back from the park's set
paths. The street, on fire with the slow
rage of winter sunset, is complete,
whole in its agony of concrete.

Up, up from the city, the slow,
deep river rises in the glory
of its bonfires of ice. The low
hills, bruised purple, guard the steely,
unyielding edges of the high,
flat, and tongueless face of the sky.

—JOHN RATTI

•

LAGOS (CNA-UPI) In the northern Nigerian town of Bauchi, a Moslem named Usman Yola was sentenced to 80 strokes of a cane for drinking beer.

The magistrates ruled that beer drinking was forbidden under Koranic law and was thus likely to cause a breach of the peace.

Penal canings are usually administered with a stout cane some four feet long. The man who wields the cane is not supposed to raise it above the level of his shoulder before beginning the down stroke. But eyewitnesses say that most players break this rule.—*China Post.*

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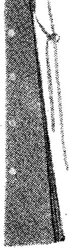

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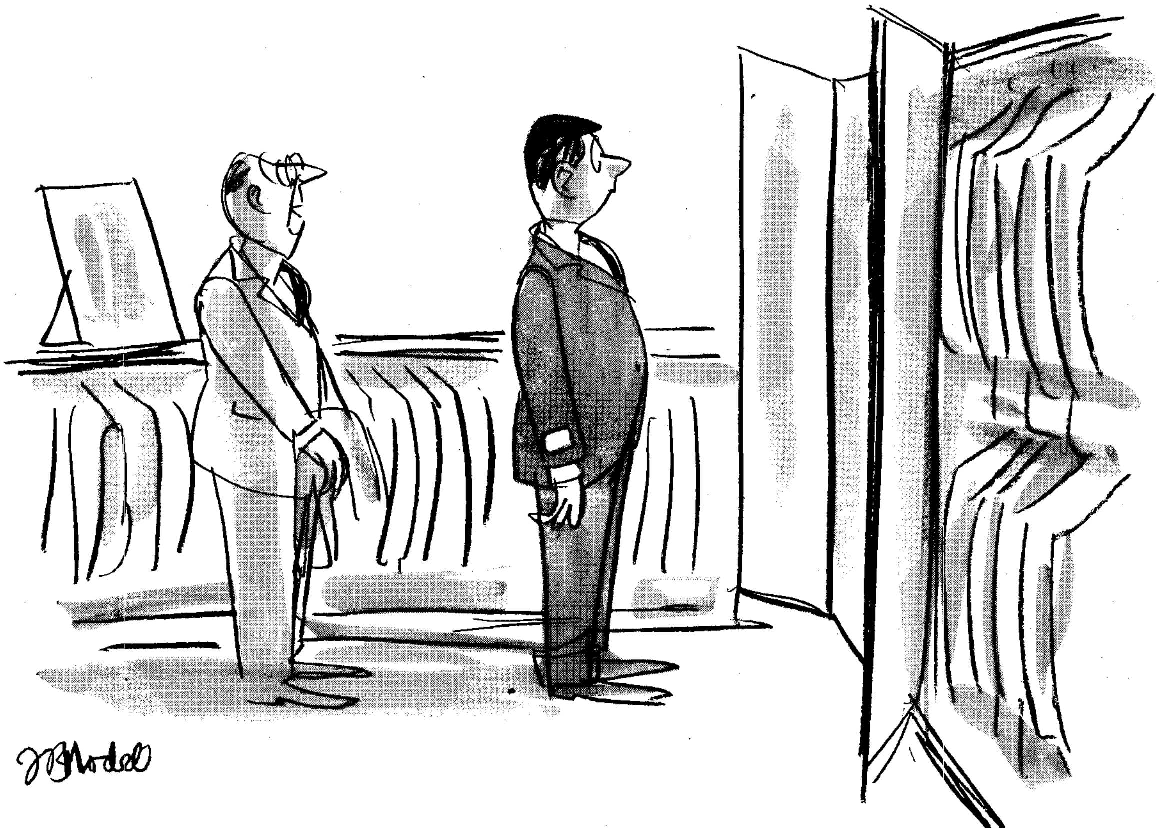
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

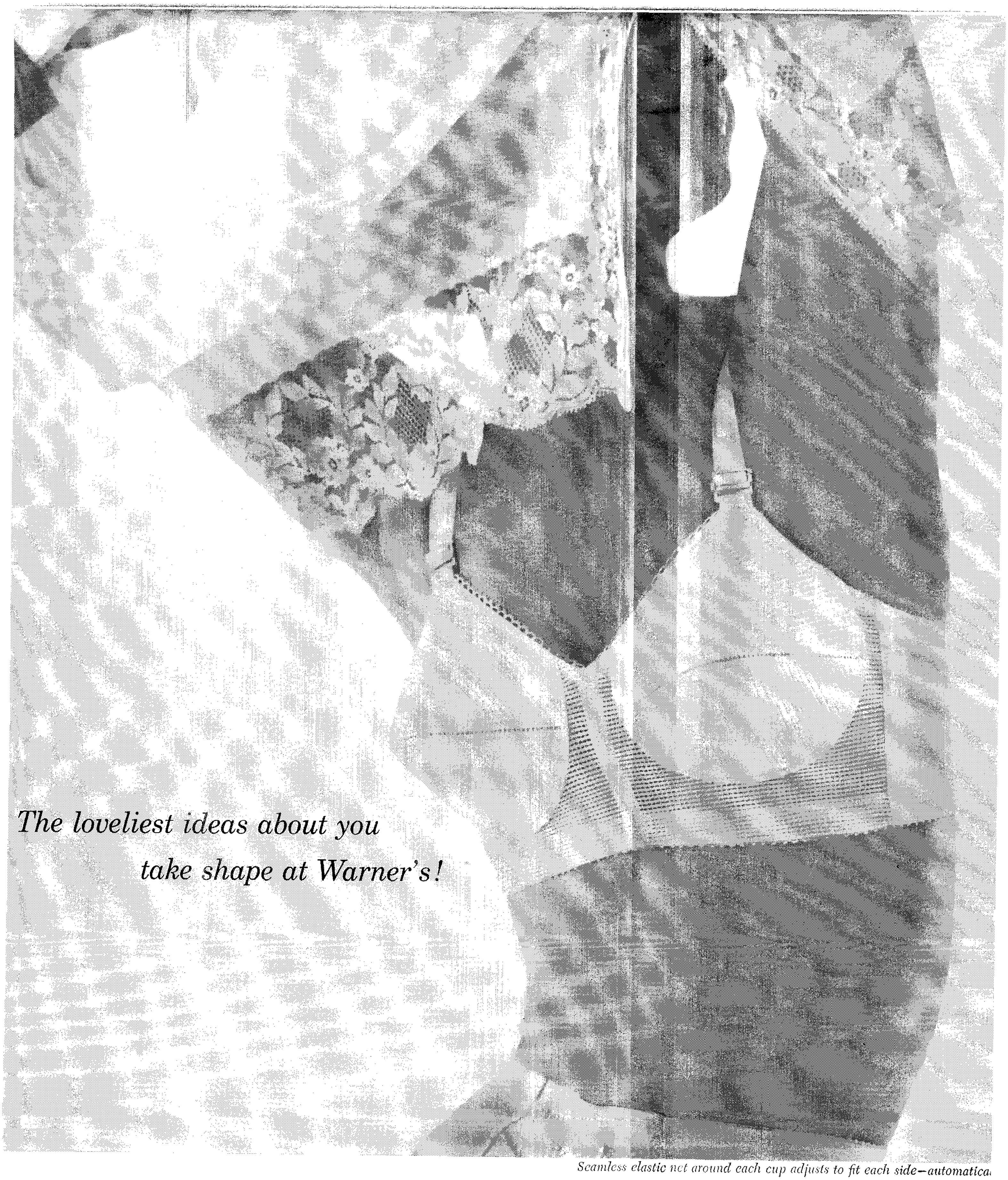
THE mood of happy abandon that should govern all journeys to warm-weather spots has already permeated the shops, which are deep in merchandise from here and abroad that is chiefly notable for color. Hot pinks and purples and insistent brass (no tinkling cymbals, though) are everywhere, and some of the prints, on every sort of fabric, are explosive enough to give Gauguin pause; combinations of colors like Shocking pink with hot orange are considered downright conservative where I've been. But never were there simpler, slicker linen dresses, ranging all the way in price from Nantucket Naturals, at $29.95, on up to Trigères, at $160 or environs. As for fabrics, the synthetics go on taking so many guises that it is impossible to tell them without the attached scorecard—and this mixes you up more than ever. One of the damnedest is Lycra, a power net that looks like brassière material but gives like elastic. In the hand, it is alarmingly transparent, but not in the bush—I mean, on the body. Elisabeth Stewart and Rose Marie Reid, two of the best-bred of our bathing-suit creators, are using the stuff. A Reid suit of it, white with a scrawly purple print all over, weighs little more than a Kleenex tissue. The suit has a deep oval back, those beautiful lines for which Reid is famous, and a skirted bottom; at Best and Bonwit (and others), for $35. Lines in general haven't changed much, for that matter, but be it noted that the loose top is more and more taking over from the tuck-in styles, which are constricting and also, in my experience, are forever tucking *out*. An extension of this idea is the good-looking straight tunics with an Oriental flavor that are in plentiful supply. Tina Leser, a mistress of color, has done one in silk covered with two-inch checks in several yellows, oranges, and pinks. It comes well down on the thighs, but is slashed to the waist at the sides, and persimmon silk pants are its concomitant; $90, at Bergdorf. Ohrbach has imported from Hawaii—well, not really imported; they're one of us, now—cotton-satin tunics of similar cut with three-quarter sleeves, frog fastenings, and Those Slits. The tunics are in darker tones than the tapered slacks that go with them, and outfits, at but $17.99, appear in mixtures like olive green and Nile green, raspberry and pink, orange and beige.

In any of the shops I am about to dwell upon *in extenso*, a woman can't help being gloriously and completely outfitted, so the best I can do is to point out the things that particularly appealed to *me*. Once you have decided which of these appeals to *you*, stay right in the store, because all around are any number of articles that mix, match, tangle, or in some other way make music together. The coördination of color throughout the sports departments extends to the dresses, too.

BENDEL is rife with imported play clothes that are very good indeed, especially the numberless red, white, and/or navy concoctions from Italy. An exceptionally soft denim in red or dark blue makes tapered pants; $25. With them belong vertically striped jackets, flaring a bit to the hipbone, of red-and-white or red-white-and-blue denim; $20. A silky bright-blue poplin makes short shorts, at $10, and a similar striped hip-length jacket, at $20. This same jacket also appears in a chartreuse silk over pale-blue pants (like all silk pants at Bendel, they're lined) or in putty over putty. I'm putty in the hands of all of them. Emilio Pucci *el magnifico* is represented here by stretch pants of heavy shantung (the fabric looks solid and is tailorable, but it stretches like a cat) in a small aqua-purple-and-blue mosaic, not to mention pants in twenty-five different solid colors. All the solid-color ones have bootees to match, and the sum total is $75. Pucci's print designs appear on plenty of other fabrics, such as the silk of some long-sleeved shirts, the matte jersey of some long-sleeved pullovers, the cotton georgette or batiste of some blouses, and so on and on. Hating Bermuda-length shorts as I do, I approve Bendel's preference for slightly shorter ones, like a pair from John Cavanaugh of London in a silky cotton with white squares on a black ground. Its long-



"I hope you notice how it says 'young executive on the way up' without spelling it out."



Seamless elastic net around each cup adjusts to fit each side—automatica

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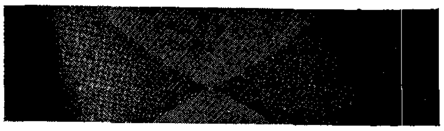
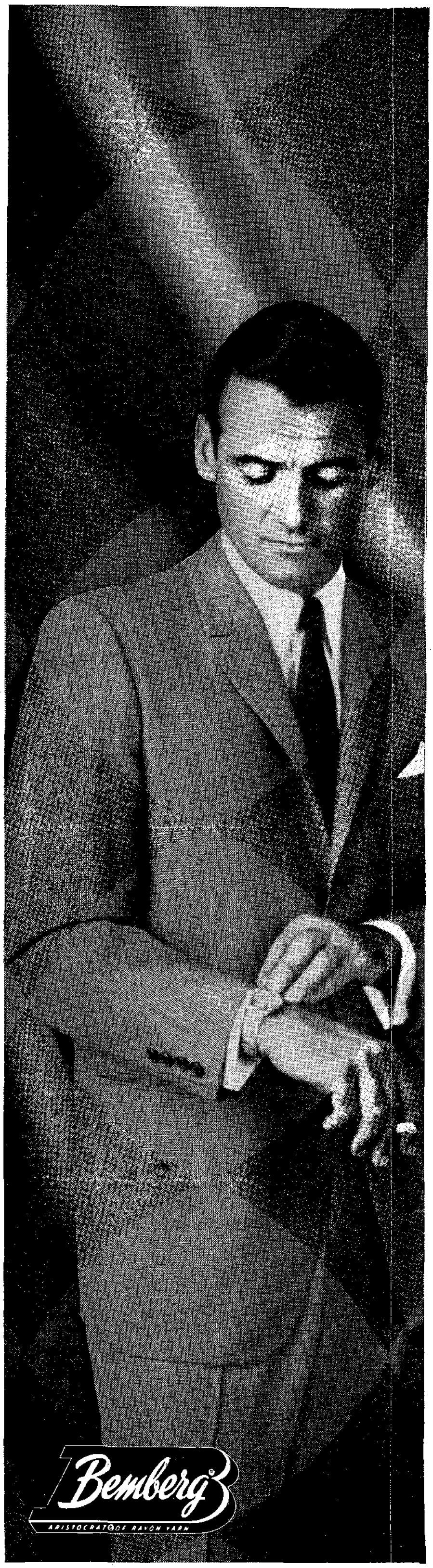


BAKER CLOTHES giant glen in light grey with red overplaid . . . a very new fabric from overseas. Matching its note of elegance is the Bemberg rayon lining by Skinner, a silken-soft texture of regal opulence. A suit of luxury, $125.



"Bemberg" is the registered trade-mark for American Bemberg cuprammonium rayon yarn.
BEAUNIT MILLS, Fibers Div., 261 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

sleeved shirt is black on white. From Anna Livia (and where have we heard *that* name before?) of Dublin come mad, ample patio skirts, day or full length, of homespun or (this is my favorite) a bright vermilion mohair, which is $55 or $75, depending on the length. With this one goes a hand-knit, sleeveless sweater top of white wool with a vermilion crossbar, at $45.

Up in Bendel's Young Timers Shop are almost the jauntiest Italian cotton dresses anyone ever saw, with taut midriffs and full, swinging skirts, often flounced and tiered, for between $35 and $75. Any number of prints are joined in the one dress; a top in a small red- or black-and-white check is paired with an eight-tiered skirt in as many stripes and checks, and a top in red-and-white one-inch checks is paired with a vertically striped skirt that has red-and-white polka-dotted panels down the side front. Makes you feel like a one-woman fiesta. Then there's a chemise dress, or beach cover-up, of white cotton, cut straight (it can be belted in, though), with a fly front. Cotton with black and white polka dots emerges from under the short sleeves, and a black-and-white checked oblong is appliquéd in back.

THE goodies that I especially liked at Best were imported from California, a sister republic that has *not* joined the Union, I believe. Among them are many of Cole's small bathing suits with the briefest possible pleated "skirts." One, of black synthetic silk jersey, is wrapped round and round the body, as if for high-style evening; another, gathered on a deep oval neckline, has a low waist and pleats below that. A Catalina venture is a gay little bathing shift—all fine-pleated white Dacron from the string-strap upper works to the top of the thighs. A string tie makes the waistline, if anyone *wants* a waistline. Mr. Gee has executed a nice return to a skirted suit—except that it turns out to be a culotte. It's of silky white cotton with a splashy chartreuse-and-green print, and he's given it a camisole neck and a low back; $25. Next is a Mr. Gee two-piece suit that is usually of red-and-white striped mattress ticking piped with red. Red frogs appear on the short bodice and alongside the slits on the short panties. From Cabana come tapered pants of pseudo-shantung, with reversible tops that have bateau necks and three-quarter sleeves. The pants are solid color; the tops are solid on one side and print on the other reverse. Best also has Cabana's striped

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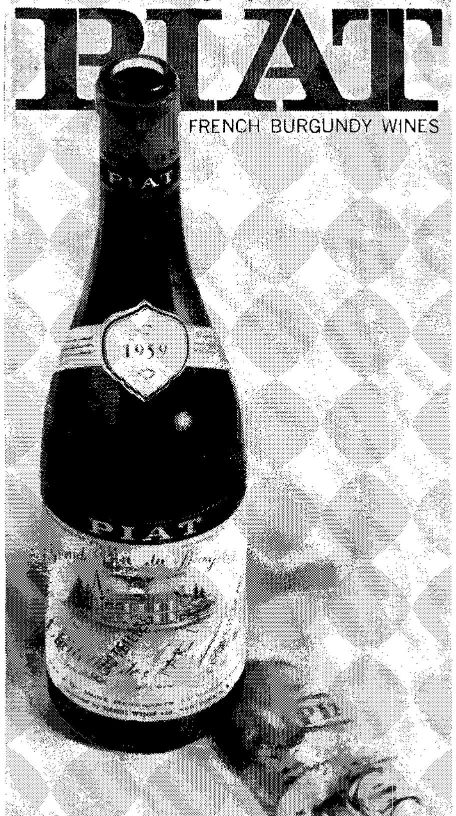

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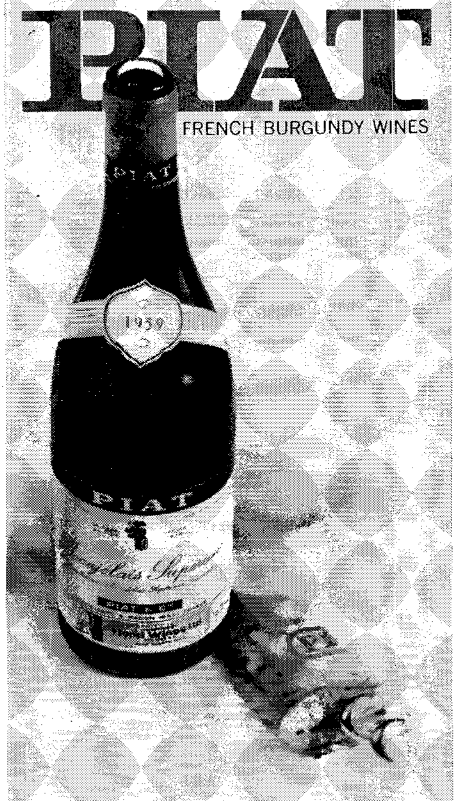

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cotton bathing suit with a sarong wrap up on one hip. Its cover-up coat is perfection—a straight sheath with a bateau neck and tiny brass buttons fastening all the way down one side. Among Best's dresses is a nice array of basic linen sheaths in a choice of a million colors. One from Harmay, for $39.95, has a high, oblong neck, bone buttons down the side, and a low hip seam; a Nantucket Natural, at $29.95, has a round neck, a double row of buttons down the narrow front panel, and decorative pockets on hips and chest. There is also a joyous collection of full-skirted dance dresses, both flagrant and demure. In the first category is Martini's silk print in purples and reds and greens—a short-sleeved number with pannier draping at the sides and butterfly folds down the back below the waist, for a bustle effect. In the second category is Highlight's pale-pink tissue taffeta with warp-printed red roses and pale-yellow daisies; $79.95. Slanting bow detail runs through the wide crushed cummerbund in front.

THE far corners of the earth are common places to Ohrbach's buyers, as its resort shop stands ready to prove. The Irish linen separates are some of the most imaginative in the whole city. Let's start with a twelve-gored skirt that has outward tucks (it folds absolutely flat), the gores in such combinations as turquoise, mauve, and prune or beige, bright green, and raspberry; $10.99. There are plain scoop-necked blouses, pleated skirts, Bermuda shorts, and jackets in these colors, too, but solid. West Germany contributes startling things, one being a suit of Helanca yarn with an incredibly short maillot bottom and a real sedate oval-necked top that has cap sleeves; this outfit comes in a dark-red and purply-blue print, at $25. (N.B.: The same sort of suit—tank top with sleeves plus maillot bottom—is at Bendel, but from France this time.) Italy (via Simonetta) contributes a sassy little play suit of orange- or turquoise-barred cotton. A four-inch ruffle goes across the upper thighs of the short pants, and a similar ruffle sits at the base of the straight top to produce a two-tiered look. Wide-eyed Ohrbach has also discovered America. One proof of this is a soft wool-knit bathing suit with brief bloomer bottoms and three horizontal bands of up-and-down tucking from the waist to just under the bosom; $19.95. It shows up in black, orange, and coral. All manner of slacks, shorts, and Chanel-type jackets of a Tara cotton tweed (sort of a homespun

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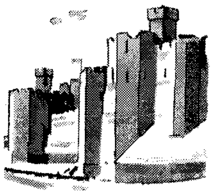
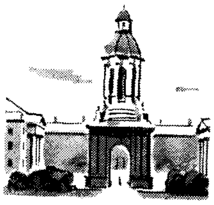
My diary-on-wheels...in Britain

(Souvenir notes by Rail Borne)

LOCH LOMOND...Don't know whether we took the high road or the low, but the train ride along the Clyde from Glasgow to Balloch is really something to write home about! Finally, my journey's quest . . . bonnie Loch Lomond itself. Lovelier than anyone could imagine. And it was so easy to get here on British Railways. No wonder the British themselves always travel this way!

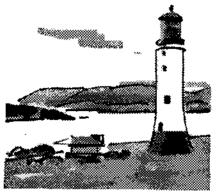


WALES . . . Land of castles it is called . . . and music! No people on earth take greater joy in singing than do the Welsh. Or do it so naturally and well. It was in Caernarvon Castle that the very first Prince of Wales was born in the year 1284. I will also never forget my first glimpse of grim old Chepstow Castle, standing guard through the centuries at the mouth of the legend-haunted River Wye. And my favorite place name *anywhere:* Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantisiliogogogoch! So help me. I was there.



DUBLIN . . . The "Emerald Isle" sure does live up to its name. The whole countryside seems to leap right up at you, it's so bright green! Had a delightful time on the crossing via British Railways cross-channel steamer. So much to see and do in this lovely city. And everywhere the melody of the Irish cadences I remember hearing at my grandmother's knee. Cultivated Dubliners speak the purest English in the world, I was told. Who could argue?

BATH . . . Whether you pronounce it with a "broad a" or a short one, Bath is a totally charming city in the heart of the Avon Valley. One of *the* great spas in the world. The Romans founded it in the 1st Century A.D., I found out, calling it "Aquae Sulis" or "Waters of Sul", a British goddess. They took no chances and built a temple to propitiate her. Am bringing back plenty of snapshots of the many beautiful 18th Century buildings all over the city.



PLYMOUTH . . . The giant shadow of Sir Francis Drake dominates the history of this great seaport. Like all tourists, one of the first places I rushed to see was the Hoe, one of England's finest promenades. It rises 120 feet above the sea, and the view you get of the Sound defies description. Legend tells how news of the approaching Spanish Armada was first brought to Drake here while he was bowling. Unperturbed, he insisted on finishing his game before turning to the job of sinking it!

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surface) are here, too, and all manner of silk-lined pants in vivid solid colors or prints. The pants are $16.99, and they're done in many shantungs and some cotton brocades, the most eccentric of the latter being an olive green with purple and American Beauty roses imprinted thereon.

ALTMAN is on a culotte diet, and the Robert Sloan offerings are part of the reason. One of his efforts, Bermuda length, is of bright-coral cotton with a straight, boat-necked, sleeveless top down to the hips, where what appears to be a ten-inch ruffle takes over (the ruffle is in reality a miniature divided skirt); $18.95. Kelly cotton does a long-waisted Sloan day dress whose culotte is hidden in the folds of the gathers below the waist. He also puts forth one of the handsomest linen dresses around, of yellow linen with black polka dots, to which he adds black piping down the low back. There are deep inverted pleats on the front and the back of the culotte skirt. Another Sloan idea—this time for out-and-out pants—is using white eyelet embroidery on white piqué in beachcomber length, at $19.95. He also uses it for a sleeveless topper, at $12.95. They'd give a kind of Mexican look to cocktails on the patio, which Altman doesn't supply. Another Sloan notion is a beach dress, ending above the knees, with separate beach pants that end just *below* the knees. I saw it in Mediterranean-blue cotton covered with white scrawls that could be butterflies. At Altman is also visible Brigance's already famous one-shoulder bathing suit in diagonal chocolate stripes on spongy white cotton. (Lots of one-shoulder décolletés are in town, and lots of diagonal stripes.) This ends in boy pants. There is a circular, buttoned-down-the-front skirt to match. The prices are $16.95 and $14.95, respectively. Masket Brothers are up to divided-skirt tricks. What they call a bowling dress is of shirtwaist persuasion. There are short, cuffed sleeves, and a deep pleat up the back past the waist conceals the culotte until you step up to hurl a ball down the alley; $22.95 in a variety of colored cottons. The Masket foundry has also done a beach dress of soft sailcloth in a nasturtium print. This has long sleeves and a Bermuda-length gathered skirt. Tapered orange or white sailcloth pants to go with it are on hand, but this addition seems silly. Toni Owen has put forth a quantity of separates in wool jersey—brass-buttoned jackets, skirts with soft, unpressed pleats, and the like. My pet

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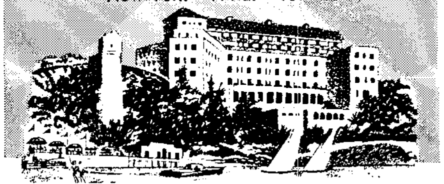

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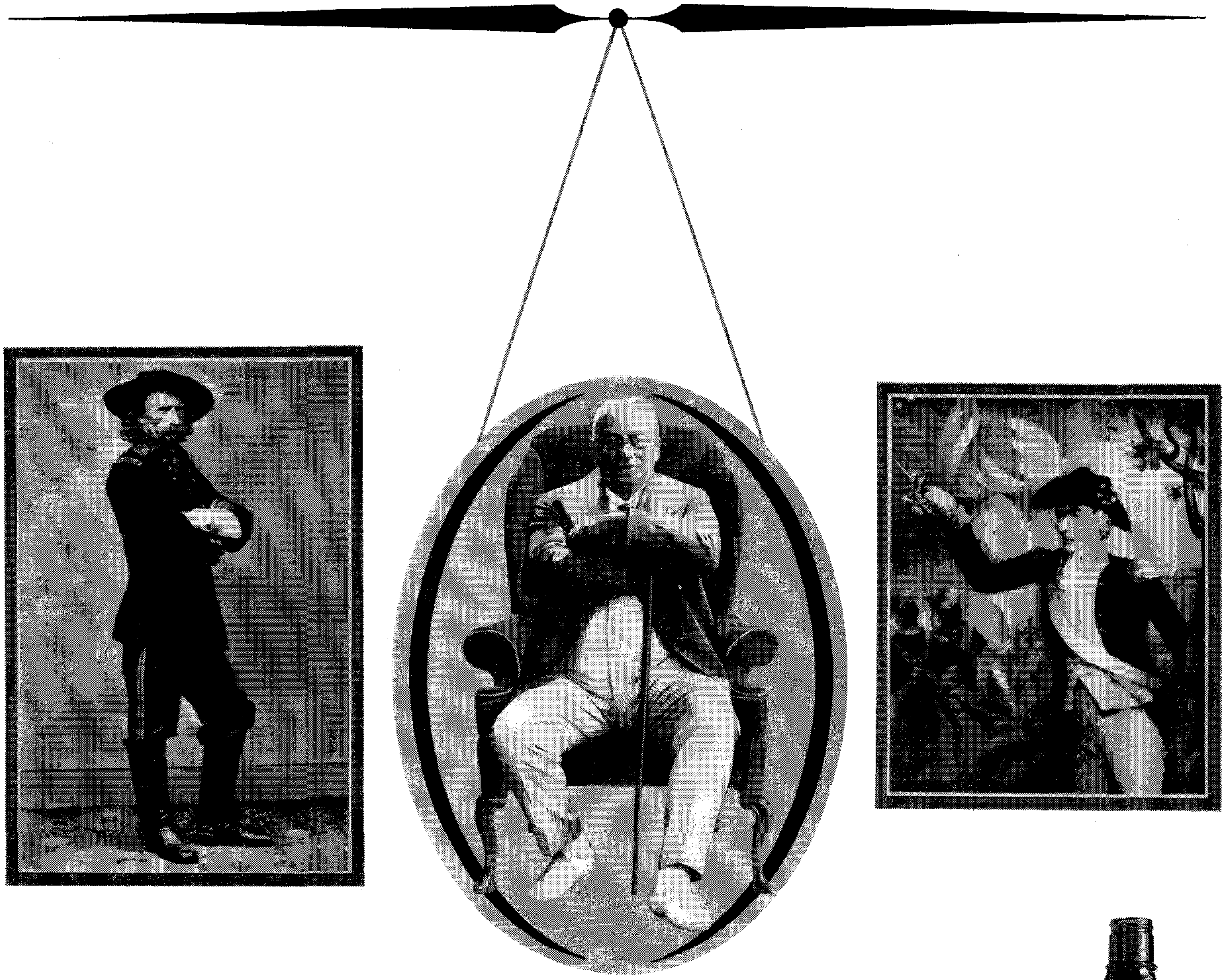
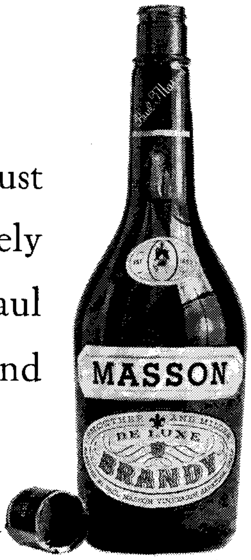
Paul Masson didn't say: "Brandy is for Heroes."



No. Actually the quotation is "He who *aspires* to be a hero must drink brandy." And it was Boswell who said it. Paul Masson merely added, "My brandy." Still, it was a quotable, potable quote. Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along and discovered his golden delight for your heroic self.



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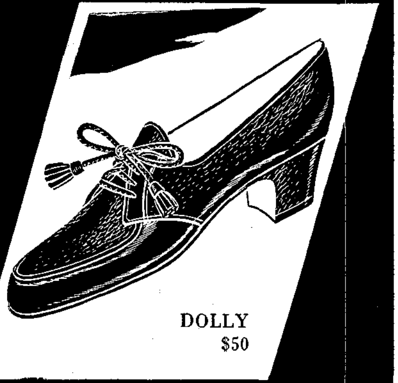

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CASUAL CORNER

combo starts with a waist-length jacket that flares astern and is semifitted forward; three big pearl buttons adorn the front. The other components are a straight skirt and a white piqué blouse with a sort of turtleneck collar that rises above the collarless neck of the jacket.

Bonwit Teller is devoted equally to its European finds and to the workings of its own B. H. Wragge. B.T. loves the French way with red and navy for jersey bathing suits. One three-piece affair consists of exceedingly vestigial navy pants, a navy bra that is not much more than two cups, and a navy oval-necked, sleeveless top horizontally striped in red and ending just above the waist; $35. Red and navy stripes go diagonally round and round the body of a two-strap bathing suit of Helanca; $25. From France also come featherweight nylon suits in blurred Paisley prints with low backs and shirring down the ribs. There's a big assortment of these fast-drying beauties at from $19.95 to $27.95. But it is from West Germany that the Bonwit bikinis arrive, escorted, however, by long-sleeved shirts for the moment when a delivery boy approaches your private pool. There are polka-dotted cotton bikinis (no yellow, though) and rose-printed sort of chintzy ones. The bra and the pants are infinitesimal, and the pants can be worn way down. They're around $25 and $35 for the three pieces. American are boy-pants one-piece bathing suits from Gabar—white piqué with embroidered red or blue triangles all over them—with separate skirts to match. American, too, are Cabana's rowdy printed sarong bathing suit and sarong-wrapped skirt. Lined silk pants by Jackfin, in emerald, turquoise, Shocking, and plenty of other colors, taper from their smooth waistbands. Jackets to match have split band collars. Wragge is doing not only his slick dresses but loads of separates, to be flung together any which way. His sleeveless blouse of very sheer raw silk has the deep cowl drapery at the neck that is his this year's trademark, and a great one. It comes in plain colors or in his own prints; $22.95 to $35. Loose-weave silk linen makes a Wragge straight skirt and a hipbone-length overblouse with a dickey effect inside the V detail on the chest. There are wraparound Wragge skirts of natural Moygashel raw silk, wrapped forward to fringed ends in front of one hip. An officer's jacket, semifitted and of men's linen, has huge plastic buttons below its

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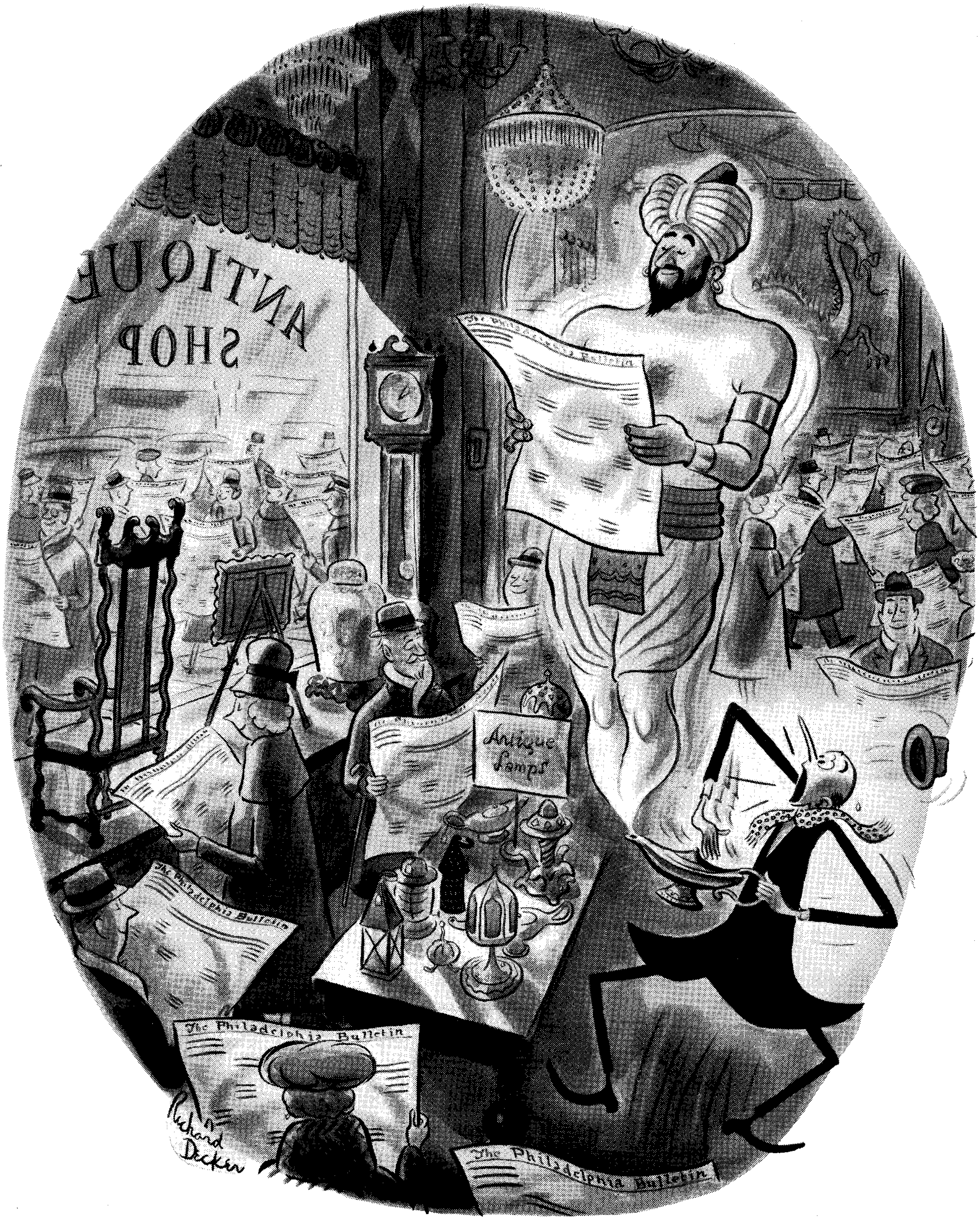
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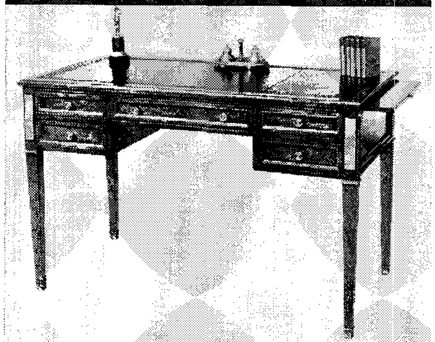

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pointed collar. The Wragge colors dominate all of these items—a brassy yellow, a bright orange (these are tremendous together), a light blue, and a greenish gray he calls Grasshopper. Mr. W. has also evolved a Bermuda-length golf skirt for women who don't like shorts. This is slim-hipped, with a deep inverted pleat down the back and the traditional patch pocket behind the right hip. It's done in that men's linen in white and the colors aforementioned, at $29.95, or in white doeskin, at $39.95. And consider his chiffon Smoke Rings, which drop over the head and drape easily around a too plain neckline for any time of day, North or South; $5.

I LIKE bright colors and crazy prints as well as the next one, but I must admit that going into Macy's Little Shop and being confronted with cool, misty Swiss cottons was a treat. There are many kinds of full-skirted dresses and separate tops of the dressy sort, one of the pairs in white with pale-gray swallows flying across it, and another of pale-gray cotton with white daisies appliquéd all over it, and some whose daisies have yellow centers to match a yellow background. Townley (U.S.A.) has contributed this type of pale serenity, too. Three white cranes fly across the blue silk-linen ground of one of this firm's typical sleeveless sheaths, which has a double self string belt and a full separate overskirt, for bouffant moods; $125. And Walter Bass has done a terrific reversible sheath dress of matte silk jersey, with a bateau neck and buttons on each shoulder. The dark side can be worn outward for daytime, and the light one when nightfall arrives. This appears in mixtures like olive and bright pink, red and pink, and light cocoa and blue; $49.95.

In the store's South Shop are the bathing suits, and Jantzen, the old cut-up, has gone mad with portholes and cutouts. Elasticized cotton faille makes a suit that is slashed to below the waist in back. It's black with white piping or white with black piping. Inch-wide prisoners' stripes (black, naturally) encircle a suit with a maillot bottom and a strap top, in which Vs are cut to expose the ribs; $22.95. Jantzen's tank suits come to you straight from the twenties. One, with a camisole neck, has wide navy stripes across the white knit that makes the top; the maillot bottom is of navy knit, and there's a white elastic belt. The cost is $19.95. Another flapper affair is of Helanca in bright dark blue, with a white band that suggests a low waistline, and white binding

Cotillion room

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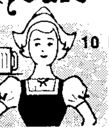

[VOL. III Nº XIII]

flaiṫiúlaċ

OH, how dismal it is to be told that something suffers in the translation! Or that of course there is no exact English equivalent for such-and-such expression (like Gemütlich or ¡OLE!, or almost anything in French). What can one say or do? Only sit there like a lump and feel wretched because one is not *au fait.** ❧ Which is why we ⟦The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland⟧ are most anxious to reassure you about the Irish word in the heading: it neither suffers in the translation nor does it lack an exact equivalent in English. And it is pronounced approximately the same way though you would never guess it from looking at the two of them. In Irish, you see, *ai* is pronounced *ah;* a dotted *t* is pronounced *h;* the *i* hardly counts for anything; this brings us to *u* which under the foregoing conditions comes out *hoo;* the sound of *lac* quite defies explanation. Thus we have:

FLAHOOLICK

Now, flahoolick means unstinting that is ample and generous. Flahoolickness is a quality much admired and there is never enough of it. ❧ Anything can be flahoolick under certain conditions. Even water, supposing you were crawling on your hands and knees across the desert and in the broiling sun and came across a waterfall though what it would be doing there we are not prepared to say. Lemon squash can be flahoolick if you are nine years old or inordinately fond of lemon squash. Draught beer is flahoolick; seltzer bottles are flahoolick; large linen napkins are flahoolick; long nightshirts are virtually always flahoolick. ❧ Tea bags, on the other hand, are unflahoolick, and so is one lambchop. Wrapped sugar cubes, tiny glasses of orange juice, doormats without "WELCOME" on them, and those olives with empty holes that look as though someone stole the pimiento out of them are, for one reason and another, not flahoolick. Irish Whiskey is flahoolick; O it is the acme of burnished, emphatic flahoolickness. ❧ In fine, "flahoolick" is well expressed by one man's definition of how to pour Irish Whiskey: close your eyes and feel generous. (More next week)

---

* *There is no exact English equivalent for this expression.*

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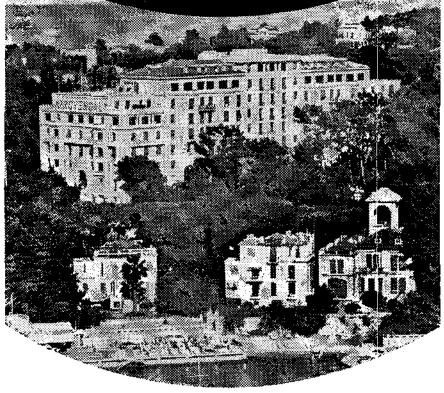

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on the short sleeves. It's bateau-necked in front and has a deep V back; $35.

ALL the imports that I have discussed seem to me to have a distinctive foreign flavor in design, even though Europeans have sensibly been studying American sizes and inclinations, or to have such details as handwork that could not be achieved here at the price. Our American manufacturers boast about their imported fabrics and often acknowledge that the source of their ideas is Givenchy, Simonetta, or whoever. I am all for hands-across-the-sea and lively competition from every quarter. What I *don't* like is my growing suspicion that some buyers who go abroad take with them a trunk of American bathing suits and sheaths to be copied there in other fabrics, so that they can return to talk about their "exclusive little imports" from a "little designer" on a side street in Milan or Salzburg. I say "my growing suspicion" because it is not too difficult to notice similarities between what these uncelebrated "little designers" are now doing and what genuine designers the likes of—oh, Larry Aldrich and Cole have been doing back here for years. The produce of this sort of copycatting I have tried to avoid. And, finally, if anyone thinks that this is the end of my exploration of clothes for resort places and climates, please think again.

—LOIS LONG

•

He recalls that Devon police landed on Lundy without trouble a few years back when a demented lighthouse keeper Ran Amok, arrested him and took him to the mainland.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press.*

All the Amoks were a little daft, heaven knows.

•

Q—Is celery found in the wild state?

A—No, Happy Hunting Ground is a name given by the white man to the place where Indians go after death. The Indian's idea of a heaven was that it was a place where he could sing, dance, and enjoy life.—*Ogden (Utah) Standard Examiner.*

Next question.

•

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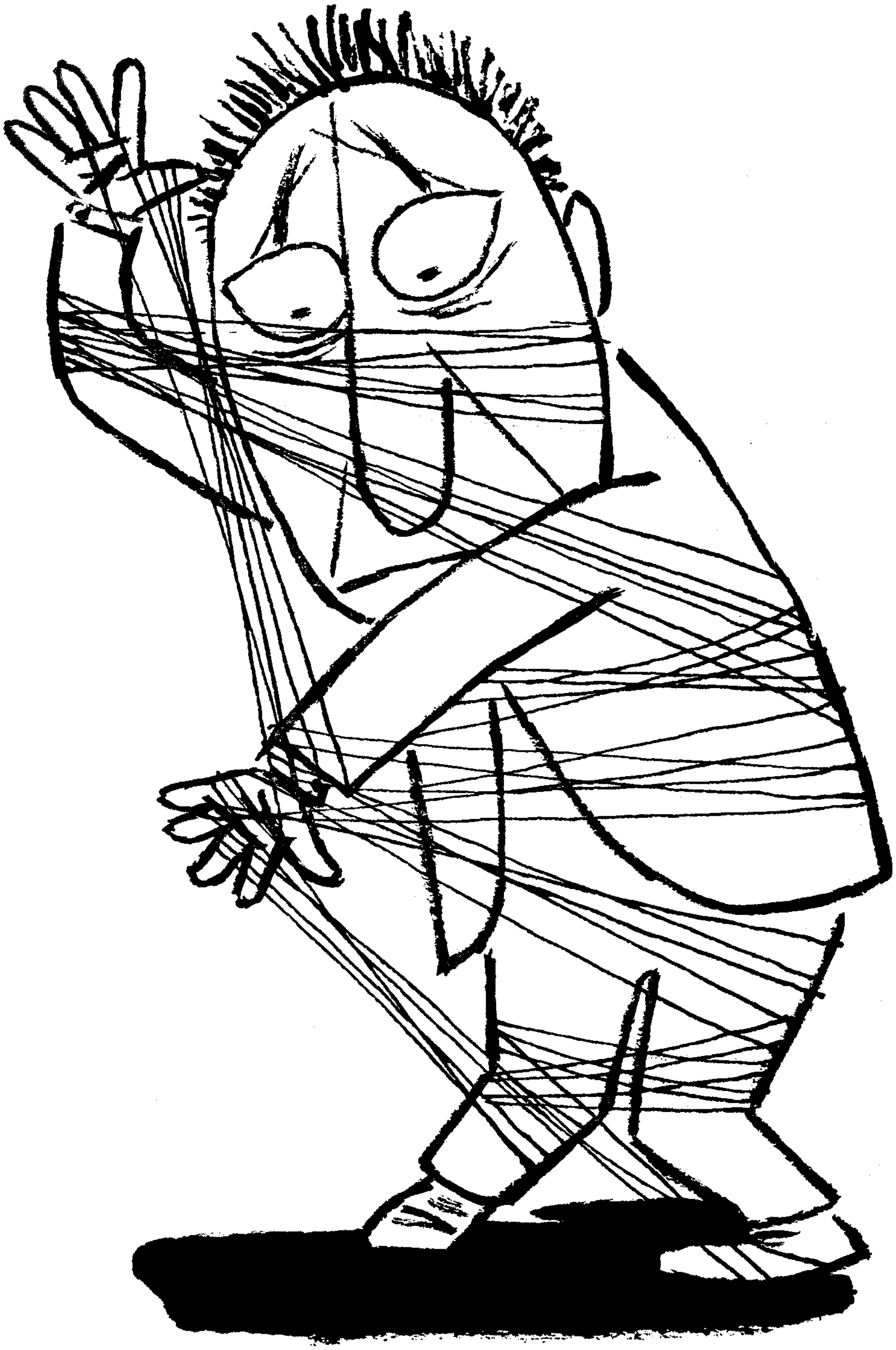

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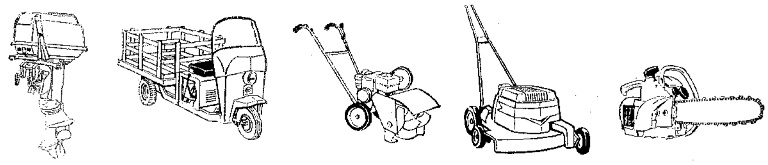
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXV—KNOXVILLE, TENN.

ALT., 933. Pop., 111,827. There is very little to be said for downtown Knoxville. Even third-generation and fourth-generation Knoxvillians, a prideful people, tend to shudder when walking through downtown. It is impossible to point to any one thing—a gray corner, a haphazard building, a cluttered street—as the root of the distress. "I love the place as though it were my own child, you understand," an elderly Knoxville resident said not long ago, "but I think we must face the fact that downtown Knoxville is just plain ugly." The visual burden is overpowering, and an attempt has been made to ease it by introducing canned music into as many public places as possible. It is a daring form of civic therapy, the notion being that what the eye cannot tolerate the ear may, in some small measure, assuage. Knoxville has never been considered a musical city, but music is to be heard everywhere—in elevators, in restaurants, in shopping centers. Music pours forth from hidden amplifiers all over town. The fact that at any given moment it is the same piece of music all over town does not necessarily detract from its therapeutic value. People listen for the simple reason that if they do not listen they look, and if they look they are undone. The idea is to keep the music going at all costs. Stop the music, and the people will begin to shudder. Students of Knoxville feel that "Ol' Man River" is far and away the all-time favorite piece of amplified music. The fact that Knoxville lies on the Tennessee River and that Ol' Man River is Mr. Mississippi does not seem to affect the popularity of the piece. Generally speaking, a person cannot walk more than a few hundred yards in any direction without hearing, from somewhere or other, the strains of "Ol' Man River." "That Ol' Man River followed me around one day until I thought I would take leave of my senses," a travelling salesman who works the Knoxville territory recently remarked. "Don't tell *me* he don't say nuthin'!" In a further attempt to liven things up downtown, the restaurants have taken to serving baked Idaho potatoes wrapped in silver foil and topped with sour-cream-and-chive dressing. This notion, of course, is by no means confined to Knoxville, but it is particularly well entrenched there. Some downtown restaurants feel so strongly about the matter that they fine a patron ten cents if he wants to substitute French fries for a baked Idaho potato wrapped in silver foil and topped with sour-cream-and-chive dressing. And still other steps are being taken to do something about downtown. Where the old market place once stood, a bright new mall is being erected, with suitable arrangements for the piping in of music. Flower cars are still angle-parked near the site of the old market place both day and night. By day, they are filled with fresh flowers. At night, they are just empty automobiles, angle-parked. Many of them have been parked in the same spot for years, exercising squatters' rights. They are not moved at night because they cannot be moved. Their motors were long since taken out. A while ago, a group of merchants along two blocks of Gay Street, downtown, became aware of the fact that their stores looked even worse from the rear than from the front. They combined forces to create a shopping center—put up a concrete promenade running the length of the block along the rear of the stores, bought up property behind the block and turned it into a parking lot, and linked the parking lot and the promenade with a moving stairway. They then arranged to pipe in "Ol' Man River." A huge aluminum screen was placed across the rear of the stores, hiding from all but the most discerning eye the many fire escapes meandering down the back walls. The promenade has given downtown a lift. There was a real-estate holdout, of course—a quick-lunch counter, which still does business at the same old stand, down by the parking lot. It is an eyesore. "Rome," says one Knoxville man dedicated to the improvement of downtown, "was not built in a day."

KNOXVILLIANS take their minds off downtown by turning to the mountains and the lakes. God made



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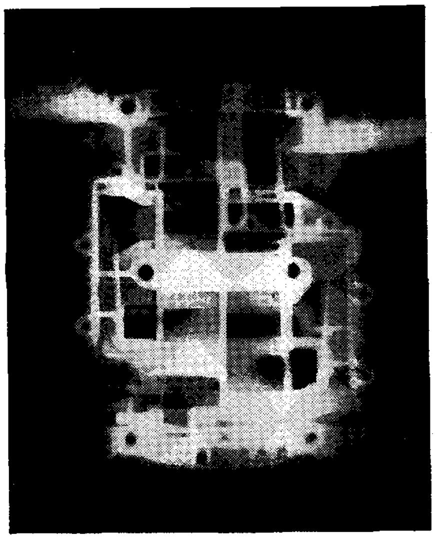

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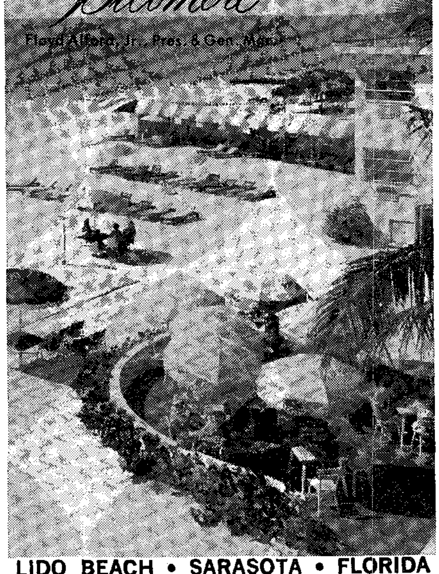

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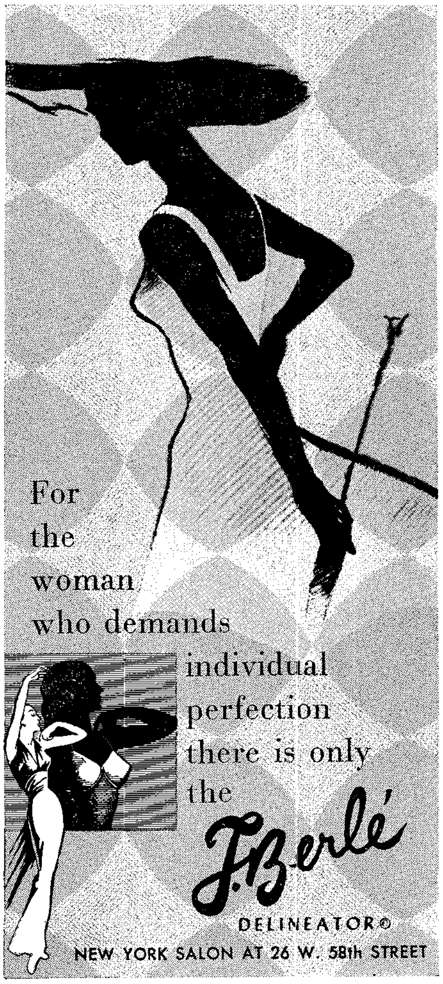
the mountains, and the Tennessee Valley Authority made the lakes. The mountains that God made are the Great Smokies, and they sit, unblemished, majestic, and without musical accompaniment, some forty miles to the east of Knoxville—vast, tall, and deep enclaves of virgin forest. Knoxvillians drive to them in less than an hour, trudge their trails, climb their peaks, and forget downtown. Do not feed the bears in the Great Smokies. They may be lovable, but nobody knows for certain. Many people sentimentally feel that the bears will eat right out of one's hand; it is possible that they will eat the hand, too. When a Knoxvillian feels the need for water, rather than mountains, he drives a few miles to one of the huge lakes created by the T.V.A. The T.V.A. headquarters are in Knoxville. In 1933, the people of Knoxville did not look kindly upon the arrival of the T.V.A. and its personnel. Matters have been straightened out now, but it took time. The Knoxville people thought the T.V.A. people thought the Knoxville people were hillbillies, lounging in the streets in their bare feet and saying "rahs" for "rice"—an economically and culturally backward folk. The T.V.A. people thought nothing of the sort. Today, Knoxville considers itself a cosmopolitan city, for it plays host each year to hundreds of foreign visitors who come to see what man hath wrought in the Tennessee Valley. "Why, I had a dinner party just last week for six distinguished Indian visitors—technicians, who wanted to see some of the T.V.A. dams and steam plants," a Knoxville matron, whose house is entirely heated by electricity, said recently. "I am speaking of Indians from India, of course. I toyed with the idea of serving baked Idahos with that wonderful sour-cream-and-chive dressing, but my daughter told me that the Indians, who are just wild about all sorts of little curries, would think it ridiculous. We had mashed potatoes."

The huge lakes created by the T.V.A. to hold water for flood control, navigation, and the production of power are known as the Great Lakes of the South. They are linked to the huge series of dams on the Tennessee River that provide a navigable waterway six hundred and fifty miles long, stretching from Knoxville to Paducah, Kentucky, where the Tennessee meets the Ohio. A little farther on, at Cairo, Illinois, the Ohio meets the Mississippi, and from there Ol' Man River just keeps rolling along. Knoxvillians today cannot recall when the lakes were not there, and



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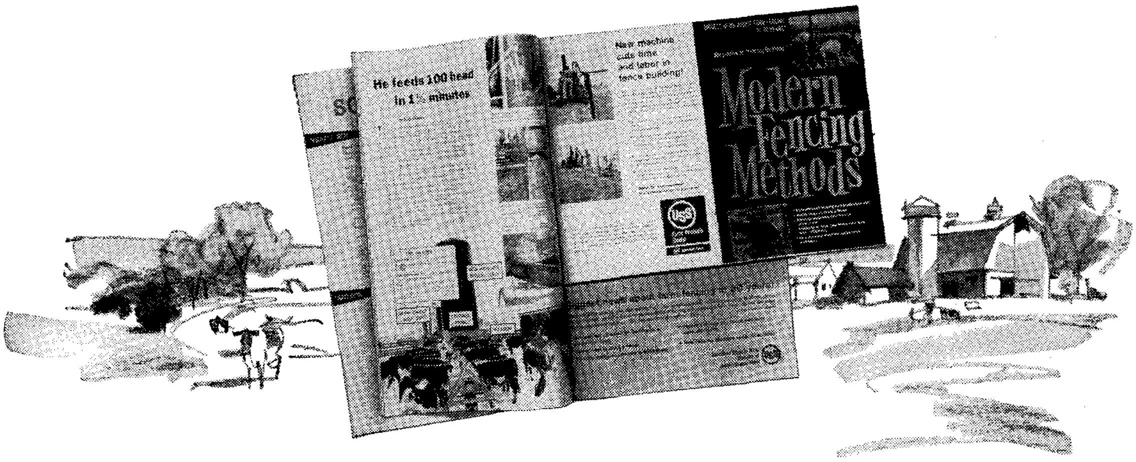
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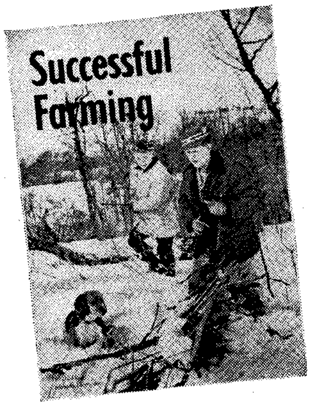

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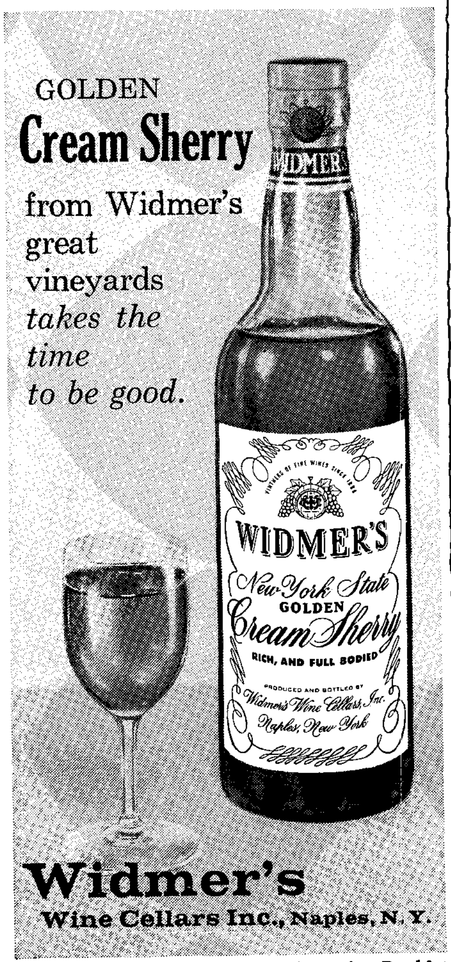

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when they did not use them for recreation. Boat docks, cottages, and landings dot their shores. On weekends, Norris Lake, behind Norris Dam, is jammed with power boats zipping up and down. Many of the conservative businessmen of Knoxville maintain houseboats on Norris Lake. They and their families enjoy sitting on the porches of their houseboats, over weekends, bobbing up and down in the wash of the pleasure craft and mumbling about the iniquities of public power. At night, barbecue grills are lighted on the back porches of the houseboats, and the lake glitters and glows as the sirloins are broiled. The countryside round about is lush and thriving. Many of the farmers have turned their fields into grazing land, and small packing plants can be seen along the shores of the Tennessee River. Erosion is no longer a dirty word; there is no erosion. Often, people who use the lakes as recreation centers become careless, forgetting that the lakes and dams were built for something other than pleasure. The waters rise, and last year an elderly spinster whose houseboat was anchored directly behind Norris Dam awoke one morning to find herself and her houseboat perched on top of the spillway, overlooking a drop of two hundred and sixty-five feet. Like Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," she raced to the rear of the house, and sent it back onto the lake. Fishing is so good around the dams that fishermen push their boats up under the spillways and hug the tail gates, disregarding the signs that warn that water may come through, unannounced, at any moment. People are drowned all the time around the dams, but as soon as one boat turns over, another takes its place.

Mosquitoes have no use for the T.V.A. The T.V.A. has killed malaria in the area by the simple expedient of raising the level of the lakes a few feet in the spring, when the mosquito eggs are about to hatch, and quickly lowering it again, beaching the eggs, which are then killed by the sun. The world's largest steam plant is a short drive from Knoxville, at Kingston, forty miles to the west, and twenty-four hours a day T.V.A. electricity is generated there. The T.V.A. has squeezed all the electricity it can from the waters of the Tennessee, and has turned to steam, using millions and millions of tons of coal. These days, seventy-three per cent of the T.V.A.'s power is created by steam. The T.V.A. sends all the power from its Kingston steam plant to Oak Ridge, twenty miles northwest

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After an April shower at Buttermere, Cumberland—one of the lakes that Wordsworth loved.

Beware the sparkle of Britain's Spring!

SPRING in Britain is a heady season. It inspires giddy odes. Unlikely similes. Frightful clichés. And love.

It also has a mind of its own which it expresses by ignoring the vernal equinox. In Devon, the primroses start to pop in January. Cornish daffodils stare February in the face and chuckle. And, by the time those April showers fill the air with invisible hyacinths, you begin to believe there's a flower seed in every raindrop.

You can sense some of the sparkle of Britain's Spring merely by flicking through a calendar of events. Flat racing starts in Spring. So does the leisurely lunacy of cricket. Festivals, fairs and floral dances put a froth on your fun. And, like any fauna faced with flora, you want to grow wild. In one Buckinghamshire village, housewives celebrate Shrove Tuesday by running a pancake race!

If you *must* get practical about this irresponsible season, ask your travel agent about the latest transatlantic fares. Complete your trip by March 31 and you can get to Britain and back for $320. If that little bargain doesn't inspire spring fever, see a doctor.

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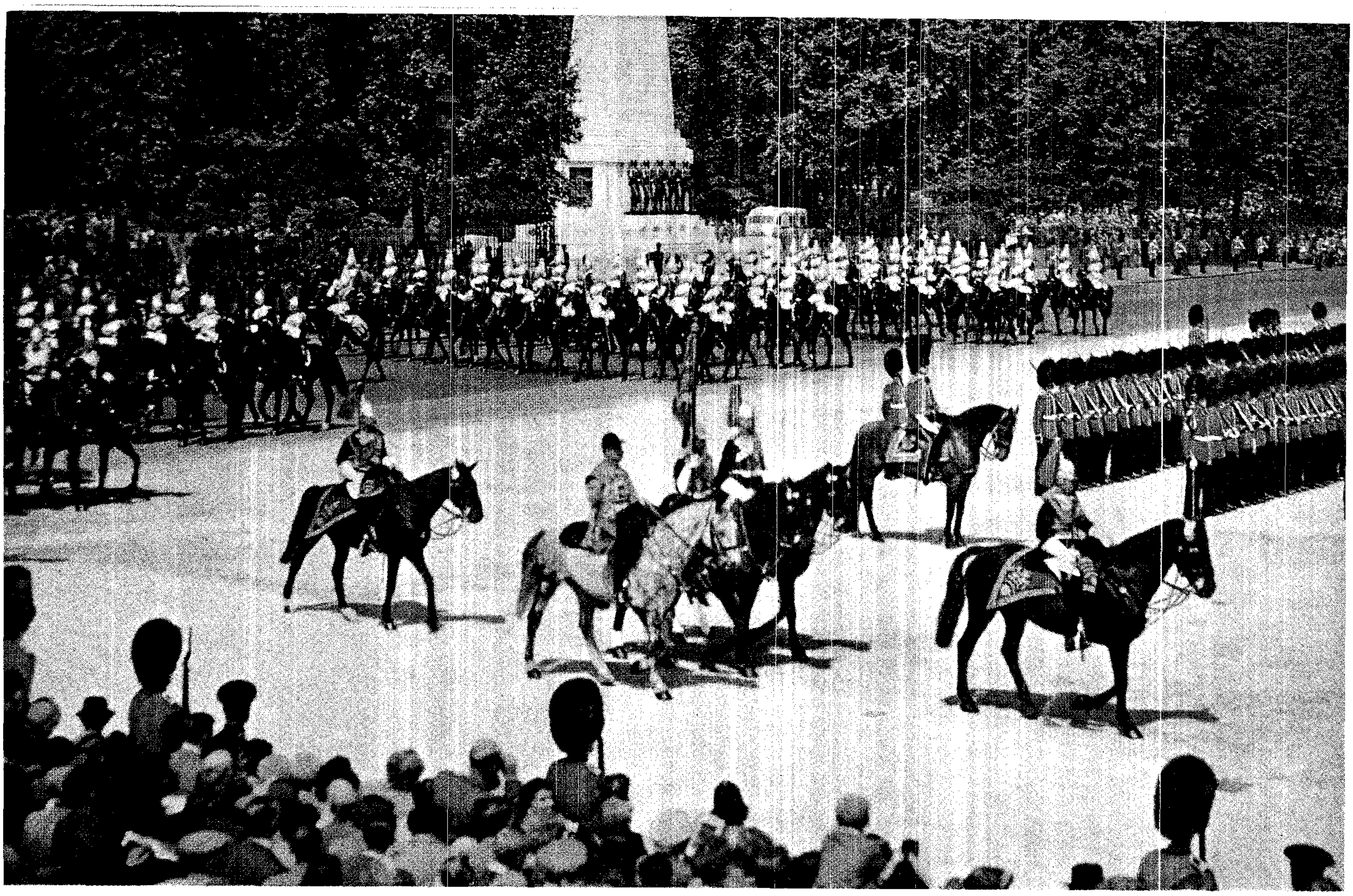

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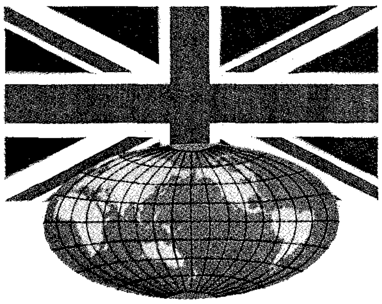

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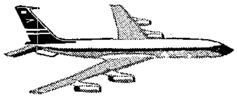

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of Knoxville. What Oak Ridge does with the power is nobody's business. The nine tall chimneys of the Kingston steam plant seem to melt into the valley. The building itself is functional in design, neat and cool in appearance. Within, nothing much appears to be happening. Lights flash on giant control boards, and the huge generators and turbines (the generating room at Kingston is the length of three football fields) hum sweetly, almost noiselessly. Uninitiated visitors, hearing about Kingston's one-million-six-hundred-thousand-kilowatt capability, the nine hundred and sixty-seven thousand gallons of cooling water per minute used by its condensers, its hundreds of thousands of this and hundreds of thousands of that, are left speechless.

The Kingston steam plant makes its presence felt in the valley on New Year's Eve. Promptly at midnight, the steam is let off the boilers. The noise is enough to wake the dead. It spreads through the area in one shrill, tremendous cry, rattling dishes on shelves, sending strong men to cover under tables, and setting pictures lopsided on walls. "Some New Year's Eves, I forget," a man on the outskirts of Knoxville said not long ago, "and then I hear the whistle and I think the end has come." The end has not come, and Knoxville survives. It has no direct rail line to Nashville, is the home of the world's largest maker of illuminated outdoor plastic signs, and is said to be the biggest dry city in the nation. The bootleggers in Knoxville have two-way radios in their cars, and orders are promptly filled in any neighborhood. Whenever public officials throw a cocktail party, they ceremoniously station officers of the law outside the room where the party is taking place. The cocktail parties are held in brilliantly, and inexpensively, lighted rooms, to a musical accompaniment. "Ol' Man River."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Writer's Digest*]

In "The Ancient Mariner," you remember, the old man "holds him with his glittering eye." An article writer can't do that; he has to use words.

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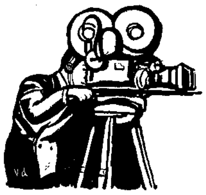

Hollywood's recent freshet of "adult comedies" (which is to say comedies about adultery) may in the long, *long* run have a beneficial effect upon our culture. This almost insane conclusion came to me as I watched the film version of "The Marriage-Go-Round," an ad. com. that enjoyed a predictably successful run on Broadway a year or two ago. The train of hopeful suppositions that led me to this extreme probably illustrates only the danger of trying to think in the dark, but I will summarize them briefly: (A) Comic plays about marital infidelity are said to appeal strongly to tired businessmen from Sioux Falls, South Dakota; (B) Tired businessmen from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, may henceforth think twice about attending the newest comic play about infidelity when visiting our town, since the work will almost immediately be made into a film and will turn up at the neighborhood drive-in, thus allowing them to do their sniggering at home, at considerably reduced prices; (C) The businessmen will cast about for something else to do while in New York and may end up at Carnegie Hall, the Guggenheim Museum, or at an adult play actually written for adults. *Ergo*, (D) Culture reaches the heartland.

This electrifying example of the Power of Positive Thinking exhausts all the good will I can bring to bear toward "The Marriage-Go-Round," which Leslie Stevens has fashioned from his own play. The dreary story deals with an academic couple—he a professor of cultural anthropology and she a dean of women—who are visited by a violently nubile Swedish girl of formidable dimensions and intellect. She is the switcheroo, for she announces that she has selected the pedant as the father-to-be of a eugenically planned infant she wishes to bear, and sets about achieving the necessary seduction almost by brute force. The resultant parlor and bedroom dodgings, double-entendres, and eyebrow-wigglings are on a barbershop level of sophistication, made truly dirty by their frightened avoidance of the realities of sexual at-

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traction. The casting of the film may have been inspired by the kind of cartoons one finds in parents' magazines, for Julie Newmar, who plays the aggressive home wrecker (as she did on the stage), is approximately twice as big as James Mason, the reluctant male—a circumstance that makes his nervous gigglings almost unbearable to watch. The campus depicted in the movie closely resembles my concept of a Las Vegas gambling resort, and the professor and his lady live in what might be the house of the chief croupier—a vast contemporary glass-walled barrack in which the wife (Susan Hayward) serves TV dinners while dressed in an evening gown. The academic level of the university is unspecified, but I made a guess about it when I heard poor Miss Hayward, the dean of women, deliver a line that began, "I read a book once, where it said . . ."

"MAKE MINE MINK" is a tea-bag-size British comedy, only fitfully amusing unless placed side by side with "The Marriage-Go-Round," which unlikely juxtaposition instantly elevates it to the stature of the Grand Prix winner at an international film festival. The plot requires a plump, half-dotty dowager in reduced circumstances to captain the three roomers who share her flat in a series of startlingly inept but invariably successful fur robberies, the proceeds of which she donates to her favorite charities. This movie, written by Michael Pertwee and directed by Robert Asher, has the genial air of having been extemporized on the set from day to day, since it is composed almost exclusively of outrageous sight gags. There is a breakaway walking stick that pitches its owner to the floor, a decrepit old automobile that wheezes dreadfully during the getaway from a heist, a smoke bomb that explodes in the face of the woman who is igniting it, and the spectacle of Mr. Terry-Thomas stripping to his underwear and hurrying away from a crime in the guise of a distance walker. This is scarcely the stuff of memorable farce, but "Make Mine Mink" is so cheerfully unpretentious that I found myself regarding it with the half-bored but forgiving eyes of a spectator at an evening of amateur theatricals sponsored by the P.-T. A., and I thought that Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler, Elspeth Duxbury, and Hattie Jacques all did frightfully well, considering they'd only had time to rehearse together three times in the school gym.

—ROGER ANGELL

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Points of Reference

IN the course of my duties last week, I encountered a number of contemporary compositions, each of which represented a slightly different approach to the art of music as well as a different degree of musical talent and expertness on the part of its creator. I found the differences interesting—more interesting, perhaps, than most of the compositions themselves—since they illustrated several trends that may well be pondered by anyone who, like me, is very much concerned with what is happening on the current musical scene. The first of these compositions was Samuel Barber's "Die Natali," a set of orchestral elaborations of Christmas chorales, which was given its first New York hearing by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony on Wednesday evening. Mr. Barber, I think, may someday be regarded as the outstanding American composer of his period. He has a style that is both individual and communicative. He has a sure sense of his own limitations and of what sort of music is appropriate to his talents. His departures from tradition are made not through ignorance but by virtue of a firm knowledge of just what tradition is and of just how far it can be meaningfully stretched to accommodate personal impulses and whims. He is no academician, and yet his music is generally cast in a frame that is accessible to the average educated listener. He is not afraid of "charm," a word that is mistakenly regarded as a devilish one by many of his contemporaries. As for "Die Natali," it may not be one of his most ambitious works, but it is an altogether engaging one. It puts several Christmas tunes, including the entirely familiar "Silent Night," through a course of symphonic treatment that is technically very sophisticated and intellectually interesting without being in the slightest degree satirical. The result is a delightful *pièce d'occasion*, full of poetic feeling as well as technical virtuosity, and I am sure that it will become a popular item on symphonic programs.

Next, I should like to consider Aram Khatchaturian's Concerto for Violon-

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cello and Orchestra, the solo part of which was ably played by a young Singhalese cellist named Rohan de Saram at Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert, under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Mr. Khatchaturian is a rarity among his contemporaries in that he is a very good and quite unabashed, middlebrow composer. Except for a few Armenian exoticisms, his music is traditional in style, bouncy, tuneful, and altogether unpretentious. In the Cello Concerto, he had no other aim than to provide an effective exhibition piece for the instrument, and at this he has been entirely successful.

From his genial work, I will now turn to something called "And the Fallen Petals," a Triolet for Orchestra by the Chinese composer Chou Wen-chung, which appeared on the same program. Mr. Chou professes, in a program note, to have been inspired by the methods of the great Chinese painters. Now, it is a peculiarity of music that adapts its methods to those of painting that it nearly always winds up as what musicians refer to as impressionism. And the trouble with musical impressionism is that it discards the fundamental language of music in favor of an idiom made up of sound effects, tone colors, and orchestral atmospheres. Consequently, it is restricted to a very narrow range of musical expression. It appeals directly to the ear, without regard to the complex associative processes of emotional communication that convey true musical meaning; that is to say, it is concerned with the calligraphy of music rather than with its logic. I found Mr. Chou's little composition pleasant enough to listen to, but it seemed to me merely a bit of musical fuzz that nowhere assumed the responsibility of communicating anything.

If I am not boring you with these distinctions, let me now consider a score by Gunther Schuller, written allegedly in the "modern-jazz" idiom for a Balanchine ballet called "Modern Jazz: Variants," which was presented at the City Center on Wednesday evening, and which I caught between the numbers on the Boston Symphony program the same night. Mr. Schuller's composition had the advantage of a rather tricky choreographic spectacle, full of handsome dancers, to set it off. It also required the services of a full orchestra plus the Modern Jazz Quartet, which appeared alongside the dancers on the stage, and which, I understand, is a very gifted ensemble of its type. What gifts it has were not in evidence the other night, for it did no improvising but

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merely stood, or sat, like a quartet of hunters in a duck blind, anxiously shooting out a carefully calculated note once in a while in response to Mr. Schuller, who was conducting the work himself. Moreover, I could not see that Mr. Schuller's very deliberate and contrived score resembled jazz, except in one short passage of drumming, allotted to Connie Kay, who handled the drums in the quartet. On the whole, it was a strictly atonal affair, somewhat in the manner of Webern, extremely monotonous, and altogether lacking in the impetuousness and impulsive freshness that, to my mind, are the outstanding virtues of jazz. If this is the direction in which "modern jazz" is moving, I foresee for it an imminent death through strangulation by the rigid formulas of atonal music.

I SUPPOSE I should fill in this discussion with a few references to what was presented on these programs besides the compositions I have mentioned. The Boston Symphony also performed Darius Milhaud's "Suite Provençal," a familiar, slight, and reasonably pleasant work, and followed it with the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, which the young Bolivian violinist Jaime Laredo played with an agreeable, sweet tone and nothing much else. Mr. Munch's evening concluded with what I thought was a somewhat routine performance of Schumann's Fourth Symphony. Mr. Skrowaczewski, the Philharmonic's new guest conductor, finished off his matinée with a refined and rather meticulous performance of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique, showing himself to be a maestro of considerable fastidiousness and taste. George Balanchine's new ballet, to Mr. Schuller's music, was inventive enough—after all, Mr. Balanchine can make a fairly interesting ballet to fit almost any kind of music—and the principal dancers, including Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, John Jones, and Arthur Mitchell, were, as always, a joy to watch.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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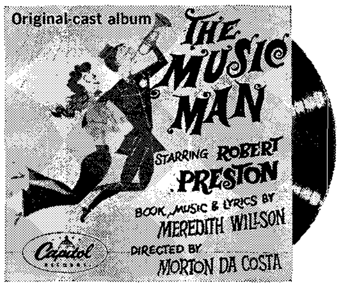

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those who took their places on the train, in fact, were Silvana Mangano, Carla Gravina, Barbara Bel Geddes, Vera Miles, Jeanne Moreau, Teresa Pellati and Van Heflin, all actors for whom the quotas on the international level reach figures in which the zeros after the units are squandered; and for some the zeros are eight while the units exceed two. If to these seven names one adds at least another ten belonging to lesser actors, although for them the quotations are for six zeros after the units, and one hundred odd generic actors and technicians of international fame, and if one adds that Martin Ritt, a producer of undeniable fame, was travelling on the « Jovanka Express, » then one feels that it is no exaggeration to set the value of the « cargo » of this train, whose real title was *DD 34 SA*, at over a milliard lire....

While waiting to enter the train the stars courteously posed for photographers and news reel cameramen in a room which had been reserved at Rome Termini.

Cold and reserved—as becomes a « star » accustomed to looking down from a height of millions of miles on the micro-organisms called men—Silvana Mangano asked the Station Master: « Are all the trains in order? » And she immediately explained with the lightest of smiles which warmed the snow-white pallor of her face, that of course she in no way wished to doubt the efficiency of the railways « ... only, that, well you never know, if they had forgotten to remove a train from the track on which they were about to travel . . . well . . . there might be an accident. . . . »

At which Carla Gravina—whose closely cropped head is a wonderful carrot colour—hurriedly touched wood. On the other hand Teresa Pellati never batted an eyelid. She was wearing a fire red skirt and bolero and was therefore safe against any evil eye.

However to make sure there would be no ill luck, the « Jovanka Express » received an inaugural baptism of five bottles of champagne, smashed amid laughter by the actresses and by Van Heflin against the steel plating of the engine.

The only absentee from the propitiary ceremony was Silvana Mangano. But an electric personality of the Production, who at every step risked provoking short circuits obviously damaging to the cordiality of the manifestation, since he was extremely concerned with the safety of the Star, and above all for her fragile nerves, had accomanied her, and her two splendid children, into the welcoming cabin of the W.L., from which she would not stir; thus deluding the enthusiasm of hundreds of fans which had crowded onto Platform No. 1.

All the same the lovely Silvana ought to have been with the others beside the engine. After all, who was it who has expressed doubts, even laughingly, about the journey? . . .

Lights flashed and a roar of applause saluted the departure of the *DD* 34 *SA*—christened « Jovanka Express »—for Klagenfurt, via Florence-Bologne-Padua-Mestre-Tarvisio.

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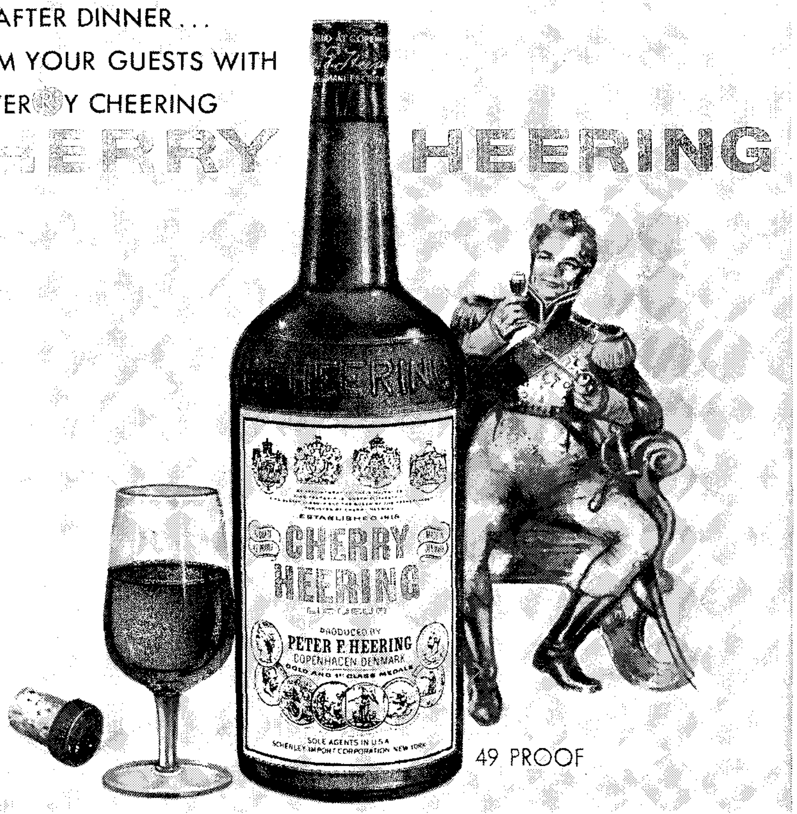

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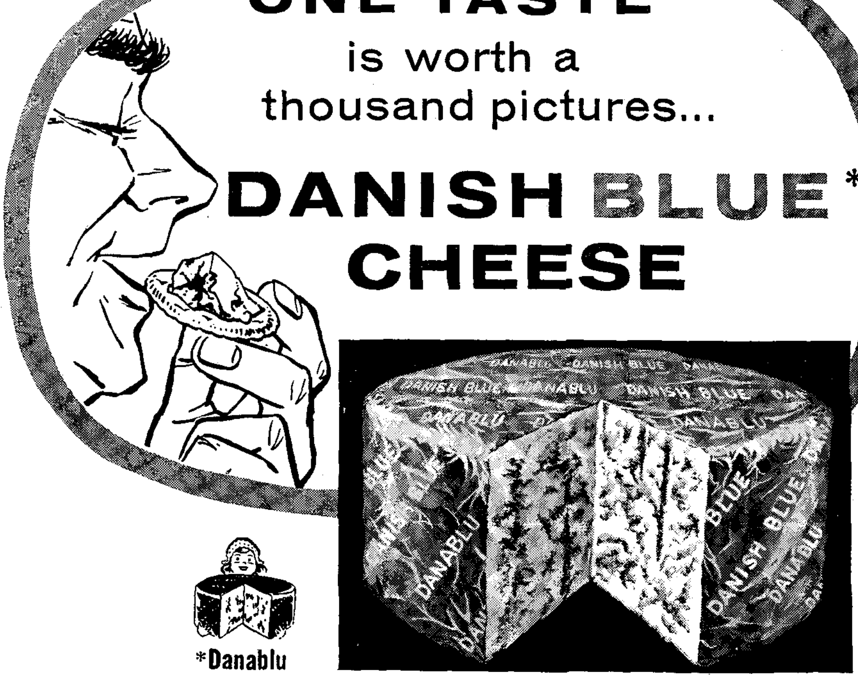

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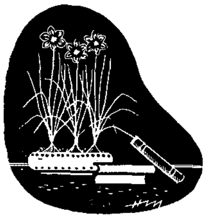


TO most of us laymen, economists appear to be members of a rather awful and quarrelsome brotherhood. From a common murky temple of statistics, they are likely to emerge, each with his careful chart, and declare that the national economy is headed toward a recession, that it is not, that it has been in danger of inflation, that it has not, that government spending should be increased, and that it should not. We laymen are as little qualified to choose among these rival theorists as we would be to decide the relative merits of a necromancer and a pyromancer. We are baffled by the intricacies of the subject and also by the fact that economists are apt to deliver their pronouncements in language that is utterly opaque. This ignorance is distinctly embarrassing, because, as citizens of a democracy, we are ultimately responsible for the policies of our government, whether we understand them or not. We have reason to be grateful, therefore, to anyone who works to enlarge our comprehension of these dark matters.

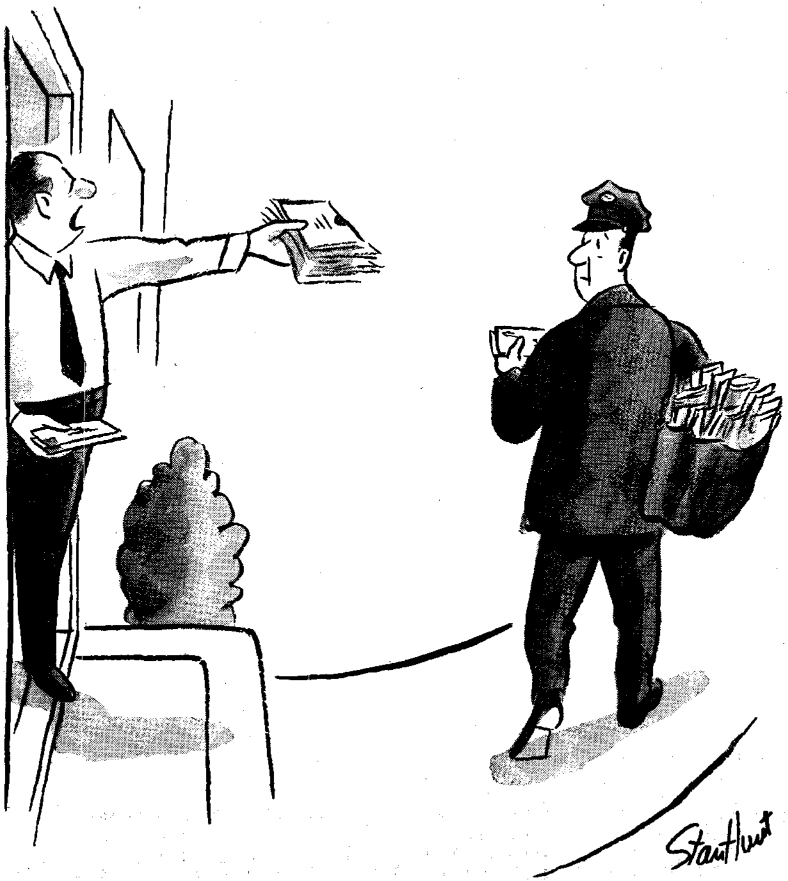
We have particular reason to be grateful, I think, to John Kenneth Galbraith, the celebrated Harvard economist, who has written, among other things, "The Great Crash" and "The Affluent Society." The lucidity of his discussion enables the general reader to penetrate some distance into the dim arcana of economic thought, and his prose exhibits a degree of wit and verve that is uncommon among writers of any description and infinitely rarer among contemporary economists. These virtues are evident, as well, in "The Liberal Hour" (Houghton Mifflin), a collection of essays on a variety of subjects that was published just before the Presidential campaign. In his introduction, Mr. Galbraith expresses the hope that his essays "might be considered a contribution to a more relaxed debate" of certain issues facing the country. Considering the date of publication, it was, I suspect, a forlorn hope. A race is not an ideal occasion for quiet disputation. My own initial response to the book was so perfervid and steamy that I thought it wise to set the work aside temporarily, for a reason analogous to that which prompted Miss Prism, in "The Importance of Being Earnest," to counsel her pupil to omit "the chapter on the Fall of the Rupee;" namely, that it was "somewhat too sensational." The present interval between the election and the inauguration, a time of eerie political quiet, is eminently suitable, I find, for another look at the book.

The first essay discusses the strategy of peaceful competition with the Russians. "As commonly envisaged," Mr. Galbraith writes, "this competition amounts to a production contest. The Soviets seek to outproduce us, so we must seek to outproduce them." This simple view receives little sympathy from the author:

> When we examine the industries we would be seeking to expand with greater economic growth, we see . . . how little there is for us in such a contest. Would we seek to increase food production? Obviously not. Surpluses are already vast. . . . Similarly, the need for clothing is not pressing. . . . An annual automobile output of eight or ten million cars is within sight. It will bring appalling problems of storage and driving space. More of our countryside will be subject to the ghastly surgery of the superhighway. And it is a question whether the discards, wrecks, and derelicts can be recycled fast enough to prevent a hideous metallic blot from spreading out from the service stations to cover the whole land.

Mr. Galbraith believes that we must take a larger view if we are to see our contest with the Russians in its proper light. Essentially, he holds, "The competition is in those things which reveal the quality and effectiveness of the social order and hence its attraction to, and repute among, the varied inhabitants of the globe. . . . Anything which manifests the quality of the society is important in the competition as so defined. Any weakness is damaging. The society with the most points of vitality and strength and the fewest of weakness will command the most respect and support." Mr. Galbraith goes on to list "three weaknesses of our society which are gravely damaging to our reputation and prestige in the world at large." The first of these is "the unhinged and disorderly quality of our urban society and the consequent squalor, delinquency, and crime." Unemployment is cited as "the second great advertisement of inadequacy." And "a third weakness—actual or presumed—is the role of arms expenditures in our economic life."

Now, it is undeniably true that the three



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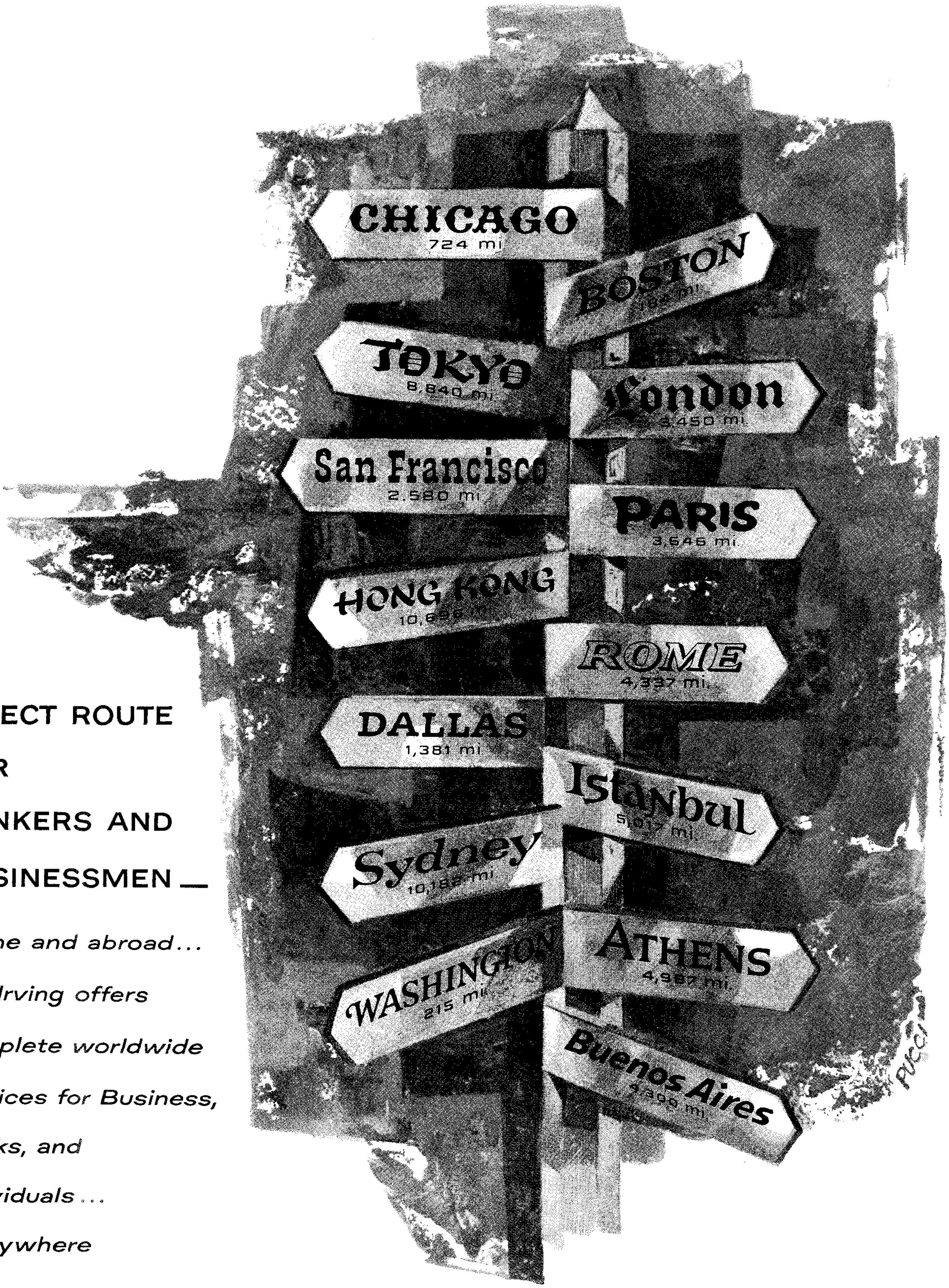
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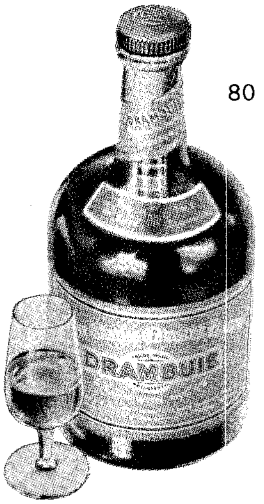

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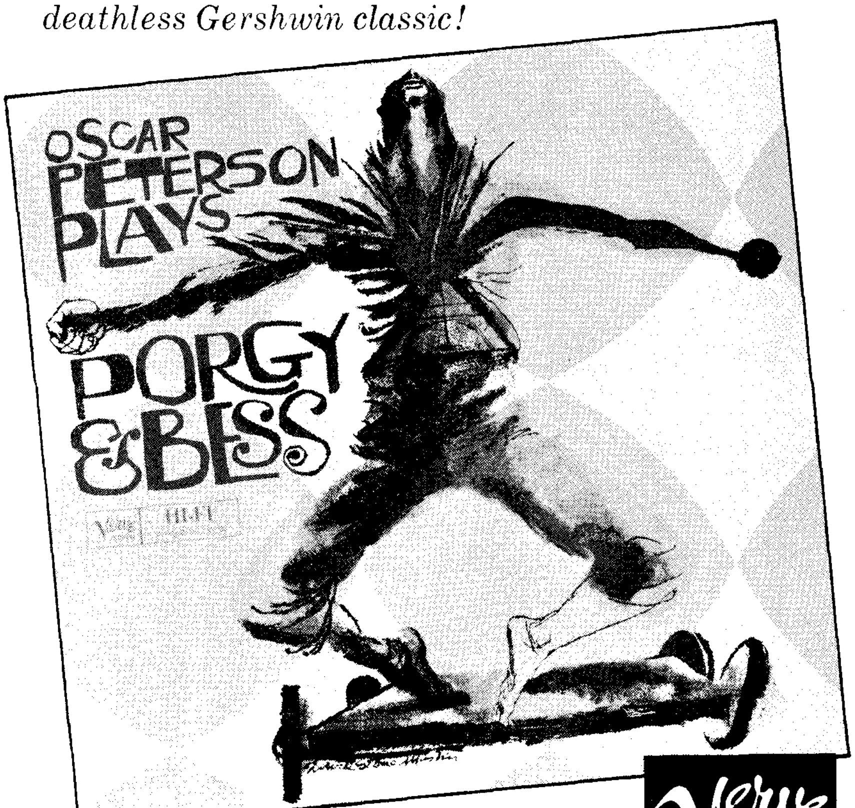
faults Mr. Galbraith mentions—and some writers would add, as a fourth, the mistreatment of the Negro—diminish our appeal in the eyes of the world. But does it follow that concern with our prestige abroad is a sufficient and worthy motive for undertaking domestic reforms? The implications of this assumption make me uneasy, and so let me, with maximum relaxation, debate the point. It seems to me that urging us to remedy a social defect on the ground that it offends a Guatemalan, a Nigerian, or a Frenchman is very like advising a man to see his dentist about a bad tooth on the ground that his groans are keeping the neighbors awake. It is we who chiefly suffer from any flaws in American society, and it is to ourselves that we owe an effort to eradicate them. Moreover, there is something a little repellent in the implication that we ought to eliminate injustice and mismanagement at home because of their effect on public opinion abroad. A fault is a fault, and ought to be corrected whether it is good public relations or not. And, finally, it may be questioned whether any reform undertaken with an eye to international status-seeking would produce the desired effect. Suppose the administration of this city were to mount a campaign to transform New York into an urban paradise, and suppose it did so with the avowed intention of thereby competing with Russia. The chances are it would receive small credit abroad for virtue thus exhibited under compulsion, and, indeed, Premier Khrushchev might with some justice rise up in the council of the Supreme Soviet and exhort his listeners to "cast your ballot *here* for a cleaner New York." Quite enough of our national life has been warped by the necessities of our prickly relationship with Russia. In purely domestic matters, let us proceed by domestic arguments, and trust that if we do the right thing our prestige can safely be left to look after itself.

There ends all my dispute with the book. The remainder of the essays strike me as splendid in only slightly varying degrees. Mr. Galbraith's happiest gift, perhaps, is for applying the insights of economic thought to fields in which economists seldom care to tread. A stimulating instance is the essay called "Economics and Art." The author begins with a pointed anecdote about a young assistant professor of economics at a leading Eastern university who showed considerable promise in that dismal discipline. "He had written a number of good papers. One



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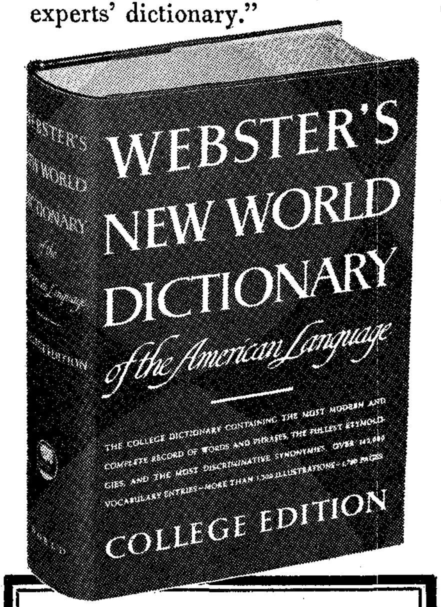
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or two in particular showed originality, technical virtuosity and incomprehensibility, a combination which is held in the highest professional regard. But he had grave drawbacks. These included a passion for music and painting and a morbid lack of interest in the ordinary manifestations of material well-being." It was decided by his superiors that, with such tastes, the young man had no future as an economist, and he was not promoted. Mr. Galbraith observes, "The incident illustrates the traditional relationship between art and economics. There is none." It is commonly assumed that the only loser by this estrangement is the artist, but Mr. Galbraith offers the refreshing argument that in a society of reasonable affluence industry stands to lose more:

> In recent years there has been a sharp decline in the export of American goods. There has been an even more dramatic increase in the import of European-made products. As one result, the American balance of payments is weak—a brief episode in 1932-33 apart—for the first time in our modern history. In largest part the problem is one of cost; for a considerable range of our goods, we have been pricing ourselves out of world markets including our own. But in no small measure it is a matter of design; our goods have fallen below both European standards and our own tastes. Edward Durrell Stone observed not long ago that "the American people can afford everything but beauty." But, in fact, they have been searching for it with no small diligence. And they have been finding it in Italian, French, German, and Swedish products far more than in their own. The automobile is the most important and also the most publicized example. But in a host of other products—furniture, glass, ceramics, leather, metalware—Americans have turned to foreign designs as foreigners have turned away from American products. And as Stone has also pointed out, in their search for beauty, our people have been turning away from the disorderly and billboard-studded American scene. This lies behind part of the annual tourist migration which also has an effect on the balance of payments.

Let's hope this analysis is as accurate as it is delightful. For, however deaf a manufacturer may be to the claims of art, he is keenly aware of the desirability of profits, and if he should be persuaded by experience that one involves the other, we may confidently look forward—not to another Golden Age, perhaps, but to a diminution of fabricated ugliness.

In other essays, Mr. Galbraith examines the myths that obscure our sense of the Civil War and the great depression; he probes the nature of social nostalgia, which seeks to apply to contemporary complexities the familiar rules and formulas that derived from such simple institutions as the small

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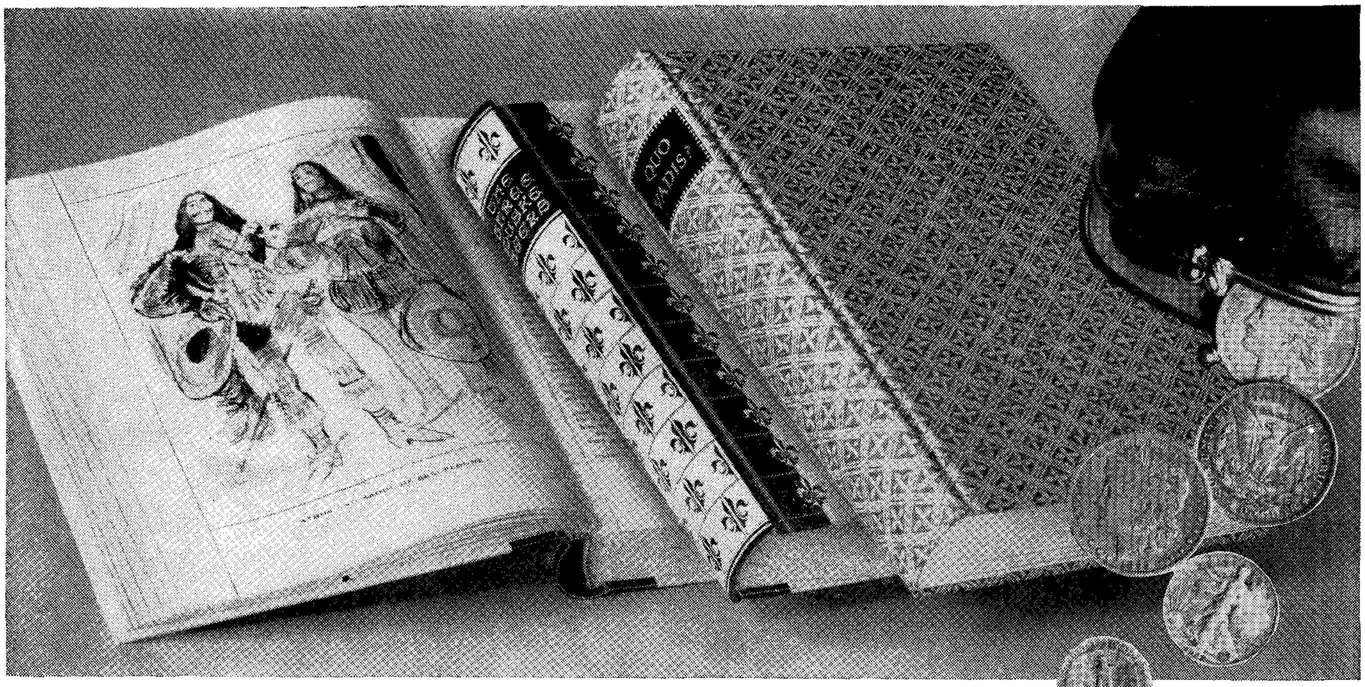

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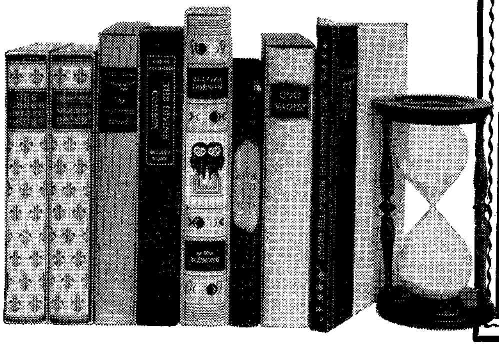

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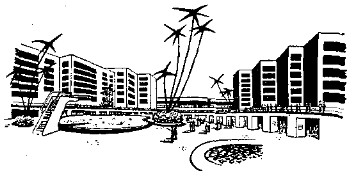

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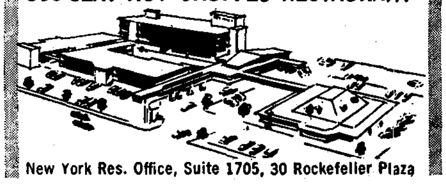

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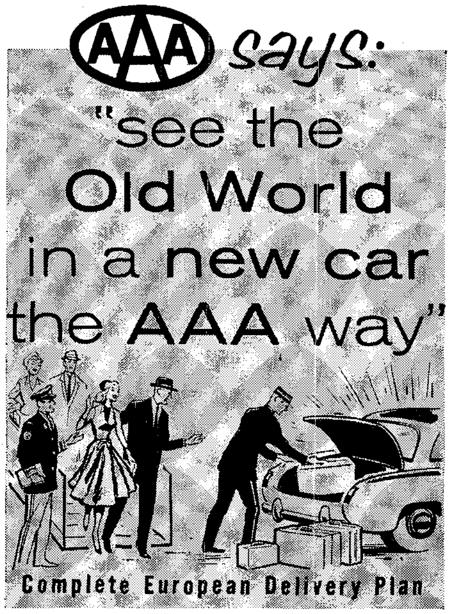
business and the family farm; he scrutinizes the danger to public men (particularly Republicans) from the amiable tendency of the press to magnify their abilities in advance of their performances, with the consequence that their performances cannot seem anything but disappointing. To these and other matters he brings an utterly fresh intelligence. The very force of his example reminds us that for nearly a decade the American consensus has been notable more for its breadth and good nature than for its intellectual content. With the world changing at so furious a pace, the time has come for new analysis and new argument, and Mr. Galbraith has made a good start in the direction of both. —DONALD MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HARK, HARK, THE LARK!, by H. E. Bates (Little, Brown). Another story of the sexy Larkin family, and of the magnificently spacious life they enjoy on their beautiful, untidy farm in Kent. While Ma Larkin, an ample beauty, prepares meals of Lucullan splendor, Pop Larkin, a sharp trader, keeps the money coming in from various angles, not all of them legal. In this episode, he sells a large monster of a country house to a wealthy London couple at a profit of ten thousand pounds. With the money, he starts work on the favorite family project—the building of a heated swimming pool. Mr. Bates' raciness occasionally strikes a false note, but the story moves readily along and is entertaining most of the time.

FIDDLE HILL, by James McCague (Crown). A story of railroads and railroad men, with the major emphasis on the virtues and excitements of the good old days. The year is 1960. Fiddle Hill, the most dangerous and challenging division of the Pacific Midland Railroad, is about to be abandoned under the terms of a merger planned by the Pacific Midland Railroad and the Mountain Central Railroad. Assistant General Manager Evan Blacklock—young, dynamic, hard-eyed, and a bachelor—has come to Wheelwright, the main division terminal, to make the final arrangements for closing down the line, in the face of bitter opposition from the local railroad men and from all members of the local community, some of whom are rich and influential. Blacklock's visit to Wheelwright is further complicated by the presence



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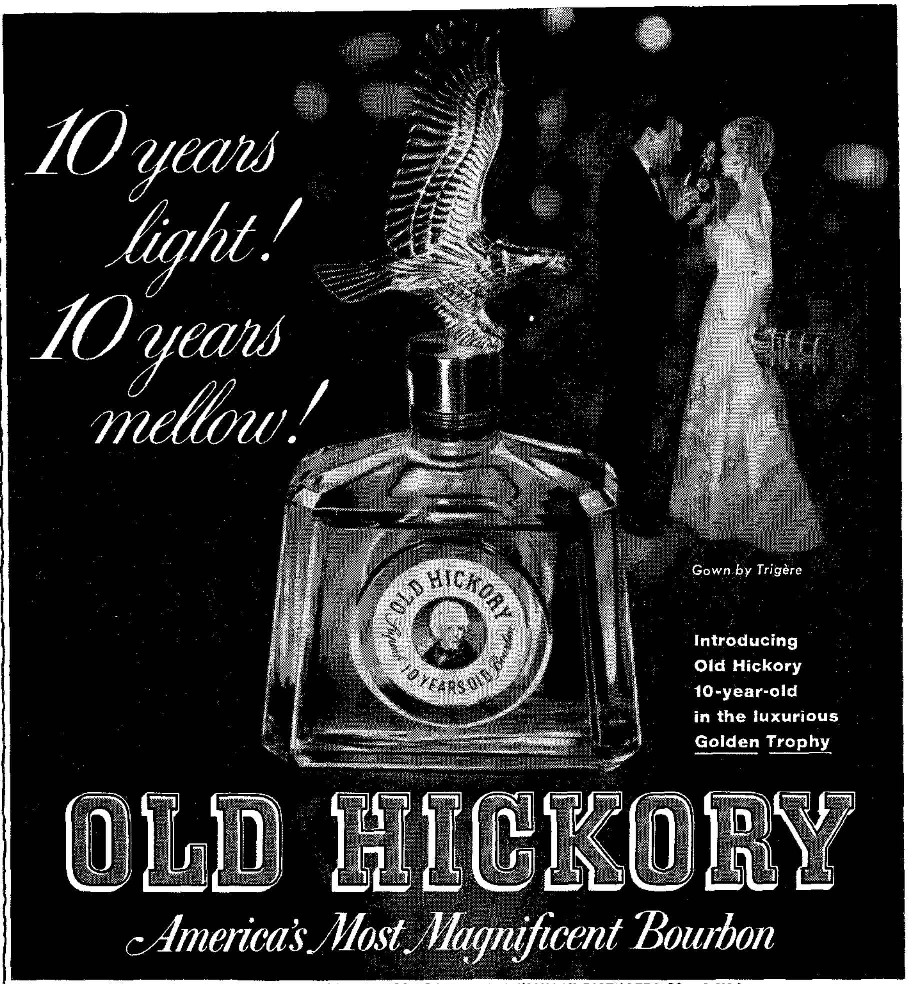
of two young women, one rich, one poor, both beautiful, and both more than willing to marry him. Mr. McCague's writing is cheerful, sentimental, and [illegible].

Passing Time, by Michel Butor, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Simon & Schuster). M. Butor's narrator, Jacques Revel, is a young French clerk who, at the start of the novel, arrives to spend a year at a dull job in Bleston, an unattractive English city. He beguiles his lonely hours reading a murder mystery set in Bleston, and presently convinces himself that it is an account of a true crime the police have failed to solve, and that he can find the killer. By the time he realizes that the mystery is fiction, his year is up. The author compellingly delineates a man and a place with nothing to offer each other, but his persevering, almost scholarly examination of all the nuances of tedium is tedious.

The Nylon Pirates, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Sloane). Mr. Monsarrat's novel, which is very long, has a shoddy plot, shoddy characters, and a great show of shoddy writing. It deals with the activities of a gang of men and women who board a cruise liner in order to prey on its rich passengers.

GENERAL

My Grandmothers and I, by Diana Holman-Hunt (Norton). Memoirs of a peculiar—probably unique—childhood. The scene is England, and the time the nineteen-teens and twenties. Miss Holman-Hunt's father, an Army officer, was stationed abroad; her mother never appears in the book. The author was shared by her grandparents. Her mother's family lived in the country; their household was comfortable, well run, and well meaning, but organized around a rigid set of "don't"s. Her father's mother, an old lady who may politely be called eccentric, was the widow of the Victorian painter Holman-Hunt. She lived in a London house crowded with vermin and art, told anecdotes about the illustrious dead—Rossetti, "Jack" Millais, Queen Victoria—and fed her granddaughter barely enough to sustain life. It is almost impossible for the reader to support little Diana's vicissitudes and just as difficult for him to stop reading—who knows what new horrors await the child on the next page? The author herself writes without grievance or nostalgia. She



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is puzzlingly imperturbable, and one wishes for a clue to her feelings; an explosion of rage would not come amiss, or even a calm characterization of her upbringing as a rather poor show.

THE COMING OF WAR, by Albert Z. Carr (Doubleday). A first-rate diplomatic history of the period 1782-1812, years in which the United States kept approaching the brink of involvement in the worldwide duel between Great Britain and France and finally muddled into war with the English. Mr. Carr's account is spellbinding, for he tells with great narrative skill a story that is full of inherently interesting episodes—intrigue, revolution, and grand confrontations of conflicting national systems. Since, in retrospect, the War of 1812 appears to have been entirely evitable, Mr. Carr has written a thoughtful appendix arguing that wars, and particularly the Russo-American, or Third World, War, can be avoided. This essay, though impressive, isn't entirely convincing, because it doesn't seem to follow from Mr. Carr's history, which merely shows that the United States, a weak, underdeveloped nation in 1812, could have stayed out of the Napoleonic Wars. The open question—and a closer analogue for the nineteen-sixties—is whether England and France could have remained at peace in the first decade of the nineteenth century.

ANDREW JOHNSON: PRESIDENT ON TRIAL, by Milton Lomask (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A full-scale narrative treatment of what was perhaps the most momentous Constitutional crisis in American history. The author demonstrates, clearly and convincingly, that the Radical cabal in Congress that was led by Thaddeus Stevens (and abetted in secret by Secretary of War Stanton) was not out to destroy President Johnson merely because he stood in the way of a policy of revenge toward the defeated South; the Radical legislators could easily have circumvented him in other ways, for by the time they were ready to impeach him, he had lost all power to interfere with their extreme ideas about reconstruction. What the Radicals were after was something more fundamental and far-reaching: they sought to cripple the Presidency itself and to topple the entire structure of federal law and power set up by the Constitution. By standing firm during

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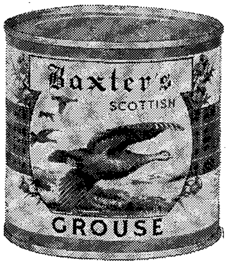

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the ordeal of his impeachment and trial, Johnson defeated them. Mr. Lomask goes a good deal further than those historians of recent years who have tried to revise somewhat the popular portrait of Johnson as a weak man and a failure as a President. His success as a President may have been a negative one, but as a man he emerges strong and brave—truly the "Constitution-defender," as Gideon Welles called him.

LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD, selected and edited by Ernst L. Freud, and translated from the German by Tania and James Stern (Basic Books). A superb selection of three hundred and fifteen of the four thousand surviving Freud letters. Most of the first half of the book consists of Freud's letters to his fiancée, and they paint an amazing picture of what Freud had to overcome to create psychoanalysis; we find him utterly conventional about Martha's reputation if they are seen together on the street, prudish about the coarseness of "Don Quixote" for her tender sensibilities, soupy about their future domestic bliss ("a being-together throughout all the vicissitudes of life"), and too jealous even to let her go skating. The rest of the book displays a more familiar image: very sentimental mash notes to writers he admires (particularly Arthur Schnitzler and Romain Rolland) and to such briefly close associates as Wilhelm Fliess and Carl G. Jung, but mostly letters in which he shows himself to be skeptical, tough-minded, cynically honest with himself and with the world, cultivated, always witty (he acknowledges a portrait with the remark that it makes him look like a Jewish orchid), and, at the end of his life, bitter and eager for death. Photographs.

WINDSOR REVISITED, by H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (Houghton Mifflin). Reminiscences. From time to time, the Duke looks in on the palaces where he grew up, and is reminded of his past and of the manners and preferences of his royal forebears and relatives. He recalls horses and motorcars, dinners and voyages, but above all he remembers clothes. His memoir is almost entirely devoted to men's wear—a topic to which he brings an expertise and a compelling enthusiasm rare outside the garment industry. Marvellous photographs demonstrate the changing cut of coats, the development of the

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crease in trousers, and other vestimentary details of the last century as they appeared on the British Royal Family.

Note: "The White Nile," by Alan Moorehead, an account of the search for the sources of the Nile around a *hundred years ago*, has been published by Harper. A sizable portion of the book, which is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, first appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

Selected Works, Volume II: Poetry, by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated, with an introduction and notes, by J. B. Leishman (New Directions). Mr. Leishman has for nearly thirty years devoted himself to translating Rilke's often difficult German verse into comprehensible and graceful English, keeping to the original form throughout, so that much of what English-speaking readers know of the poems is based on the results of one man's industry and enthusiasm. This volume is a translation of the first volume (to which some poems have been added) of the German edition of Rilke's "Selected Works" (1948), which—in chronological order—covers the eight small volumes, either complete or in part, as originally published in Germany. Leishman has had some helpers, including Stephen Spender, but the bulk of these renderings (carefully revised over the years) is his own. The collection begins with the "Book of Hours" (1905), which appeared when Rilke was thirty, and ends with the "Uncollected Poems" (1906-26), written during the last twenty years of his life. Leishman gives the date and place of composition of many of the later poems, and his biographical notes, which introduce each separate work, are illuminating. Indexes to first lines in this edition and in the German.

•

Most people snore when on their back and not when lying on their side. There is a gadget on the market which taps this principle.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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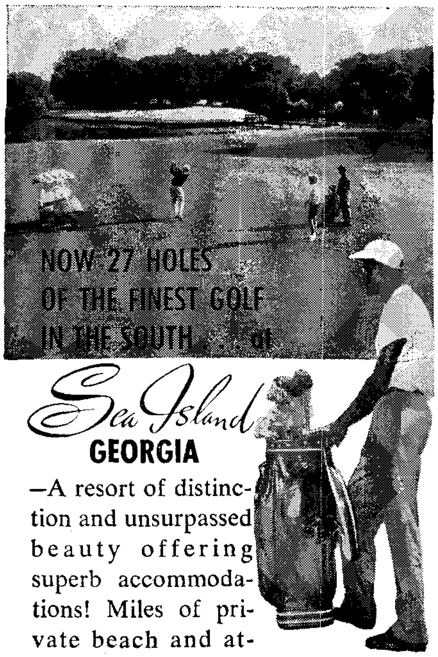

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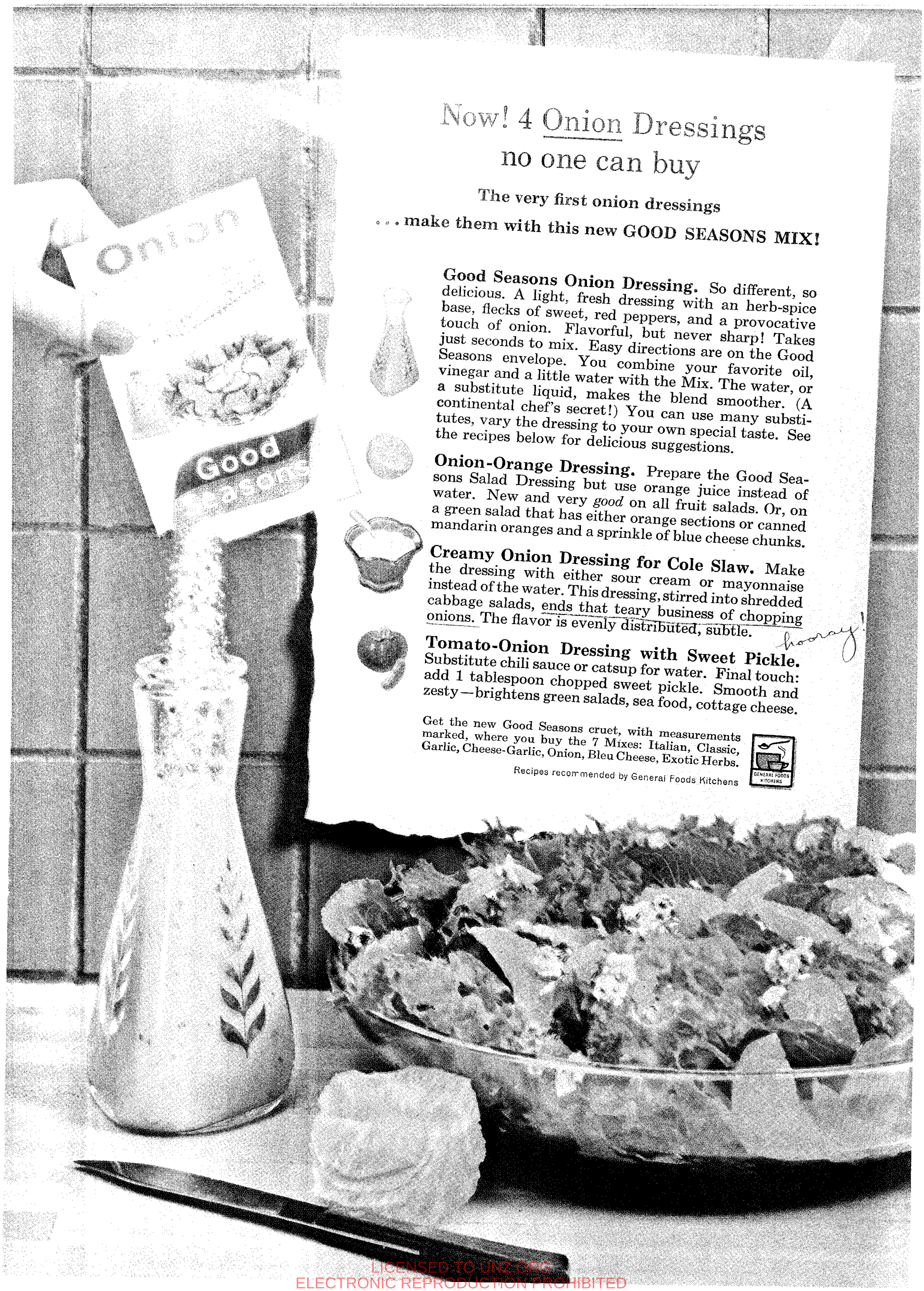

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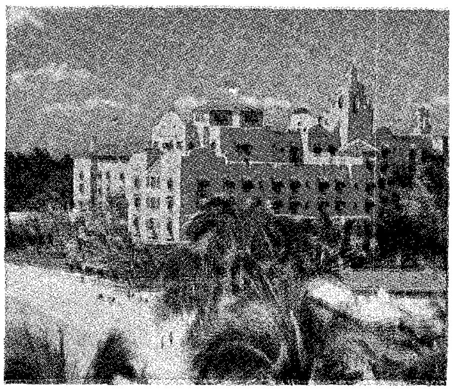

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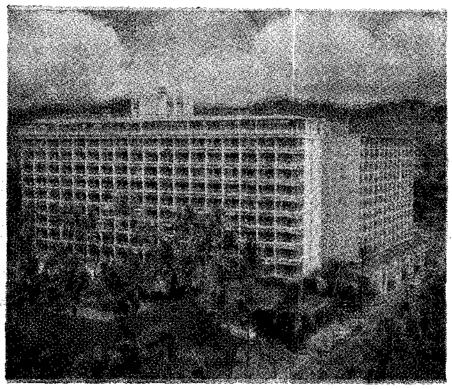

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